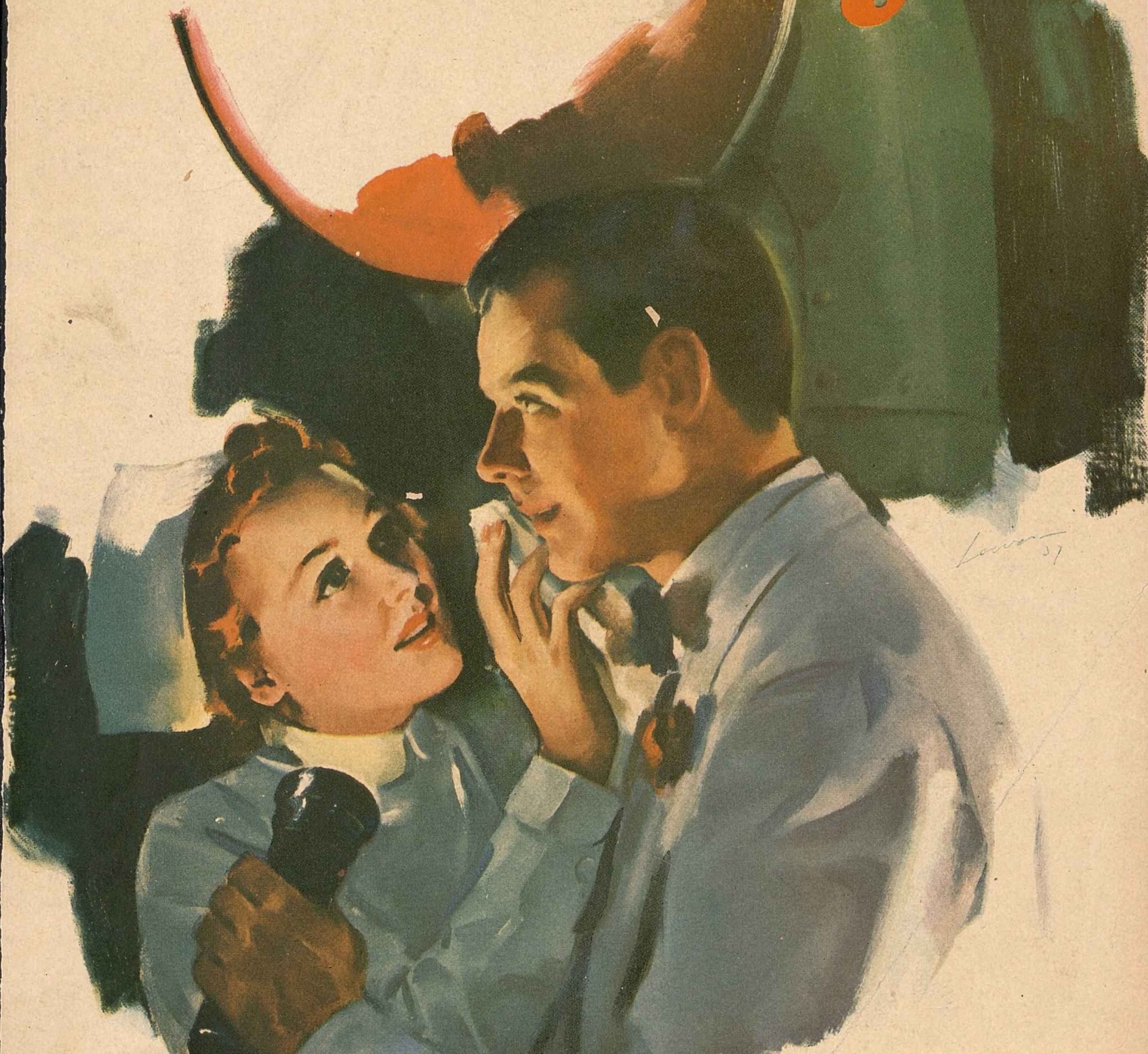
IF CHRIST CAME TO NEW YORK

By the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon
Author of "In His Steps"

JUNE 12, 1937

★ Liberty

5¢



She stood on tiptoe. Her soft fingers touched his cheek. "Hold still," she commanded. "I see it."

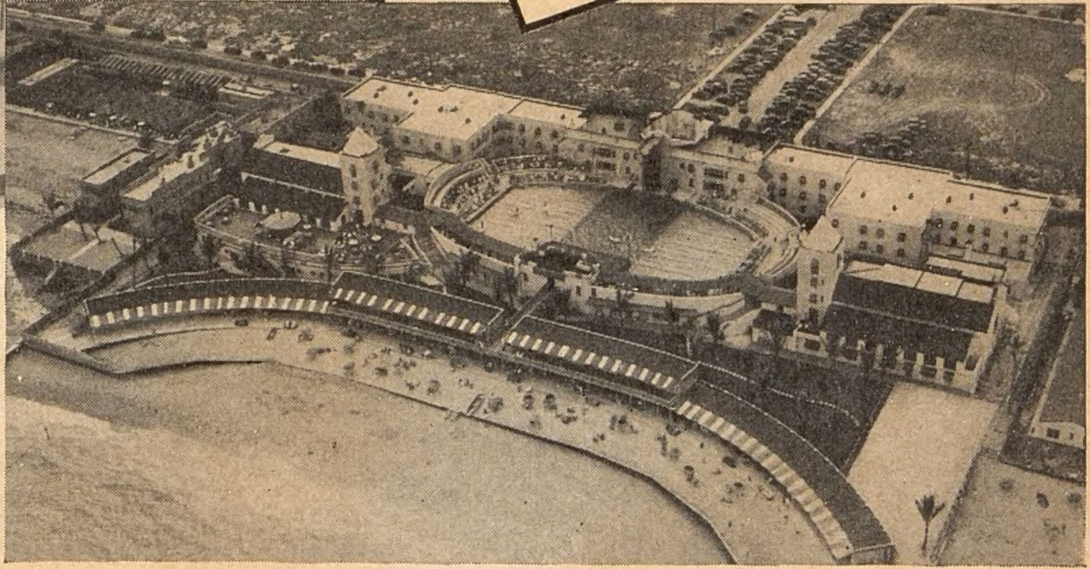
This is the incident that began the romance between Anne and Bill, in

FAMILY SCANDAL

A Novel of Young Hearts and Old Fortunes
BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Health and Pleasure Seekers!

OPEN ALL YEAR
Greatly reduced spring and summer rates now in effect

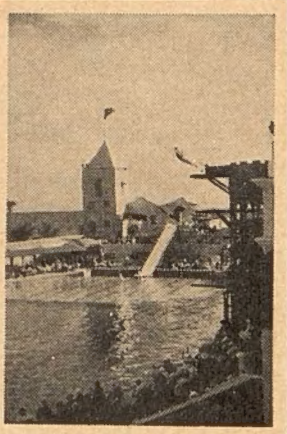


Air view of Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida

Average summer temperature at Miami Beach, Florida 81°—highest summer temperature 91°— almost never ending sea breeze. Sunstroke unknown.

Thousands of persons have discovered that Miami Beach, Florida, with its almost continuous sea breeze, its delightful average summer temperature and its surprisingly low extreme summer temperature offers advantages to the health or pleasure seeker that far exceed any thing to be found at many a northern inland city.

To these thousands it will come as welcome news that the great Macfadden-Deauville Health and Pleasure Resort will remain open the year round to administer to the comfort, happiness and well being of health and pleasure seeker alike. During the Spring and Summer months the rates are so drastically reduced that you can spend your Spring or Summer vacation at Florida's most outstandingly luxurious health and pleasure resort at an expense so moderate as to compare favorably with the most modest of northern resort hotels and far below any northern resort hotel that even approximates Macfadden-Deauville in beauty and luxury. You are cordially invited to come to Macfadden-Deauville. Write today for reduced Spring and Summer rates (ranging as low as $35 per week including all expenses) and other timely information.



THE GREAT CIRCULAR OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL

BERNARR MACFADDEN HEALTH BUILDING METHODS AVAILABLE

Immediately above you see an air view of the beautiful ocean front Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, recognized as one of the greatest health and pleasure resorts in North or South America. Also above and to the left is the popular Clipper Ship Deck and Marine Grill for dining and dancing, fanned by cooling sea breezes the year round. Here at Macfadden-Deauville is available the world famous Bernarr Macfadden System of Health and Vitality Building—Sun bathing, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and other facilities on a scale unsurpassed. The hotel is built around three sides of the largest salt water swimming pool in the world. On the ocean side, as shown in the illustration, a double tier of beach cabanas decorate one of the finest beaches in the world. Cuisine and service unexcelled. The hotel and health building department is open the year round.

Macfadden-Deauville

COLLINS AVE. AT 67th STREET *Miami Beach* FLORIDA

DISCOVERED
The Germ That Causes
DANDRUFF

The germ, Pityrosporum ovale, *which causes dandruff in rabbit and man, magnified many times. It is always found in cases of dandruff.*

Easy, delightful treatments with Listerine bring quick relief and often complete cure.

76% of dandruff patients in New Jersey clinic received quick relief following the systematic use of Listerine.

Rabbits with dandruff were cured of the disease only on the sides which were treated with Listerine Antiseptic.

RESEARCH at last has found the truth about dandruff and its collateral symptoms, itching and burning scalp, and scales.

A queer germ called *Pityrosporum ovale,* bottle-shaped in outline and stubborn in character, causes dandruff.

By inoculation, this savage invader has produced infection in guinea pigs, rabbits, and man.

The remarkable discovery of *Pityrosporum ovale* alters the entire approach to dandruff therapy. For the first time, dandruff is treated for what it really is—a serious germ infection.

Strikes At Cause

If you really want to conquer dandruff, discard remedies that merely remove surface symptoms temporarily. Strike at the germ that causes dandruff with Listerine Antiseptic, which kills *Pityrosporum ovale* outright.

Listerine's record in the control of dandruff caused by *Pityrosporum ovale* is nothing short of phenomenal. Read carefully what follows.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Dandruff-infected rabbits were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic once a day.

Improvement was noted within four days. And within fourteen days on the average, dandruff scales, eruptions, and itching had completely disappeared. The untreated sides of the rabbits showed typical evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

I LOVE THE WAY LISTERINE KEEPS MY SCALP SWEET, MY HAIR IMMACULATE—NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF

Listerine kills Pityrosporum ovale, *washes scalp scrupulously clean, and makes it tingle with life.*

It Worked On Humans, Also

Men and women dandruff patients in a great midwestern skin clinic underwent a slightly different Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage the scalp *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The remainder of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to carefully note the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks on the average. In other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching was stopped, dandruff scales eliminated, and in some cases falling hair terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

76% Get Relief

Meanwhile in a New Jersey clinic, other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Other Corroboration

A great many hundreds of thousands of people had used Listerine Antiseptic as a dandruff treatment before these clinical studies were made. More than fifty per cent of the letters that came to the company commented enthusiastically on Listerine's success when used this way. They revealed that some of the stubbornest cases of dandruff responded, frequently after a few treatments. In view of the preceding research, this is readily understandable.

Try This Proved Method

If you have any evidence of dandruff, don't take chances with ointments, salves, or solutions which may only relieve symptoms momentarily. You have seen that dandruff is a stubborn disease of germ origin, calling for considerable treatment. Start now with Listerine.

You have seen that Listerine in test after test, under the supervision of experts, achieved remarkable results against even severe cases. Not every time, mind you, but often enough to stamp it as an outstanding dandruff treatment in which you can place confidence.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

Once or twice a day, use full strength Listerine on the scalp, spreading it with the fingers or parting the hair and applying Listerine with cotton.

Once the solution is spread, begin massage with the finger-tips, using a rotary motion. See that the massage is vigorous and persistent; the active stimulation of the scalp is highly important in dandruff treatment. After massaging, the hair may be rinsed free of Listerine although better results are obtained if Listerine is allowed to remain on the scalp till dry. This promotes healing.

If the scalp or hair is excessively dry, use a little castor or olive oil in conjunction with Listerine. Listerine will not bleach the hair.

LISTERINE
LAMBERT

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau — Good Housekeeping Magazine

THE safe ANTISEPTIC

LISTERINE

for the prompt relief of itching, burning scalp, and dandruff

JUNE 12, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 24

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BILLIONS FOR RELIEF

WE are the world's richest nation and the acceptance of our responsibilities to our destitute citizens is everywhere endorsed.

But loosely administered relief funds can grow to monumental proportions. The policy adopted during the depression, of allowing the various communities to draw on the national government for their funds, is unsound and has resulted in wasteful extravagance that has and will continue to cost this country billions of dollars.

Unless adherence to this principle can be changed, the evils resulting therefrom will be with us for years to come.

We talk about recovery being with us . . . the depression is over, we hear everywhere . . . and yet relief funds are still growing.

There may be a few exceptions, but in nearly every community you will find that year after year there has been an increased demand for relief.

In 1934 more than a billion and a half was spent by the federal government. In 1935, nearly two and a half billion. In 1936, nearly three and a half billion.

Extraordinary efforts are now apparently being made to reduce this cost to the federal government, but the policy of extravagant spending whenever relief is needed, started by the national government, has been fastened on the various states, and the difficulties that they are facing in connection with this situation represent a terrific problem in nearly every state in the Union.

Previous to the last national election there were rumors of the misuse of national funds for political purposes.

Let us hope that the national relief fund will be allocated to the various states in the bill that is before Congress at this writing.

Economical management must be a necessary factor in any business. Waste and extravagance bring ruin and ultimate bankruptcy.

And governments are no exception to this rule. They may be able to continue for a longer period than an ordinary commercial business because of large assets or credits, but eventually the strongest government will succumb to long continued wasteful management.

The proper way to handle relief funds is to place that responsibility in the hands of the communities needing relief.

And money should not be *given* to them for that purpose. It should have been borrowed from the state or national government; and whenever this money was borrowed, the necessity for strict economy would have been recognized.

If a city, county, or state had to borrow the money it spends for relief, it would not be looked upon as an inexhaustible fund. There would be a realization that some day the debt must be paid.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We have had depressions before in this country . . . many of them . . . and on no previous occasion has there been any necessity for huge governmental spending.

The relief funds were then supplied by the rich, doubtless not because they were charitably inclined, but because they realized that hungry mobs would be a dangerous menace, and thus their donations were more or less compulsory.

We might acknowledge that the last depression was an extraordinary occasion and that governmental funds were indispensable, but there is evidence of prodigious waste in many communities.

Furthermore, political favorites have been appointed in many instances as workers and investigators, when there are plenty of substantial citizens who would have given part or all of their time to this work without financial recompense. They doubtless would have been more conscientious and dependable than paid workers.

In some parts of this country it is difficult at this time to secure workers, for they will often maintain that they can get more money on relief, and furthermore, if they accept a job and lose it, they find it difficult to get back on relief.

Here is a situation that presents serious problems.

We cannot allow sums of money expended for relief to grow year after year.

We furthermore recognize everywhere that it is easy to acquire a habit of accepting charity.

Throughout the history of this country hard work has been accepted as a necessity, but when the funds necessary to one's support come regularly without effort, "Why should one work?" is the usual comment.

Under such circumstances we should not be surprised at the continued growth of the relief demands.

Drastic action of some sort is necessary to change this situation.

Every one who is able to work should be furnished with some employment. It can be a noncompetitive government job.

But the system of paying for idleness will bring disastrous consequences to us all.

Bernarr Macfadden

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YOU CAN *Fly the Atlantic!*

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

. . . and, soon, to Europe overnight! How at last a dream is coming true

By EARL REEVES

Author of " Lindbergh Flies On "
and " Aviation's Place in Tomorrow's Business "

THE North Atlantic remains the missing link of around-the-world passenger flight by air. Why? And when will planes dwarf to one fifth the distance between New World and Old?

At last the race to span the Atlantic seems about to start—Great Britain and the United States participating. Soon you may be able to reach Europe *tomorrow.* We Americans could have flown the Atlantic at any time during the past two or three years. We had the planes. And no other nation had any that could do it.

However, you will have to be content for a while with a " way station " air crossing. And that brings up a situation: The stops on the northern, " great circle " route—of about 3,500 miles—are St. John's, Newfoundland, and Valencia, on Ireland's tip—both British. On the southern route—nearly 5,000 miles long—they are British Bermuda, the Portuguese Azores, and possibly Lisbon; and for centuries Portugal always has been " very nice " to Britain about everything.

With the utmost friendliness toward our cousins, I venture the impression that transatlantic mail and passenger service by air couldn't very well start until Britain was ready. But as this article was in preparation, it was announced that all governmental red tape had been untangled.

Meet Britain's pride, the " Empire Flying Boat." Here is the first " two-decker " seaplane to go into passenger service; some are now flying the Mediterranean. Three ships of this type, thus far, have been assigned to the Atlantic. One is at Bermuda and has been test-flown in preparation for a Bermuda-New York run.

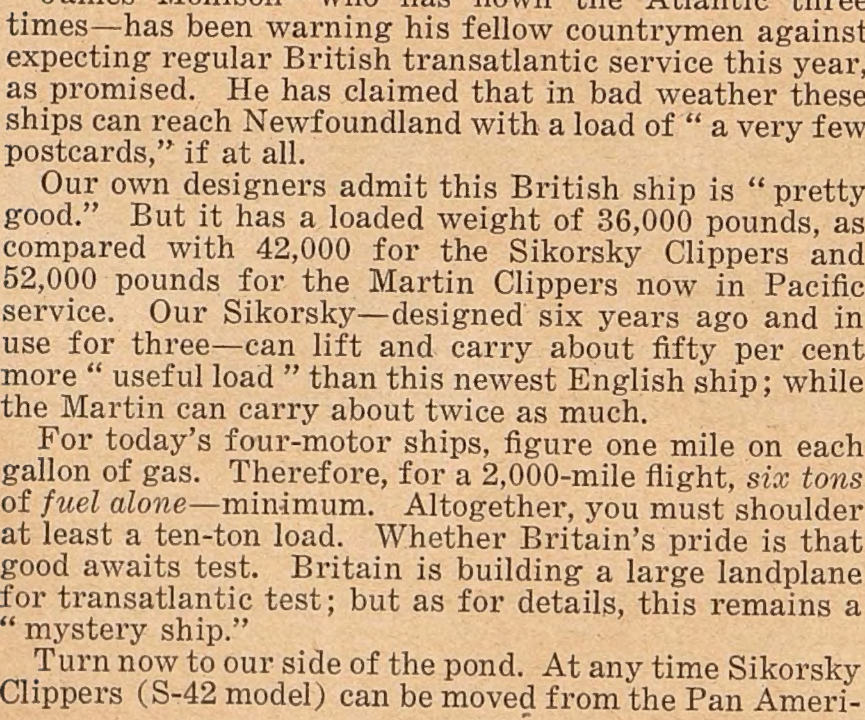
Two Empire Flying Boats have been making secret test flights about the British Isles. These are the planes which will point their noses westward from Ireland's tip for the 1,900-mile test hop to St. John's.

James Mollison—who has flown the Atlantic three times—has been warning his fellow countrymen against expecting regular British transatlantic service this year, as promised. He has claimed that in bad weather these ships can reach Newfoundland with a load of " a very few postcards," if at all.

Our own designers admit this British ship is " pretty good." But it has a loaded weight of 36,000 pounds, as compared with 42,000 for the Sikorsky Clippers and 52,000 pounds for the Martin Clippers now in Pacific service. Our Sikorsky—designed six years ago and in use for three—can lift and carry about fifty per cent more " useful load " than this newest English ship; while the Martin can carry about twice as much.

For today's four-motor ships, figure one mile on each gallon of gas. Therefore, for a 2,000-mile flight, *six tons* of *fuel alone*—minimum. Altogether, you must shoulder at least a ten-ton load. Whether Britain's pride is that good awaits test. Britain is building a large landplane for transatlantic test; but as for details, this remains a " mystery ship."

Turn now to our side of the pond. At any time Sikorsky Clippers (S-42 model) can be moved from the Pan American Airways base at Miami, or taken out of Caribbean service. Exploring the Pacific route, this type of ship flew the 2,400-mile San Francisco-Honolulu distance with " 900 miles of gas to spare." Later versions of the S-42 have greater range. The " long leaps " of the Atlantic—Newfoundland to Ireland, or Bermuda to the nearest of the Azores—are about 1,900 miles. Over these oceanic distances, and carrying a reserve of gas, the S-42 can tote at least 3,000 pounds of mail.



Into this Anglo-American air race came a third entrant early in April—Glenn L. Martin, pioneer builder and designer.

Let's have a look at the ocean air liners:

1. By duplicating a 62,000-pound Clipper ship now being built for Russia, Martin could provide quite an impressive fleet. It is probable that each ship would be able to lift and carry nearly seventeen tons.

2. Out in Seattle, in the Boeing plant, Pan American Airways is having built six Clippers still larger. These are of 82,000 pounds gross weight. They probably will carry a crew of six and seventy-two passengers on day runs, or forty passengers on longer, overnight trips. Cruising speed around three miles a minute.

And what load will this giant carry? Oh, nearly as much as the weight of fifteen sedans!

3. An adaptation of the famous " Flying Fortress "—army bomber, Boeing-built—for transatlantic service. This would be a small plane—if you consider twenty-one tons small. Presumably it could do an Atlantic crossing in about eighteen hours.

It may be that two ships of this type will have sealed cabins within which added atmospheric pressure and more oxygen will be provided. If so, flight would be along air lanes at five-mile altitude!

4. I have heard it estimated that a commercial adaptation of the Martin bomber could cruise at 220 m.p.h., with 4,600 pounds of mail and express, making Piccadilly sixteen hours from Broadway. Not much more than overnight.

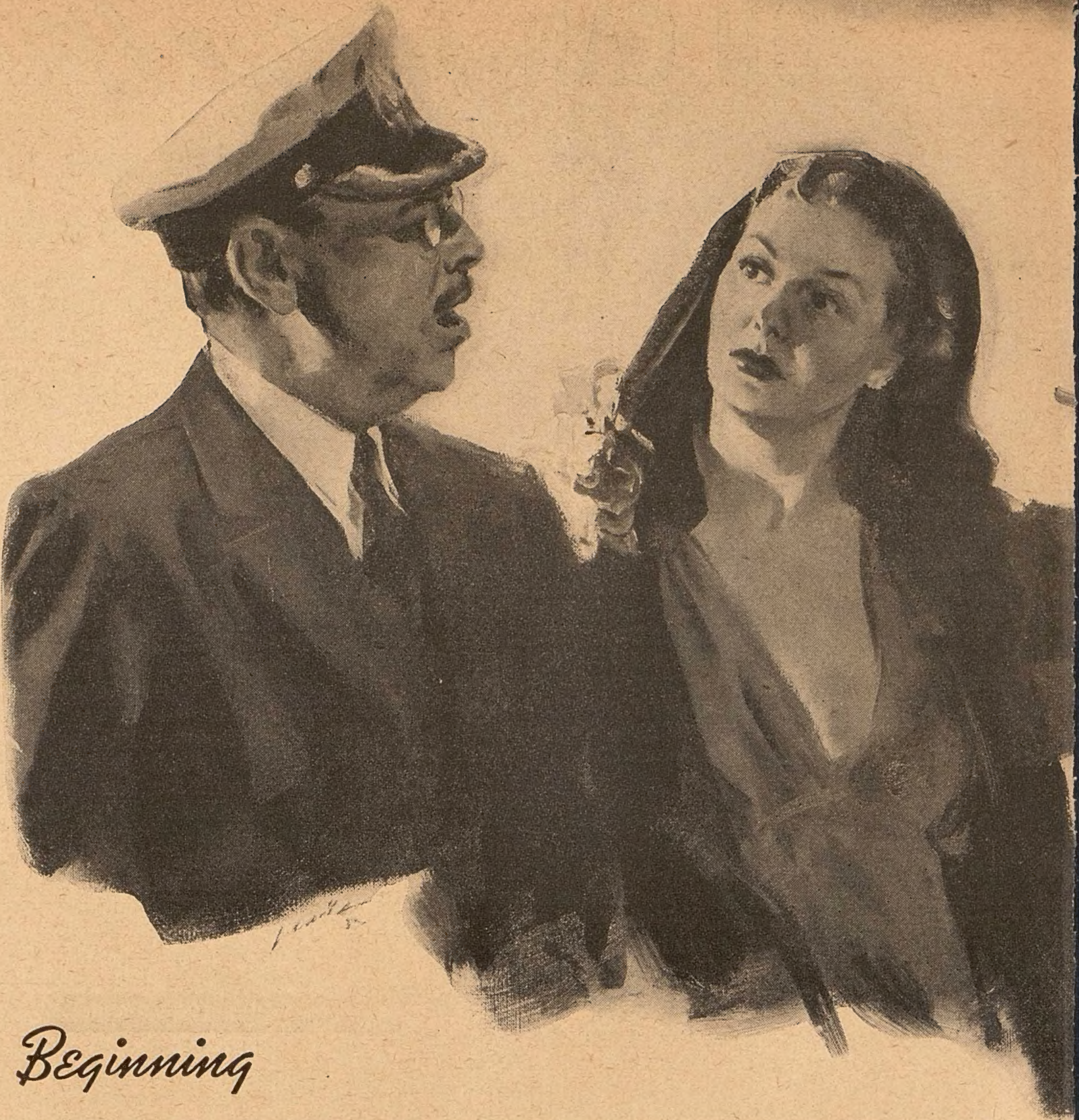
Add to the types above listed the Martin and Sikorsky Clippers now in service, and you have six " present " Yankee planes which are larger and swifter, and can fly farther and carry more than *any* commercial planes developed abroad.

Continue your journey now into the near-by " tomorrow " of oceanic flight:

5. Igor Sikorsky offers as a transatlantic entry a design for a 100-passenger seaplane which would have a gross weight of 200,000 pounds and a wing spread of 250 feet. For shorter journeys, of around 1,000 miles, this type could be fitted to accommodate 200 passengers while carrying 5,000 to 10,000 pounds of baggage, express, and mail. It is expected to cruise at speeds up to 200 m.p.h.

6. Glenn L. Martin believes that a 150-passenger, 250,000-pound seaplane can be built any time. This plane could be given a 230-mile top speed; but, operating at not much over half-throttle, one engine idle and in reserve, it would provide a twenty-four-hour New York-London crossing. It could carry about sixty-six tons.

THE END



Beginning

FAMILY SCANDAL

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—RED HAIR IN THE MOONLIGHT

A WHITE ship plowed through a moonlit sea. Music from first- and second-class ballrooms accompanied its triumphal passage. In its salons, barrooms, cafés, staterooms, offices, galleys, engine rooms a thousand souls enjoyed themselves; or were bored; or suffered; or worked. One thing they all did in common—each one *wanted* something.

Anne Moore—in her tiny cabin near the ship's hospital—wanted two things. One was to keep her thrilling new job as ship's nurse. The other was to meet Bill Madison, Third—explorer, hero, and biggest celebrity on board.

Anne's first desire was difficult enough. The ship's doctor—for various reasons—was proving to be a hard man to please. "You don't co-operate completely," he would say. And Anne, shrinking from the light in his eyes, prayed that she might hold her job in spite of not "co-operating completely."

Anne's second desire—so she told herself on this last night out from New York—might just as well be chucked out a porthole. She hadn't met Bill; couldn't meet him. Tomorrow morning they would dock. And Bill Madison, Third, would go off in a crowd of newspaper reporters, society friends, millionaire relatives. Then in a few days he'd be married to Roberta Redmond—who always looked so cool and perfect in rotogravures—and that would be that! And ten years of Anne's daydreaming would come to nothing.

What dreams! At twelve she had ridden away to a King Arthur castle with him, he on a roan charger, she on a white palfrey. At fourteen she had been a Danish princess, he a magnificent viking. At nineteen, when a student nurse, she had followed his yacht races, polo exploits, flying stunts—torn between fear for him and hope that if anything should happen to him, he'd be brought, by some fortuitous geographical twist, to the Long Island College Hospital, where she was training.

And now, even tonight, standing in front of her tiny mirror, adjusting her white cap on her red curls, she was at it again. The call would come. She would go to his suite—oh, yes, he had the suite that the Duke of Windsor would have were he on board.

Bill would say, moaning perhaps, not looking at her at first, "It's nothing. Merely a recurrence of jungle fever."

And she'd give him quinine and say, "That's what you got in Ubangi-Shari-Chad when you took that awful trip to rescue the—" Or no, every one was saying things like that to him! He must be tired of hero worship.

She'd say, "I'm sorry this had to happen to you on my ocean."

That would make him open his dark eyes.

"*Your* ocean? You love it as I do?"

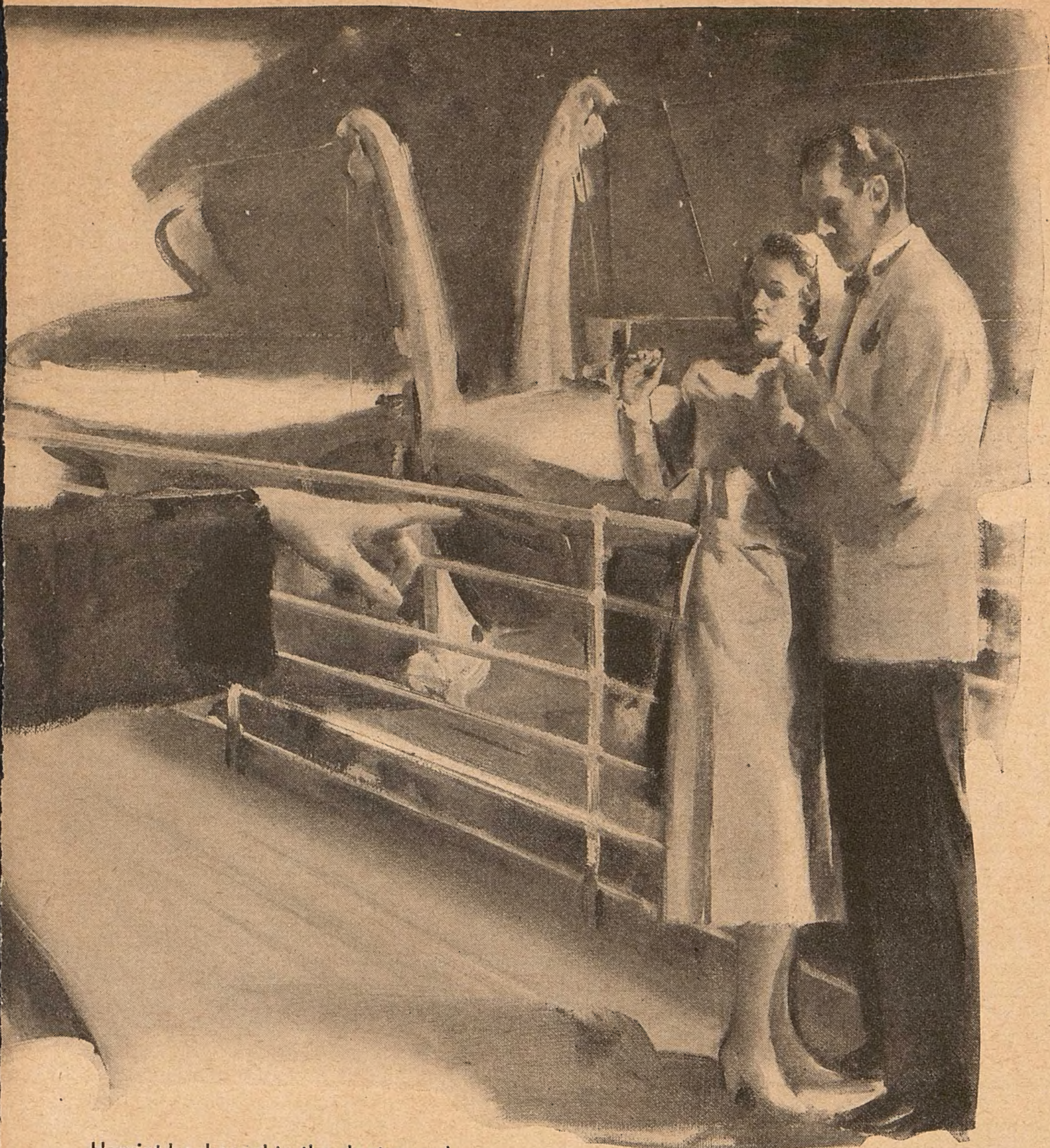
"Ever since I was born."

"Sailed much?"

"My father used to be"—this sentence Anne would say slowly, watching him for any sign of recognition—"used to be captain on Mr. Morgan Van Ryder's yacht."

And *now* Bill would sit up. Or at least he'd reach quickly for her hand. "So you are the lovely little redhead who played with me those weeks when Uncle Morg and I used to visit the Zaloha in dry dock. I've never forgotten you!"

"Nor I you!"



Harriet beckoned to the doctor and pointed at the engrossed couple at the rail. Anne and Bill whirled about.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES LEWIS

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

☆ Dreams and a girl and a night at sea! — A stirring novel of young hearts and old fortunes

After that, quite logically, anything might happen.

Anne sighed lightly, turned from her mirror to finish her simple packing. Things like that *didn't* happen—not to her, nor to any of the Moores. "Moore luck," her father said so often—meaning "bad luck." Poor dad! Ever since his accident in the storm on the Zaloha, he'd been twisted physically and spiritually. The insurance company had paid well for the physical twist. But there wasn't enough money in the world to pay for the spiritual one. . . . And now dad ran his coal barge through the New York waterways, and mother and Betsy and Harry and the baby had to travel with him. And the children caught a week of school here and a week there whenever the truant officers caught dad!

Anne bit her lip. No time for daydreams for her! She had money to make—a home to make somewhere for mother and the kids, where the young ones could get their fair chance at schooling.

She looked at the watch on her slender wrist. Ten o'clock. She was tired. Wished she might go to bed. But no, as surely as she did, some glutton who'd overeaten at the Captain's Dinner would summon her. And at that moment a knock sounded on the door.

Anne's heart turned completely over. She was being silly—but throughout the whole voyage she had been so ready to meet Fate halfway! Swiftly she ran her fingers over her now damp curls, straightened her winged cap, opened the door.

Her face fell.

The familiar visage of Mrs. C. Hiram Bixby's French maid confronted her. This was practically a nightly visitation.

"Zee doctaire—I can not find! Madame suffer—but *affreusement!*"

"I'll come," said Anne resignedly.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, in an attractive stateroom several decks above Anne Moore's simple cabin, another girl stood talking to her reflection in the mirror. She also wanted something. And, strangely enough, her wish also concerned Bill Madison. In fact, as she pinned his gardenias on her evening wrap, her wish *was* Bill Madison.

Harriet Vail's daydreams about Bill were different from Anne Moore's. For one thing, Harriet had only dreamed of him for five days—since meeting him in a little dockside restaurant in Liverpool. For another thing, dreaming, to Harriet, meant fiercely wanting something; and fiercely wanting something meant laying plans to get it.

That had been the rule of her life. It had had to be. Else she would now have been living in a tenement in Brooklyn and frosting cakes in her father's bakery—Vallero's—along with her mother and brothers. That's what they had planned for her.

But she had dreamed and achieved something else. High school, Columbia— "It costs so," her father had groaned, wringing his fat hands. "So proud we'll be," her red-faced mother had beamed. And proud they were when she won honors—although it hurt that the name on the diploma read "Harriet Vail" instead of "Vallero."

From college Harriet went to a job as editorette on the Modern Art Journal. She gave up commuting to Brooklyn; took a room in the Village, where she lived with an artists' model, two large reproductions of Dali, a Van Gogh print, and a one-plate electric grill. Later she moved to a bigger room—but she didn't tell her family of this episode. It only lasted a short time anyway. She got out of it, however, a mediocre fur coat and the price of a student's trip to Europe.

And here she was at the end of the trip—with all her plans, ambitions, upset! What was life in the Village, what was even the assistant editor's, or editor's, job on the Modern Art Journal, compared to the glamour that moved like a spotlight wherever Bill Madison moved?

Even this stateroom she had had to maneuver—although Bill didn't know it. He wasn't the kind to go about paying girls' fares. In the Liverpool restaurant he had said to her, "You're the brightest gal I've seen in years!" . . . On the first night out, when he'd gone down to third to dance with her, he'd said, "You dance better than any one in that bunch up there." . . . And the next morning, when he'd sauntered down to stand watching her sketch a passing schooner, he'd suggested, "Couldn't you come up to first? I mean—well, frankly, I'll make both you and myself conspicuous coming down here so often! I'm too much in the limelight—with my trip and my coming wedding. . . . I know I sound crude as hell, but—let me pay the difference in fare! No strings to this. No one need know. I'll never go near your stateroom. But you'll be up there where we can trot around together. . . . How about it?"

He needn't have argued. She had been ready to come. Ready for more than she had been able to bring about. And now—tonight was the last night!

: : : : :

Bill Madison, Third, stood on the top deck reveling in solitude. He loved space; he loved peace; he loved the sea; he loved the jungle. It was irony that every time of late when he had sought the ultimate loneliness that only the jungle can give, he had issued from it to be instantly surrounded by acclaiming friends. The mere fact of his exploring trips—and the success he invariably had on them—brought him always more and more into the public eye.

Now, as he leaned his six-foot-two of well knit bone and muscle against the ship's rail, there were only two things he wanted. One was as quiet a landing as possible tomorrow. The other was Roberta Redmond. To look into her long-lashed gray eyes, to drink in the perfection of her, listen to her smooth bright voice, kiss her exquisite lips!

IN connection with this longing to see Roberta went the hope that she and his father had become friends at last. Father had been opposed to her; said she was just another gold digger like the others; said that from the moment when Rob Redmond had committed suicide over an unsavory bank mess, his widow's only aim in life had been to marry her two daughters to millions! . . . Poor father! Ill health, enforced lack of activity, had soured him. He'd been too disappointed over missing this trip with Bill, too jealous that at last a woman was going to "interfere" in the close partnership that he and Bill had shared ever since Bill's mother had died, years ago. . . .

But Roberta had made a bet with Bill that before he returned she'd have father eating out of her hand! And any one who could resist Roberta when she put her mind to it would have to be a stronger man than father!

Bill, hearing some one behind him, turned. He looked at Harriet, took in her crimson evening dress, black cloak, white gardenias, and equally white face, in which black eyes and red mouth burned with startling intensity.

"You remind me of one of the more beauteous Spanish rebels," he said, but his tone was light.

"Bill," she said, leaning her elbows on the rail beside him, "you're being a deserter! New York's twelve hours away. Yet you've already left the ship. Come back!"

He smiled at her, pulled her hand through his arm.

"It's been fun, hasn't it? Thanks to you, I'll remember this as one of the best crossings I've ever had."

"I'm glad. Oh, Bill—"

And at that moment the fate that didn't always cooperate with Harriet Vail caused a large and vicious cinder to dart into Bill Madison's eye.

He blinked, fumbled for his handkerchief.

"What is it?"

"Bullet, rock, native knife—" He was blinking hard. "I'll go below, chase up the doctor, and have it out."

That was the last thing that Harriet wanted. Once below, the crowd would get him, or the bar, or something.

"No, no," she protested. "Think of the story the papers would make of it! Who'd believe it was just a cinder? 'Millionaire Playboy Ill on Eve of Homecoming.' . . . 'Millionaire Explorer Again Smitten with Jungle Fever!' . . . No. You stay here; close your eyes. I'll bring the doctor and his flashlight up. No one need know."

"O. K. But it sounds silly to me. Run along. I'll be here." Bill turned back to the rail.

Soon a light step made him turn. Covering his troublesome eye, he was able to see the small figure that stood poised in the doorway, moonlight full on her. The two solitary occupants of the great wind-swept deck stared at each other. Anne at Bill—her moment had come! Bill at Anne.

A FEW minutes before this summons Anne had been crying. Now she had no time to adjust her emotions. All the joy she might have felt had been crushed by a horrid scene with Dr. Delaney. . . . Of course she shouldn't have given Mrs. Bixby medicine—but it was the right kind, the kind he always gave; and it had helped her. Besides, she, Anne, had hunted high and low for the doctor first—with Mrs. Bixby screaming and carrying on in her stateroom, declaring that she'd never again travel on a liner that couldn't render her simple medical relief when she needed it. . . . "You should lose your job for this," Dr. Delaney had said. "In fact, I'm considering seeing to it that you do just that—"

The words rang now in Anne's ears as, at last, she faced Bill Madison, the man who had ridden, sailed, danced, and flown through ten years of her dreams. And because of Dr. Delaney's threat, she could think of none of the beautiful speeches that she had planned for this her first grown-up meeting with Bill.

"Your friend," she managed finally in a pinched little voice, "is still looking for Dr. Delaney. But she seemed to think your condition serious, so I came."

Bill laughed. "Think nothing of it! She's an alarmist. I'm ashamed of having made you come all that way! It's nothing but a cinder in my eye."

"Yes," said Anne. "That's why I brought my flashlight. But I couldn't imagine why—up here—" She waved vaguely toward the empty deck.

"I don't blame you. First time you've seen an operating room like this! It's a pity they can't all be this beautiful."

Anne looked about. "It would frighten patients too much. They'd be sure they were dead. . . . If you're ready, do you mind holding the light?"

She handed it to him, and he leaned against a ventilator. She stood on tiptoe. She came scarcely to his chin. A little thing to be a ship's nurse, he thought. Her soft fingers touched his cheek. The pleasantness of that sensation made up for the irritation of his eye. There was fragrance about her—not a hospital smell—but sweet—

"Hold still," she commanded. "I see it."

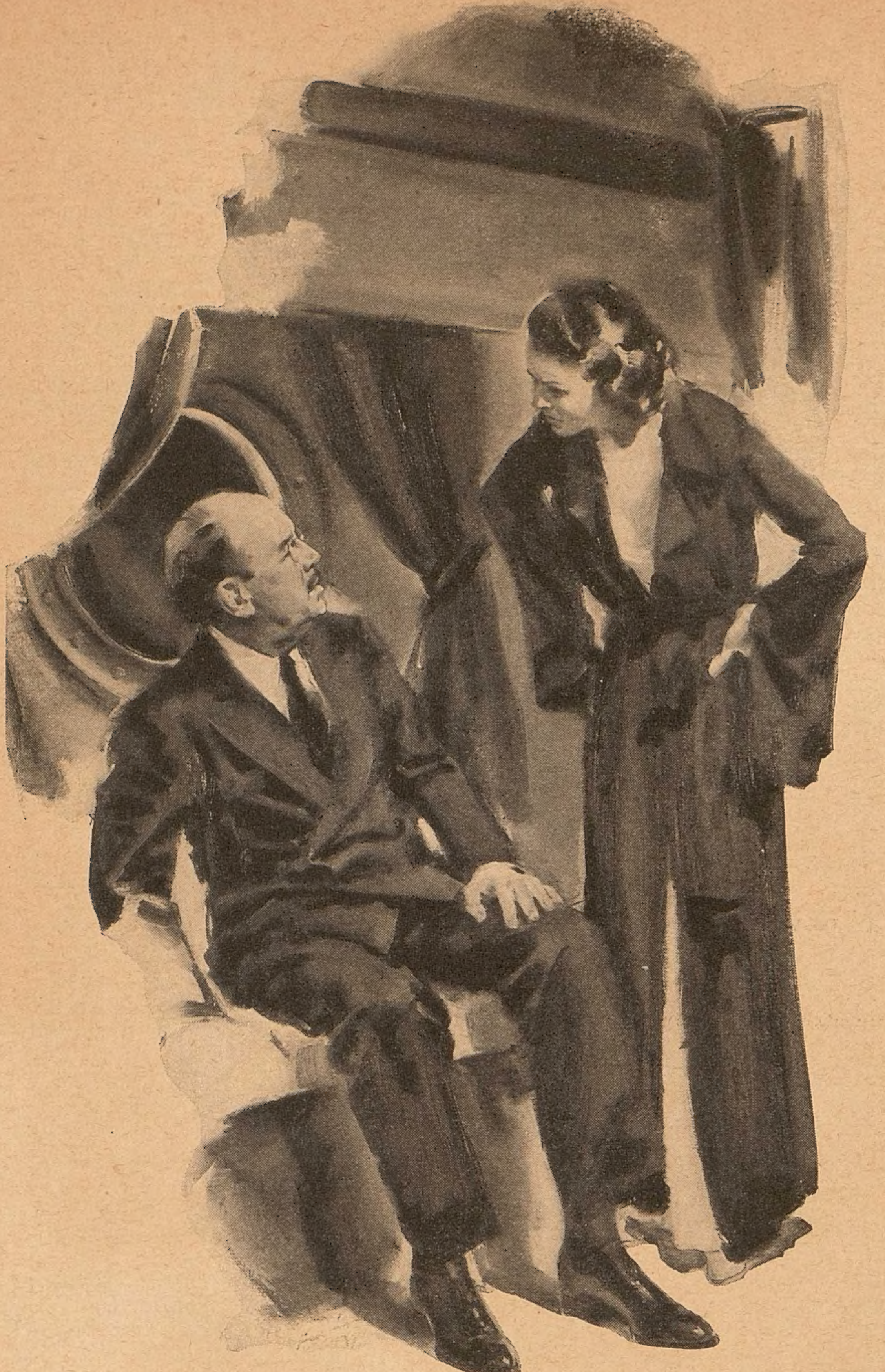
Deftly she worked. And if she was conscious of the long-dreamed-of attractiveness of the man whose arms were almost about her, she didn't show it. But inside her a voice was chanting, "It's happening! It's happening! As I knew it would!"

"There!" she said aloud. "Out—yes?"

He nodded. "Gone with the wind." His voice suggested the beginning of conversation.

But Anne was afraid—of herself, of Dr. Delaney. She had had her wish; now she had better run away.

"You should go below and wash it with boric solution," she said primly.



"If you don't go," she cried, "I'll ring for the steward!"

"I don't want to go below and wash with boric," Bill protested. "I want to stay here. Look at that sea!"

As though hypnotized, Anne said, "It is my sea."

Bill laughed. He said—as she knew he would, "You love it as I do?"

"Ever since I was born."

"Sailed much?"

And then the whole conversation followed, as she had rehearsed it so many times. And at the end of the rehearsed part, he caught her hands in his and said, "This is a reunion! We must celebrate! This calls for champagne, music! Little Anne Moore! As if I could forget! But you had braids and freckles then; now you're beautiful! Come—we'll find a hideaway where we can drink a toast to a redheaded girl and a—"

"No, Bill, no!" Anne pulled her hands from his. She woke up to grim reality. "I must be crazy—or bewitched," she gasped, "to stand here talking to you!"

"Why, Anne? Aren't we old friends?"

"Yes, but you don't understand. My job—" Tears came to her eyes. She winked them back furiously.

"You're crying! Tell me—"

At first she refused; then she told him part of it. Pride, reticence, loyalty to her calling made her skip most of the details. But these Bill guessed.

"Don't worry any more about it," he said. "I think I can help." He pulled out his handkerchief and gently wiped the tears from her cheek.

It was this tableau that Harriet Vail saw as she came out on deck from the narrow companionway. Her dark eyes dilated. And instead of making any noise to warn Bill—as she might well have done—she turned silently, beckoned to the doctor behind her, and pointed at the engrossed couple at the rail.

The doctor was enraged. "Miss Moore! This is most irregular! Go below!"

Anne and Bill whirled about.

"I detained Miss Moore, doctor," said Bill coldly, "after she performed a very efficient operation on my eye. Any delay on her part is my fault."

"I don't doubt it," said the doctor, "but rules are rules, Mr. Madison. You will, I know, excuse Miss Moore now. She has duties below. Miss Moore!"

Anne, chin up, turned to Bill. "You'll remember the boric solution? . . . Good night."

She walked away, trying not to run.

"Wait!" Bill followed her. "Your flashlight." He pressed it into her hand, his warm fingers touching hers. "I'll help," he whispered. "Believe me. Good night, Anne."

HE returned to find the doctor vanished and Harriet humming at the rail.

"Well, Sir Galahad? Or is it—Don Juan?"

"You're more amusing," he said, "when you stick to politics. Or modern art! I'm going to hunt up the captain. Miss Moore, the nurse, is an old friend of mine. I don't want to see her unfairly treated. And I certainly don't want to be the cause of any trouble for her."

"Oh, I didn't know you knew her! Forgive me if I—" But she was talking to a retreating back. Biting her lip, she followed him.

But captains, even on luxury liners, have to sleep. So Bill saw no captain. Also, a visit to Dr. Delaney's quarters was fruitless. Bill thought that his influence, family name, and so forth would be enough to dissuade the medico from undue harshness. But plainly the man had a personal grudge—something that went beyond mere professional annoyance—at Anne's slight breaches of discipline in the cases of two patients, Mrs. Somebody Bixby and Mr. Bill Madison. Bill could guess what that personal difficulty was.

Dr. Delaney read some of the things in Bill's mind as the young aristocrat towered over him in the door of his cabin. And it didn't make him feel any kindlier toward his visitor, nor toward the "old friend"—which he didn't believe!—the redheaded nurse who had inspired this chivalry. He could scarcely wait to close the door on Bill's departure and wait for the receding footsteps before he tore it open again with all the violence of a small and thwarted man.

Twenty irate strides presented him at Anne's door. Then five seconds of deep breathing brought him composure. When he rapped on the door and spoke, his voice was that of the duty-ridden Dr. Delaney of the ship America. But his emotions were still those of little Ira Delaney who all his life had resented tall handsome men who had a way with women.

"Hate to disturb you, Miss Moore, but it's important."

Anne opened her door a crack. A navy-blue flannel robe covered her from chin to toes. Her tawny curls were tousled. She looked like a child dragged from sleep to be whipped.

"You retire early, Miss Moore."

"After midnight," she protested, still holding the door stanchly.

"A good nurse is always ready—"

"But I *am* ready, doctor, or can be in a minute! What is it?"

Her earnestness appeased him slightly. She wanted to please him! She was afraid of him! And her beauty fired him. He decided on his line of approach. His tone became gentler. "About Mrs. Bixby— May I come in?"

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. *chose journalism over a career in the family banking business and has made it pay. Finds time, between his regular newspaper and magazine assignments, to turn out novels like this, write scenarios, lecture, and travel in a trailer. Collecting pipes is his hobby.*

Anne's heart leaped hopefully. Maybe the doctor had relented! She opened her door wide enough to admit him. It was the first time he had been in her cabin.

He entered, entirely businesslike. He even stood in the middle of the tiny stateroom while he discussed her fault in the Bixby situation. "A grave breach of discipline, but one which—if I could feel that your attitude toward your work, and toward me, would change—I might overlook—"

"Oh, please, doctor, I'll try!" She was ignoring the implications in his remark.

But he chose to consider that she had tacitly accepted them. He moved nearer her. "I'm sure you will!" He put his hand on her shoulder. "And about that distressing situation on the upper deck—"

"But it was nothing! And Mr. Madison is an old friend of mine!"

"Hmm, I'm glad to hear it! It looked bad, but perhaps you weren't to blame. You're a beautiful girl, Anne, but an inexperienced one. You're fair prey for men of that type—playboys! . . . Why, you ask? I'll tell you. Rich men are never friends because they've never *had* friends. *Never.* All their lives people have preyed on them; so what do they do? Prey on other people, naturally! Am I right?"

Anne, sleepy, miserable, half nodded. She sat now on the edge of her bunk. He sounded like her father. The latter was always complaining that rich men's yachts sped by him, washing his barge deck with their stern waves—"careless, thoughtless, living in an unconcerned world of their own!"

Dr. Delaney thought he had made a point. He dropped down beside her. "I *know* people—especially men. And this Bill Madison is like the rest. Oh, he may be taller than most, handsome, if you like the type; and he's found a few ruins that a handful of savages had sense enough to desert centuries ago. He's made a spectacular rescue. He's brought back half a holdful of bones and dead tree stumps for the Smithsonian Institution to dribble over! What of it? . . . I'll tell you what of it! Every woman on board has gone silly over him! He's had his pick. Why—"

SUDDENLY Ira Delaney knew that he held a trump trick up his sleeve. "Why, he's paying the passage of that girl with him on deck tonight! Absolutely! The purser told me. But now he's tired of her! Now it's your turn. Of course this is the last night out, but you'll see!"

Anne had leaped to her feet, eyes blazing. "How dare you say that!" she cried. Her robe had fallen open at her white neck. . . . Soft, curved, exquisite—

He stood. "I dare because if I were in his shoes I'd be planning the same thing! You shouldn't blame me—" His arms went about her.

But Anne hadn't scrubbed hospital floors, lifted heavy patients for nothing. The muscles of her slender arms flexed. She flung the doctor against the door. He couldn't know that in that blow she was striking the man who had killed her beautiful dreams.

"If you don't go," she cried, "I'll ring for the steward!"

He stared at her in admiration. "I believe you would!" Then he drew himself up with dignity. Adjusted his pince-nez. "I'll not hold this against you, Anne," he said calmly. "You're tired tonight, overwrought. I'll leave the matter open. You decide by morning where I stand with you, and I'll decide where you stand as far as your job is concerned. You've been very careless, remember; and carelessness really deserves blacklisting. It's hard to get another job after you've been blacklisted. Good night."

Anne threw herself on her bunk, pulling the blankets up over her. Dry sobs tore her throat; but neither sound nor tears came. So this was the way a dream died! . . . That girl—that girl with her solicitude, her possessiveness! Of course! She should have guessed! . . . Anne beat her pillow. Why had she ever met him? Why had she been sent to him tonight? Wishing had done it! It wasn't safe to wish—or to dream. . . . Suddenly she realized that there was something she must do before morning.

Anne slipped from bed, closed the port, found notepaper, fountain pen. She began to write. It was so hard to do. It must be forceful, final. . . . Tears made it hard for her to see. . . . Four bells sounded before she crept back into her bunk. But an envelope inscribed to "Mr. William Madison, Third," stood against her water pitcher. And she knew she had done the only dignified thing.

WHEN Bill received the stiff little message in the morning, he was puzzled and bitterly disappointed. He had thought of her all night. Had looked forward to helping her, seeing her again. But there was no mistaking the sincerity of this note. . . . Anne appreciated his kind intentions, but any interference on his part would be *absolutely* unwelcome. It would only get her into further trouble. . . . And that was that!

Bill pushed the note into his pocket and turned to face the newspaper reporters who swarmed on at quarantine. Yet all through his bout with them he kept thinking of a face framed in red hair in the moonlight. And when the great ship moved into the outer bay, and Bill caught sight of a barge standing by—a family group waving frantically at the rail—he knew instinctively that it was Anne's people welcoming her home. . . . What a dismal homecoming! Bill swore to himself that he'd do something for her somehow. She need never know. It could come through Roberta—or his Aunt Delia. The latter was the very person! She'd even remember the little girl, daughter of the captain of her dead husband's yacht.

Bill turned from the rail and almost ran into Harriet.

"I was so afraid I'd lost you!" she exclaimed.

"We've had fun, haven't we! Some day, when you're Secretary of Labor, or editor of the Atlantic Monthly, or art director of a large advertising agency, I'll say, 'She danced with me once on shipboard.'"

"That sounds like a valedictory!" Harriet protested. "You know you've promised to come to our galleries in the Village. And I'm giving a tea there for the whole group of artists and writers next month. I'll send you a card—" The assurance in her voice petered out.

"Next month?" Bill smiled. His thoughts were already on the dock where he knew a slim blonde girl and an old man would be waiting for him. "Next month I'll be miles at sea on my honeymoon!"

A steward pushed through the crowds.

"Telegram for Mr. William Madison."

Bill took the yellow envelope. "Pardon me." He read—with Harriet's eyes on his expressionless face:

FORGIVE ME BILL BUT YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TOO YOUNG
FOR ME STOP YOUR FATHER AND I WERE MARRIED SECRETLY
THIS MORNING ROBERTA REDMOND MADISON

What effect will this staggering shock have on Bill and his future plans? Will it offer the opportunity desired by the designing, determined Harriet? Will he remember Anne and his promise to her? Don't miss next week's thrilling installment for a real and great surprise!

Montage by Gustav Weissner

IF CHRIST CAME TO New York

By THE REV. DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FOR the greater part of His earthly life, Jesus lived in a little country town called Nazareth, which lies on a slope leading down into the fertile plain of Esdraelon. The last time I was there, I thought it was one of the most peaceful and really beautiful spots on this globe.

I went up into the little room where they say He used to work at His trade. It was a small dusty room with a rude bench with some tools on it, now used by a local carpenter. I thought, while standing there, of the astonishing history of that Carpenter whose words have come down through mankind's history to revolutionize character and mold thinking, literature, art, and music.

The old streets that Jesus trod on His way to the carpenter shop are much the same now as then. Mary's Well, to which he went no doubt every day to draw water, is still in the same place. The only thing that makes the ancient town look different from Jesus's time is a traffic sign in the little square around the well, which reads: "Speed Limit, Ten Miles."

A far cry, you say, from this humdrum village of the Old World to the metropolis of the New. But is it so far? The men and women who crowd the streets of New York do not wear the flowing robes of the men and women of Nazareth. They ride in blatant taxicabs and clangorous busses, not on the backs of soft-footed camels. But, for all that, they are the same kind of folk that Jesus saw every day in Nazareth.

People have not changed. The same sick that need a physician, the same sinful that need a redeemer, the same hungry that need food, the same shivering that need shelter, the same hearts that need comfort, the same death that needs resurrection.

Somehow I cannot make myself believe that Jesus would dislike New York. He loved Jerusalem, which was the New York of the land in which He lived. And if He came to New York, I have no question He would love its sweep of height and its impress of material power, its promise of human exaltation and glory in achievement.

He could hardly help liking the look of the city if He came, as I assume He would come, from the air or water and glimpsed that most beautiful of urban spectacles, the castle-fringed sky line of New York.

A workman Himself, He would marvel, I should think, at the ingenuity of a people that could conceive and execute these towering monuments. A poet, He would appreciate the artistry of a people that could take so ugly a thing as a skyscraper and translate it into an urban epic. A philosopher, He would respect the wisdom of a people that had built its house on a rock.

"Here is the modern equivalent," He might say, "of a city that is set on a hill and cannot be hid."

I imagine Him walking up the canyon that is lower Broadway and pausing on the steps of old Trinity to observe the money-changers of narrow Wall Street. Now, you say, He has come upon a phase of New York life that He cannot possibly approve. But wouldn't He remember what we mortals so often forget: that not all Wall Street men, especially since 1929, are rich? And wouldn't He know in His divine wisdom that not all these hurrying figures with their worried faces were worshiping mammon simply because they toiled for their subsistence in mammon's mart?

Breadlines and bankers, hovels and towers—What would Jesus think of them? Here's a heart-warming answer

But He threw the money-changers out of the temple? True—but I wonder if Jesus wasn't teaching us a political lesson, not a financial one. I wonder if He was not teaching a lesson which might well be applied right now to this war-threatened world.

Jesus drove the money-changers out of the temple not because they were money-changers but because they were in the temple. After all, the temple was His house, His Father's house. It was His duty to defend it—and He did. He did not provoke a fight but He did resist invasion.

Whether Jesus would think that the same principle of resisting invasion also applied to industrial war, and especially to sit-down strikes, it would be interesting right at this time to know. I suppose it would depend on His views as to whom those great industrial temples belong. What do you think?

It is but a short way from the steps of Trinity to the steps of City Hall. Many a less distinguished visitor has taken it in a gleaming automobile, driven through crowds of cheering men and women. But Jesus, I feel, would prefer to make the journey on foot, unnoticed by the passing throng.

I do not imagine Him suddenly or sensationally making Himself known to the press and the newsreel men and the radio studios, or even to the churches. I seem to think He might go about in His own way doing good. Doubtless, in His own good time and in the right place, He would have an audience with the people, would do just what He did when He spoke from the temple in Jerusalem: teach the same eternal truths for the redemption of the world from sin. But I do not find myself imagining Jesus all the time holding revival meetings.

By that, I do not mean that He would not seek to proclaim to New York His message of rebuke for selfish lives and His eternal appeal to turn around and go the other way. But it would be characteristic of His personality often to walk the streets of New York unknown and unrecognized, going His own way, doing good, unadvertised, and without press notices.

Do you not remember reading how He walked along the road by two of His disciples and did not make Himself known to them? Would He not be like that part of the time, even in New York?

I do like to think, however, that He might influence the city's leading men and women to start a work of redemption that would be permanent and continuous. I picture Him visiting individuals and doing through them what He might not be able to do in sensational addresses.

That was a part of His method when He was here before. Why not now?

For example, I have found myself wondering if, when He reached the City Hall, He might not have an audience with the mayor—not a public reception but a personal talk. So He would remind him—wouldn't he?—that "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." I can even picture him encouraging Mr. LaGuardia with the cheery warning:

"Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!"

The more I think of Jesus in New York, the more I am inclined to think He would do His most effective service through this impress of His matchless personality on individuals, high and low, which would give them the inspiration to make it a city of God.

Sometimes during my ministry, when I was pastor of a church, I found myself writing letters to my men members to tell them how much I thought of them. One week I wrote one hundred such letters. The following Sunday, all those men were in church. It strengthened my belief that men are hungry for affection, and many of them go starved for it all their lives.

HOW otherwise can you account for the astounding hold that Jesus had on a group of illiterate and common men, so that they were willing to die for Him after a brief two years' knowledge of Him?

Was it not just plain simple affection that He felt *and showed* for them?

I was reminded of all this the other day when I read an item on the front page of the Morning Shudder—or was it the Evening Depression?—about a man who had committed suicide, leaving a note in his employer's office to the effect that for a quarter of a century he had done his faithful duty as an employee, and had never had a kind word said to him or a friendly notice.

The City Hall in New York stands midway, as perhaps it should, between the skyscrapers of lower Broadway and the hovels of "the Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more." Of course the Bowery of the song is as dead as the Bouerie of old Petrus Stuyvesant; but the people are still there, the poor and sometimes starving people, who need a helping hand.

For many years an organization with which I am connected has maintained in this region a bread line for homeless and hungry men and a mission called the Bowery Mission into which come every night the men who are without home, or friends, or hope.

We have known men who have been teachers, and men who have had homes and money, men of education and culture to be in this bread line. They know they will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich when they get up to the window; but as they drift off into the cold dark we cannot

Ewing Galloway photo

PLANTERS
PEANUTS

U. & U. photo

help wondering where they will sleep, and God knows what will happen with another tomorrow.

I do not have to draw on my imagination very much to see Jesus getting into this bread line some bitter night. He was himself a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Into this bread line, therefore, He steps and takes His turn. What questions do you suppose He asks as He becomes a part of that line as it shuffles along? What is the cause of it all? Who is to blame? Society? Drink? Unemployment, which covers so many economic sins? Heredity? Environment?

As Jesus moves along with this line of broken men, perhaps He feels with them the burden and the problem of earthly existence, and wonders how long it will be before humanity will obey the teaching: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and "Man shall not live by bread alone."

IT is not beyond the possibilities that He might enter the mission itself. If He should choose to enter and sit down side by side with men who have drifted in to get out of the raw wind, what a thrill it would be to hear hymns that spell His own love for a dying world, to hear rough-clad men rise and give testimony to the saving grace of Jesus, until the walls of the mission seem to glow with heavenly light and eternal hope!

Is it not within the realms of possibility that Jesus Himself, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," might actually feel the human need of comfort and the thrill of satisfaction with His own wondrous influence over lost souls in all the ages?

Does not even the Divine need comfort?

Is not God Himself hungry for the love of men?

I don't see Jesus getting the same uplift out of the Red agitators in Union Square a little farther uptown. I don't know, of course, but I find nothing in His teachings or in those of His disciples or of the apostle Paul to make me feel that He would favor in New York, any more than He did in Jerusalem, the bringing about even of desirable ends by violent means.

He would have admiration, no doubt, for the zealous spirit which leads some of these young orators to exhort the people in what they believe, no matter how mistakenly, to be a righteous cause. But His wisdom would convince Him—would it not?—that they were for the most part "blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." And he might gently remind them that "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

As for "the lewd fellows of the baser sort" who can think of nothing better than to exploit the unwary with their self-seeking demagogy, He might be inclined to give them as short shrift as He gave the money-changers in the temple; or He might simply dismiss them as He did the vain repetitions of the heathen who thought they should be heard for their much speaking.

Perhaps He would see more hope in the loft section of lower Fifth Avenue, where so many of the humbler members of His own race toil in the garment industry. He would rejoice, I should think, this "Lord of Lords who learned a trade," that these earnest men and women had done likewise, and were able to support themselves by the work of their hands in their adopted country. He would rejoice, too, I feel sure, that they had been able to achieve in an industry once racked by strife such measure of peace and good will toward men that they have long served as a model for those seeking better relations between employer and employee.

Now up Fifth Avenue, past the shining windows of the great department stores, through the hurrying crowds of women spenders, Jesus might make His way. Would His heart be heavy because the faces of so many of these lilies of the field were brighter than nature ever intended a lily's face to be?

I wonder. Even the men of His native Nazareth smear kohl above and below their eyes to heighten their warm Oriental beauty. They did it in Jesus's time. I can't imagine His being one to cast the first stone.

Weary with much walking, I can imagine Jesus finally entering one of those great towers—perhaps the Empire State, perhaps the lofty Radio Building in Rockefeller Center—which rise higher than Nazareth is wide.

It is here that He would at last realize New York.

At His feet would lie the city of the tabloids: of glittering hotels and stuffy night clubs, of white lights and red lights.

Beyond would lie the city of the guidebooks: of the Aquarium and the museum, the Stock Exchange and the university, the Woolworth Building and the Metropolitan and the Chrysler, Grant's Tomb and the bridge.

Still beyond—eastward to Brooklyn, westward to Jersey, southward to Staten Island, northward beyond the towering Cathedral of St. John to Harlem, the Bronx, and Westchester—would lie the city nobody knows *except the people who live in it,* the city of homes.

I wonder now if Jesus, standing on his man-made peak—the nearest to the sky that man has yet built—might not be saying to Himself:

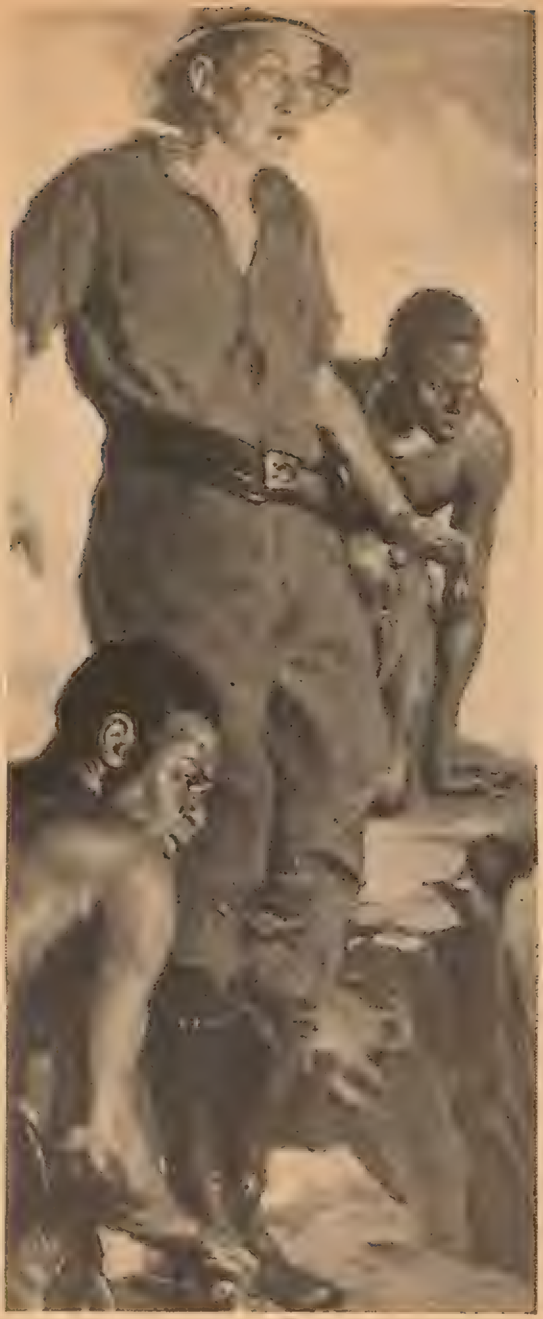
"What a heaven on earth this City of New York *could* be!"

THE END

The

BY

READING TIME
20 MINUTES
37 SECONDS



Bart stared down. The girl was young, she was handsome, and she was white.

AMBER said to her just accepted fiancé, handsome Bart Woodie from New Guinea: "Tell me something to make my blood run cold."

They were dancing in the ballroom of the big Sydney hotel. Bart, let loose upon Australia for the first time in three years, could hardly believe in all the good things lying about within reach of a fellow's hand: food, real food, and cold beer, and theaters and picture shows, and shops full of presents for people, and twice daily papers, and, above all, girls. Girls whose hair was not woolly, whose teeth were not stained with betel nut, who wore silk frocks instead of grass fringes, talked plain English unadulterated by "pidgin," and looked at a fellow—well, as Amber had looked at him.

Yet, underneath all the ecstasy of it, there ran a current of homesickness. Through it all persisted, strangely, certain unreasonable desires—for strong tea laced with sweet condensed milk; the sound of dance drums; for the hypnotizing sway, sway, and shuffle, shuffle, of a thousand dark-brown bodies moving as one. Bart Woodie was one of the small but increasing band of white men born and brought up in Papua, and Papua was interwoven with the roots of his soul.

So when Amber, queen of his heart (he had only known her and her mother for a week, but that had been amply long), asked him, casually, for a tale to make her blood run cold, Bart, not understanding that she was speaking of the heat of the room, said simply, "Right you are—there's plenty of 'em, but I'm a rotten hand at telling."

"Sit down," said Amber, laughing, "you literal person—and fire away. I do love a thrill, hot or cold."

He said, "Do you see that woman sitting at the end of the room?"

"The thin pale woman with light hair, talking to her daughter?"

"It isn't her daughter. It's her niece. She takes her to dances, and sits there like a staring ghost herself. She is a ghost. She just about died, in Papua fifteen years ago, when the Lak-Laks stole and ate her only baby, little Maya. She was about three."

"Good heavens! What are Lak-Laks?"

"A wild tribe of the West—where I live. Got 'em more or less in order now; but fifteen years ago, when I was there with my dad and mum—I was seven—they used to come down to the sea beach when they wanted a child to eat. They very near got me once."

"Go on," Amber said, fixing him with blue innocent eyes. This was more exciting than murder trials in Sunday papers. It gave you shivers, all right.

"Well, after they'd caught Mrs. Sorensen's kid, mum she said she wasn't going to have any Lak-Laks put me in the pot, and dad—he was Resident there—he said 'You have your way. Only Bart will have to come back as soon as possible when I'm shifted,' he said. 'Because why? I want him to know the country he'll have to help run.' So mum and I went to Sydney. But she died a year after, and I went back to school in Papua, and as it is, I reckon I'm almost more New Guinea than Australian."

"Where's your father?"

"Dead. Fifteen years in Papua means every one's dead or gone, when you ask about them. I'll last. I'm one of themselves."

Amber looked him up and down. Bart was undoubtedly the handsomest man in the room, and the touch of something exotic, something wild, about his deep-set eyes, his powerful neck that seemed to strain at the confinement of the white collar, his long, elastic figure, pricked the jaded senses of the city girl. Brown-haired he was, gray-eyed.

One of the famous government men of Papua, mere youths who went chasing murderers through swamps and torrents and unknown forests, and always, like the Mounties, got their man. It was the romance of his occupation that first had caught her wandering butterfly mind.

He was going on, modestly trying to find something to interest and thrill her—he who was the biggest thrill of all in himself:

"Did you ever hear about the golden bird? Hardly any one has."

"But of course I've heard! Every one knows about birds of paradise."

"It isn't a bird of paradise—or, if it is, it's something quite new. Whether or no, it's a wonder, and it would be a fortune for any one who could catch one. You've no idea what some people would pay for a bird like this, a really new kind. Of course you can't trade in birds of paradise—they're protected; but even if it was one—and I reckon it's not—a specimen or two for museums would mean a little fortune."

"What's the bird like? Where did you get it, and what's it worth, exactly?" Amber asked, fixing hard, eager eyes upon Bart Woodie.

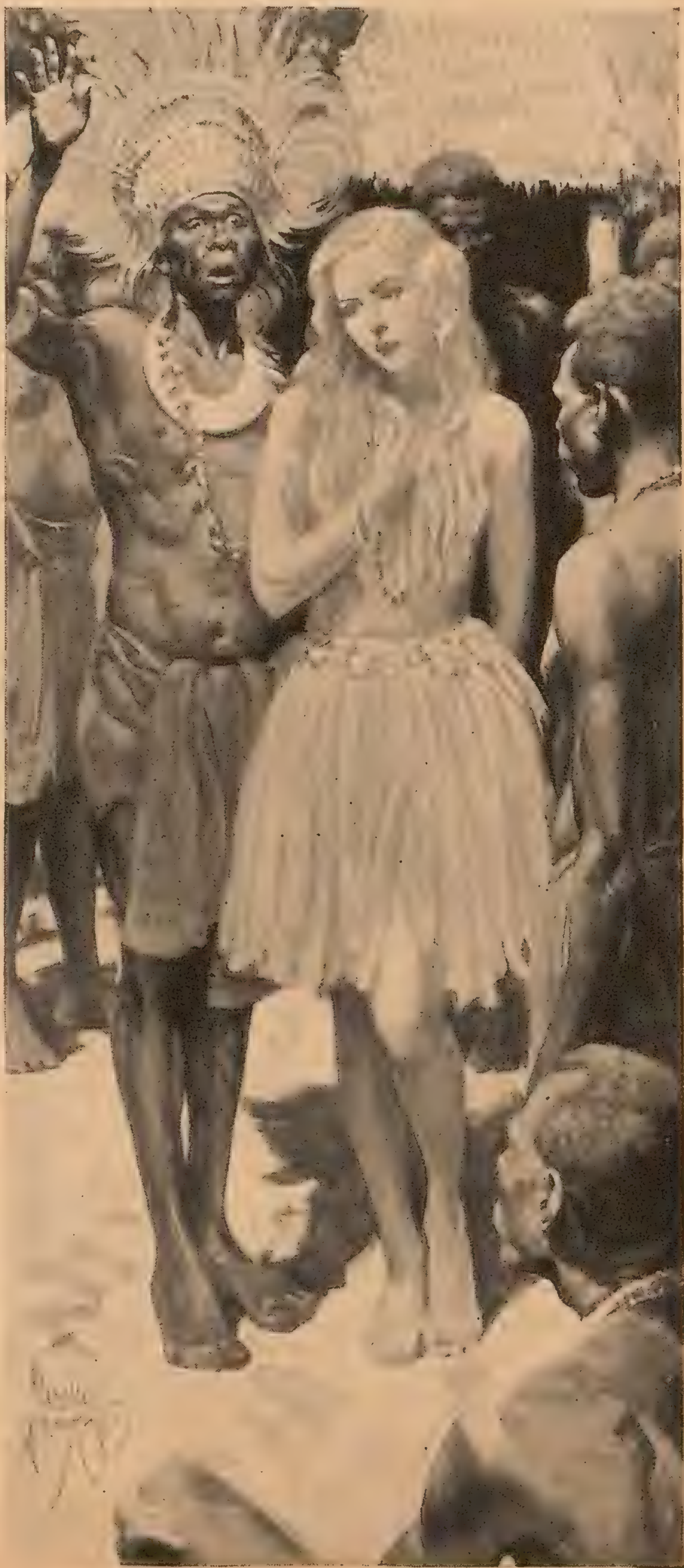
Bart wasn't looking at Amber. He was looking at something two thousand miles away. His eyes lit up as he spoke. "It's the most wonderful thing—if one could see it. But no one has. Only its feathers, and hardly three people have seen those. The mountain tribes—" (Amber set her teeth. She wondered if Bart would want to talk about the mountain tribes all

☆ **Strange, exotic, beguiling—**
An eerie tropic tale of cannibal
mystery and a lovely captive

Golden Bird

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



day and half the night when—if—she married him.)

"The mountain tribes are dead keen on feathers. Some of those fellows would give their wives—or their pigs, which they value more—for a new feather. Me and two others—we've seen these feathers; but the damned ill luck of it was, it was always across one of those impassable torrents, where you couldn't get round to where they were under a day; and they knew it, cunning beggars! I—I wish you'd seen what I saw. All dark as it is in the big bush, sort of dark-greenish glow, and the river roaring away beneath, and on the other side a sort of little clearing where the sun came through, and in the middle of it the young bucks of the village dancing, and the kingpin of the lot—he had the gold feathers. Fixed to the top of his headdress. They were pure gold, not yellow. And when I yelled to them, in all the native languages I knew, to hold on, wait till we could get round, and I'd give them stacks of beads and salt and adzes for the feathers, they just made faces at us and off they went, and I never saw them again. Two other chaps did—missionaries looking for new tribes to convert—but it was farther off, and they didn't even stop to make faces at them. But they told me, and I told them, and we're all three mad to find out what it is and get it before some of the scientific expeditions pop in first."

Amber was bored, but she held to her point: "How very interesting. How well you tell it! And what would such a bird be worth?"

Bart, slightly chilled, came down to earth to answer: "Matter of guessing. But if it didn't turn out to be a protected kind—and if there were a fair number of them—I dare say one could cash in on a few thousands. If one was allowed, of course."

"Allowed?"

"Government officers can't engage in trade."

"But you could resign?"

"You could—if you would." It did not sound a likely supposition, as Bart said it.

They danced again, and Bart, with Amber's warm slenderness in his arms, thought no more of the golden bird. But Amber, smiling up into his eyes, was thinking all the time of the birds and the thousands. How many thousands, exactly, were connoted by those exciting words "a few"?

The pale woman with the Scandinavian face sat in her corner, watching. She knew who Bart was. A faint wave of dislike went over her as she saw him dancing. Always, since the day when he had escaped the fate of her only child, she had been vaguely resentful of his continued existence.

She beckoned to her niece; it was growing late.

"That Woodie fellow's going to marry the little Lydiard girl," she said, as they stood waiting for their car outside the hotel. "Couldn't wish him worse. She's hacked all over New South Wales and Victoria for ten years, and she's as mercenary as a pawnbroker."

. . . . .

Sydney, and Australia, and the foods and the drinks and the shops and theaters and streets, and the wonder of a daily paper, and the delights of trains and motorcars and roaring trams and the hotels—all these things were gone. Buried. Their grave was the green dark forests of the West, the sago swamps, beautiful and evil, the rivers and torrents that were the only roads; the native villages, far inland, where by night the leaf torches burned, and the brown people danced, and the drums thrummed in time with your heartbeat, mastering it, making it, at their will, beat fast and faster. . . . . The smell of the villages, cold wood ashes, roof thatch wet with rain. The sight of the village people, coming in procession, their heads adorned with flowers and plumes, to render homage to the young white chief who was, they knew, the master of them all.

But Bart could not get his people to tell him where the golden feathers could be seen; who wore them, and from what bird they were procured. There were times when he would have been tempted to believe he had imagined the whole thing, if he had not had the independent witness of the two missionaries to bear out what he had seen. And even they—French, reserved and cautious—did not appear very anxious to talk about the bird.

" One must go easily with these wild people, as you know well," they said. " They have their own forms of religion—it is a religion which we must supplant, of course—and the bird is doubtless something sacred."

" That's right," agreed Bart, generously opening his last tin of cigarettes. " I reckon you know near as much about them as I do myself."

" Nearly," agreed one Frenchman, with the ghost of a smile. His companion sent him a side glance and quietly changed the subject.

" We hear you are to be congratulated, *mon ami?* "

" That's right. A bonzer little girl coming up to marry me in—in—maybe three months' time."

Cigarettes were handed round. Tobacco smoke rose blue against the dingy white of Bart's duck tent. His camp was in the heart of the " big bush," days from the coast; but he looked (as the two Frenchmen silently noted) more at home there, happier, than he did in his comfortable government station.

" You are like us," one of them said, after thanking him profusely for the gift of the cigarettes. " The country holds you; Papua is your mistress."

" That's right. I reckon she is."

" But mistresses and wives—they don't agree."

Bart looked puzzled.

" Amber wants me to leave the country," he offered, after a while.

" You would be a loss—there are not many so good. The government values men like you."

Bart varied his " That's right " with " I dunno! " The missionaries smoked in silence a little longer; and then the elder one, rising, thanked him for his hospitality. " We must be going," he said. " We have a long travel, still. Take my advice, Mr. Bart, and do not let Miss Amber oblige you any more to seek the golden feathers. It is better for you both if you never find them."

BART supposed, vaguely, that he must have told the Frenchmen, some time or other, that Amber was making conditions—refusing to marry him unless he found the fortune-making bird. He couldn't remember, but no doubt he had. Because it was the fact. Amber had set her little toes into the ground like a balking mule, and every letter that came up to Port Moresby with the three-weekly mails, and found its way, slowly and uncertainly, down the coast to Bart, repeated her determination. He must, he must, he must find the bird. It shouldn't be difficult; somebody else would find it if he didn't, and—Amber did not say right out that somebody else would have other privileges, in that case, but it was easily to be read between the lines.

The two dark, bearded Frenchmen, swiftly passing along the forest track, did not speak to one another for a while. Then the older of the two said, looking back:

" He'll go; you can't stop him." And the other answered heavily: " Better he shouldn't succeed."

" How could he do anything in the matter, when we failed? " the first demanded.

" That man," said the other, " is distinguished for male beauty. Further, he is not celibate. How do you add that up, my friend? "

It seemed that his friend chose to add it up with one long significant whistle.

. . . . .

Bart was well used, by this time, to the thrill of finding himself first in some secret valley hitherto unvisited by white men, marking out upon his map the course of a river never before traced. For all that, he was as excited as a child in sight of a Christmas tree when, after six weeks' hard traveling, he led his train of carriers and police up a steep slope, out into the cold strong air of the upper hills, and into view of the strangest sight that had ever, in many strange wanderings, met his eyes.

Signaling to his men, he drew back. This was not for white men. This moment might mean the wiping out of the entire expedition if carelessly handled.

Behind the last of the forest trees the Papuans instantly and quietly concealed themselves. Faint exclamations passed from one to another, until Bart, with a finger, silenced them. They could see down a good way into a gully below: a place full of trailing begonias, and dog violets, and the bright disappointing wild raspberries and strawberries of the Papuan highlands.

There were native houses on the sides of the gully, built upon a level shelf of land. In front of the houses a group of Papuan men stood waiting; one or two women—brown creatures clad in a handful of grass and leaves, some with wild bushes of woolly hair and some with heads cropped as close as Continental conscripts—were looking on from the background.

THE headman of the village, tall, sumptuously decked in shells and feathers and dogs' teeth, had just stalked forward, ceremonially chanting. From the doorway of one of the huts he was leading out a girl, who came almost reluctantly, blinking in the sunlight as she moved from the dark of the house to the light of day. As she appeared, the whole crowd burst into song; drums were beaten and feet began to shuffle in the measures of the dance. The women in the background strained to see. It was plain that this was not their business, but nevertheless that they were deeply interested in it.

Bart, staring at her, felt his mouth fall open, his eyes dilate. The girl was young, she was handsome—and she was white.

Almost naked in her little grass fringe and her necklace of berries, she stood among them, shining like a star. Down her back and over her breast flowed a cataract of wonderful hair—such hair as is seldom seen, even in Europe, south of the snow countries—long, fine and sparkling, and pure gold.

" The golden bird," Bart breathed to himself. " The golden bird."

Like a sheep in the hands of the shearer, she remained motionless as the headman, with a bamboo knife, severed those long shining tresses. In one hand he held them, while with the other he stirred the short hair that remained, carefully examining the soil that had produced this marvelous crop. He seemed to be satisfied. He nodded, stepped back, and began dividing the treasure. Most of it he kept for himself; the rest, lock by lock, was shared out among the other men, who received it solemnly, each taking his share and pacing back with it to his place in the ranks again.

Their name was Sorensen, Bart Woodie thought, Scandynoovian of some kind. Accounts for everything. My sacred aunt, what a scoop! . . . She's going back into the house. That's where she lives. And by all that's holy, by every sign I can see, they've let her alone. . . . Eighteen she must be. . . . They don't hold with miscegenation, these beggars; no Papuan does, in his heart. Wise fellows; we might take a lesson from them.

He remembered how he himself had sometimes thought of taking a brown girl to wife, native fashion or white fashion, partly because she would have made such a priceless liaison officer, and—a little—because they were dainty small things. As a government official he had felt bound to abandon the idea.

And now! The thought that sprang to meet him was dazzling, confusing, wonderful too, if only . . . But this was not the time for thought; it was the time for action.

" Boys," he said, turning to his followers, " you and I are going down into that village. Get the green branches ready " (a sign of truce and peace), " unpack a lot of beads and knives and tomahawks and all the red calico we have, and we'll chance it, live or die."

They did not die. They were welcome—they and their gifts. Bart put in a fruitful two days before his rapidly diminishing stores obliged him to take the track again. And after certain evenings in the company of a girl with cropped gold hair, who seemed to remember nothing about her people, but persisted, oddly, in addressing him as " Mama," he succeeded in his chief object, which was, not to go back alone.

The village, soothed by the acquisition of more, and more marvelous, trade goods than they had ever dreamed of, did not make much difficulty about letting the gold girl depart; especially as Maya, who seemed to have a will of her own, told them roundly in the native tongue that she wouldn't have had anything to do with the two ugly black-bearded men who had come before, but that this white man was—in the pidgin-English phrase that suddenly flowed to her lips—" 'nother kind." And more and better you cannot, in pidgin English, say.

With the " 'nother kind " man she left. So far had she picked up English again, by the time they reached Port Moresby, that she was able to tell Bart what he had already guessed: how she, a captured baby intended for the cooking pot, had escaped it when the headman saw her golden hair, and realized that in that he had an apparently inexhaustible source of " feathers," a means of making his tribe first among dancers, keeping up, effectively, the prestige of the village.

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" They s'ut me—s'ut up," she stammered, struggling with the language that was part remembered, part new learned during the journey.

Tabooed, thought Bart. They would, of course. Only a maiden is allowed to keep her hair. They'd let her out sometimes, always under a guard. Fed her well and all that. . . . Valuable little sheep, to be shorn at intervals. No use losing the right to wear her own hair. Custom is law among the tribes; a scraped bare head is the rule for all maidens. . . . And the sorcerer took care, didn't he, not to cut too close? The label mustn't be taken off.

She had been given an unpronounceable native name with an ugly significance. Bart scrapped that, and told her that her own name was Maya. " Maya Sorensen," he said. " And you've got a mother in Australia."

" Mama," said the girl, looking piteously at him. She seemed to remember the word. Lord, she's like a little lamb bleating, Bart thought. A lost lamb. . . . And what that lost lamb knows about natives and New Guinea generally would give a chap the gold medal of the Geographical, if he could only get hold of it.

She was walking beside him, as light and swift as himself, in the clothes he had given her—cotton loincloth and shirt; she wouldn't wear his other pair of trousers, painfully spared. " Make my legs sorry," she had told him, shaking her thighs impatiently. Good thing the girls down South are going half naked nowadays, Bart thought. Suit Maya a treat.

SHE seemed afraid of him, although she liked him. And this, too, he could interpret. All these fifteen years, it had been death to any man of the village to lay a hand upon her. Maya didn't want him killed. Maya, perhaps, had seen too much killing. . . .

But she smiled at him, she looked at him—as no white girl of all his acquaintance knew how to smile and look. They're cold potatoes beside this girl, Bart thought. Messes of cold porridge. Amber—Amber—

He didn't want to think about Amber. She had become strangely shadowy of late.

Maya interrupted his musings:

" Where I go? "

" You're going," said Bart, " to the Mission in Port Moresby, and they'll teach you a lot of things. Not to suck bones and throw them over your shoulder. Not to scratch, however much you want to. Not to chew betel nut and spit it out. Not—if I know them—to look at any one as you're looking at me just now. You've got a lot to learn, Maya, and I hope to God they don't spoil you, teaching it."

A deep sigh, born like a summer wind from nowhere, and as swiftly passing, lifted his chest as he spoke.

" No savvy," said Maya, indifferently rolling a chew and slipping it into her mouth.

" You never said a truer word," Bart told her. He liked this sort of talk, all on one side and not half comprehended. It loosened his tongue as nothing else, in his five and twenty years, ever had loosened it. He couldn't talk to Amber like that. But then, Amber did the talking.

Came, and passed, the last night in camp. For the last time, Bart did his sentry go at intervals round the tent where Maya was sleeping; went back to his own place in the carriers' tent, and lay there wakeful, listening to the ripple of the innumerable rivers and the wail of the ghost pigeons in the bush.

For the last time he saw her, early, running out of the tent, carrying, innocently, all her clothes upon her arm, while she went down to the nearest stream to bathe. She was made like a statue of warm marble, he thought. No, she was better—she was like the little ivory figurines, marvelously shaped, that some old Johnny had dug up in Crete. Bart had seen pictures of them. And he had wanted, how badly no one knew, to own one. And now he had it, all alive—only, he couldn't keep it.

THE journey was done. Bart had sent word by a runner down the coast; there was a launch waiting when they got there. And in a day and a night they reached Port Moresby.

Maya cried when Bart left her with the kindly sisters. It's like killing a pet lamb, he thought.

Amber was in the hotel and—so he was told—waiting. Bart, when he saw her, began to whistle softly to himself,

" An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the
Bay! "

It seemed appropriate, somehow.

" Come out on the balcony," she ordered. Bart came, still whistling. " If you don't stop whistling, I'll—I'll slap you," Amber, through her set teeth, said.

" You've treated me shamefully. Don't speak. I've heard all about it. There's no bird—there never was one. And you had a native girl traveling with you—a half-caste with no clothes. And you dare to think—"

" Amber—you're quite wrong. She isn't a native. The girl is as white as yourself, and I was bound in the course of my duty to bring her away from the natives. And as to clothes, she wears more at the present minute than—" He balked. Amber's brief shorts, backless blouse, and half-bare feet were too obvious an illustration.

She did not seem to hear him.

" What did you think I was likely to do when I heard? "

" I declare to God," he said, " I forgot all about it."

The engagement ring tinkled as Amber flung it across the veranda. " It's lucky for me," she spat, " that I got as good as engaged to some one else on the way! "

" Meaning? "

" Meaning Bob Martin, manager of the biggest plantation in the Mandated Territory, and worth ten of you."

" Pull the string of your parachute," Bart softly advised her. " You'll land all right. Excuse me." He took his hat and left her there, in the wind and the sun, with the diamond sparkling on the ground. He knew she would retrieve it as soon as he had gone.

He went singing along the street—a little gypsy song that he had picked up on the wireless in Sydney:

" To the road, down the road, where the hills are calling,
Where the rivers run and sing, out beneath the blue,
To the last long camp of all, when life's last dusk is falling,
Gypsy lover, gypsy love, I'll go with you."

I suppose, he thought, Maya's mother will go mad when she hears. She may go mad. She shan't keep her long. And she'll be a good kind of mother-in-law to have, for I reckon she'll never forgive Papua enough to come back.

THE END

Why Drown?

BY ETHELDA BLEIBTREY

Attention, swimmers! A champion of yesterday gives you her secrets of keeping out of trouble in the water

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHAT is this drowning business that it should take the lives of so many every year, leaving a wake of sorrow and loss, with figures staggering in their import? Healthy fun-loving people, off to the beaches for a day of relaxation and happiness, never to return. Is it something to be forever feared and dreaded? Can nothing be done to reduce the toll of destruction caused by it?

For fourteen years I have been teaching people of every age, in this and other countries, how to swim. The majority of them have a universal complaint which must be heard before an instructor may even begin to teach them. The complaint is, "I almost drowned and never have been in the water since."

That adults should carry this fear of the water with them through life is appalling and just about as sensible as saying, "I broke a leg when I was young and haven't had the courage to get out of the wheel chair ever since." If it affected only the individual it would not be so bad; but too often the offspring of such parents are taught from the beginning to fear one of the most pleasant, beneficial activities known to mankind.

Many times I have "almost drowned"! The whirlpools of the Mohawk River almost claimed me. Hell Gate's suction drew me under with force and suddenness enough to yank laced shoes from my feet. Other close calls came in rescues made by going through seaweed or "rips" at the dangerous beach at Santa Monica, California.

Even at the tender age of five I could not be kept from the water, and usually stole away to play with the boats tied to the docks far up the Hudson River. Once, while pushing a rowboat away from the dock and pulling it back again, I lost my balance and fell in ten feet of water. I could not swim, but somehow I got out. I was not at all worried about the fact that "I almost drowned," but I was mighty worried about going home dripping from head to foot and what I would get for my disobedience. Because of my mother's fear of the water I did not learn to swim until I was fifteen years old. At sixteen I was national champion. At seventeen I was international and Olympic champion.

Many things contribute to the fear which is the chief forerunner of drowning. The average swimmer dives in merrily, puts his head down and swims. Becoming a bit tired, he stops to float and look around him. The shore seems to be miles away. A tide has carried him down a bit from his starting point, and he thinks he is being carried out to sea. Currents in lakes or rivers may have the same effect. There is a temporary feeling of panic as the swimmer wonders if he can get back.

Now, one does not have to return to a starting point to save one's life. Invariably, however, one starts bucking the tide or current in an effort to return to it. No swimmer, expert or otherwise, could last more than five minutes against a full running tide, if that long, and at the end of it he would probably have lost ground. Racing swimmers use this as a method of training. Swimming five minutes full speed against a tide without losing ground is the equivalent to a half hour of good hard training.

Naturally when an inexperienced person has tried to recover lost ground by putting much effort into his stroke, only to find himself worse off than before he started, the result is panic made worse. A struggle. Breathing becomes increasingly difficult. Lack of reoxygenation causes the muscles to become tired.

If at this point the swimmer would only turn over on his back and float, guiding himself to some object which is moored, or slowly in toward shore, no matter at what point he might land—keeping his mind firmly on a thought of buying a new hat or going to a dance—all would be well. There is nothing in the world to prevent a swimmer from floating all day if he has ever been able to float for even a short time. A person who is less buoyant will have to keep in slight motion, of course, but the face is free to breathe, even if there is an occasional mouthful from a playful wave. With enough fresh oxygen in the lungs, there is a twofold benefit: Air in the lungs serves as water wings, keeping any one either wholly on top or nearly so, in which case easy relaxed motion is sufficient for keeping above the danger line.

This is the time, however, when the swimmer usually raises his arms above his head to wave for help. The quickest way to plunge to the bottom is to raise the arms above the head. Couple this action with semifear-paralysis, and we have the next case on the books.

Another frequent cause of drowning is that people off for a holiday have a few drinks and lie in the sun for an hour or so. They are subnormal to begin with, and one plunge into the cooling waters lulls them almost into insensibility. These people are difficult for a trained guard to detect, for they usually go down without the customary struggle. It all feels so peaceful.

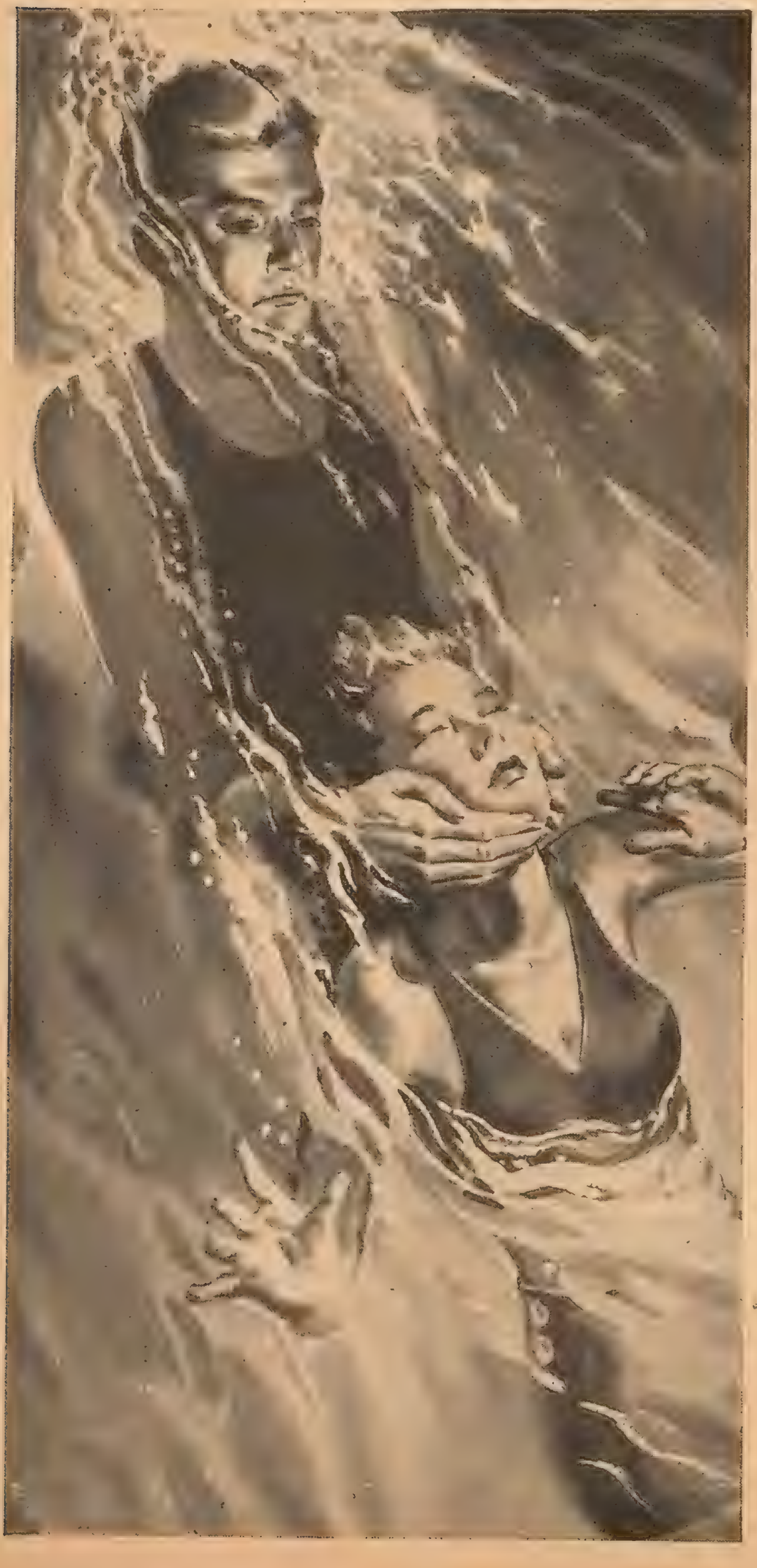
Remember, it is possible to drown in a cup of tea. The windpipe becomes clogged, perhaps, by one or two tiny drops of water. The air passage being stopped up, the results are asphyxiation and unconsciousness. This happens many, many times to all swimmers. Experts, however, soon learn to avert major discomforts by a few lusty coughs to clear the windpipe. The same thing happens exactly when one chokes on drinking any liquid a little of which "goes down the wrong way." It is possible to cough under water, or with the head submerged, as in swimming the crawl. Often this happens in a race, and though most uncomfortable it is far from serious.

Why, then, have such fear of drowning for the remainder of your days because of an almost forgotten unpleasant incident of your childhood?

Ordinary precaution will keep you perfectly safe in water at any time.

Undertows are considered treacherous. It is true that, caught off guard, no one can successfully battle an undertow. But why waste time and energy in trying? Undertows are caused by the force of receding waves gathering momentum for the final break. The thing to do is to get a long healthy breath, let go, and stop struggling. The greatest force of the undertow is on bottom, where your feet are taken out from under you. Then you will be dragged out, but it will last only until the receding wave is met by the incoming wave.

If the undertow is strong, so are the incoming waves, and they will bring you right back to shore. You can rest assured that they will, perhaps not so politely but quite effectively. You may land standing on your head after having been twisted and turned, battered and bumped; but what of that? People standing at the water's edge will realize your predicament and help you to your feet. It may be a very uncomfortable few moments, but the main thing is to take advantage of everything you can use and not fight against sure defeat.



The closest I have ever come to joining Neptune permanently was during my tour of Australia as the visiting world's champion. Two men swimmers from the United States Olympic team were there also, and we happened to meet at one of the famous beaches for a few days' rest.

It always amuses me when stories are written and arguments are forthcoming that there is no such thing as a man-eating shark. Offshore waters in that part of the world are simply infested with them, and it is a daily sight to see a helpless bather rescued from a shark after venturing beyond the breakers. Losses of arms and legs are frequent. The life-line buoys are out in the water only fifty feet from shore, scarcely forty feet from the huge breakers, and the life line is the dead line—in more ways than one.

Added to the sharks are jellyfish about the size of a large hand. They have from three to five trailing fingers which throw off a poison. This poison raises a blister, like a burn, and sometimes leaves the limb paralyzed for hours. After a two-hundred-yard swim through a school of them, I could do nothing but lie on a couch for four hours, unable to use my arms or legs, and suffering from an ache similar to a toothache.

There are many other uncomfortable experiences one may have in those waters, so we usually confined our swimming to the pools—spaces at the water's edge, separated from the terrors of the deep only by slats about six inches apart. Occasionally a jellyfish would slip through, but the guards would soon scoop it out.

It was suggested that the American team have a race around the buoy with the highly trained guards at that beach. Our strokes were faster than the Australians' who were still using a two-beat leg drive as against our six-beat. However, they were experienced surf swimmers and it looked like a good race. What ground I might lose, being pitted against men, the other United States swimmers would make up.

WE were to race a short stretch down the sand to the water, dive in, and swim around the buoys, and race back up to the beach to the starting point. I dived without a thought of the danger lurking. Breathless from the run, just getting through the heavy surf was a feat in itself.

Anxious to maintain the lead already given me, I started a powerful sprint after managing to swim breakers. Everything was going nicely and I had almost reached the buoy for the turn when a nice big jellyfish slapped me in the face. The result was instantaneous. Horrible thought: I might be temporarily blinded and swim out to sea where the sharks were! All common sense was crowded out and *fear* gripped me. Breathing became difficult because of this fear. My limbs became almost useless. I was sinking and choking.

Realizing that in a few seconds it would be all over, my mind started to work desperately fast. The opponent had been swimming hard and was almost up to me. With a supreme effort I yelled to him to wait—I needed help. He lifted his head out of the water for a couple of strokes, decided against it, and went on. It was incredible. Then it suddenly flashed through my mind what he was thinking. I was a woman, probably a little tired, but world's champion nonetheless, and my request amounted to asking him to throw the race to me. Nothing doing! It apparently never entered his head that I could be *drowning.* To say I was indignant was to put it mildly.

At once I thought to myself, "Why, the so-and-so! I'll trim him if it's my last act!"

I was half in tears and laboring for one good breath to get started. Then the fear was shaken off, and I buried my face in the water and started to go.

How I finished I do not actually remember. I do remember the extreme pleasure of passing my opponent as if he were standing still. I finished the race and received a medal for "*almost drowning.*" Then I passed out quietly on the sand.

THE END

Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

No. 3—MURDER OR SUICIDE?

THE *Starr Faithfull* ENIGMA

She lived perilously; how did she die?—The tragic story of a madcap beauty

By FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE scared bellhop dashed out of the hotel that night and looked around for one of New York's 18,000 cops. He saw one strolling away from him down Columbus Avenue, and let out a lusty yell; but just then an elevated train roared out of the Fifty-ninth Street station and smothered it. So he ran down the street and grabbed the cop's arm.

The cop said, "Hello, Joe. What, again?"

The bellhop nodded, out of breath, and they trotted back to the hotel.

The room clerk, nervously jiggling a passkey in one hand, was waiting for them in the lobby. "I hope he hasn't killed her," he said. "I could hear 'em down here."

"What room?" asked the cop.

"Two-O-six. Never saw either of 'em before. They're registered as Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Collins."

They reached 206. It was quiet. The clerk stuck the passkey in the lock. The lights were on as they pushed the door open and went into the room.

"Holy Mother!" said the cop.

There was a middle-aged man, in his underwear, sitting on the edge of the bed. He was breathing hard and rubbing the knuckles of his right hand. He was completely bald.

On a table beside the bed were ice, glasses, ginger ale, gin.

On the bed, young, brunette, strikingly beautiful, lay a woman. She was unconscious. Her face was in bad shape. Her right eye was beginning to puff, her upper lip was bleeding, and skin was scraped off her jaw.

The bald-headed man said his name was Joseph Collins, and produced some army-discharge papers to prove it. He added that he'd been working as a cook on a Clyde liner out of Boston. He looked like a ship's cook.

"And," Patrolman Dwyer observed wearily, "your lady friend would be your wife."

"No, she ain't my wife," Joseph Collins replied.

"Well, who is she?"

Collins shrugged.

"You can call her my wife. Make it Marie Collins."

Patrolman Dwyer took another look at the girl's face. It wasn't the kind of face he saw on women who walked his beat and haunted its West Side mid-town hotels. It had—besides rare beauty—the unmistakable hallmarks of intelligence and breeding. Picking up the girl's clothing from the floor, he found it of excellent quality, bearing the labels of Fifth Avenue stores.

The girl was taken to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital, where it was pronounced that she was suffering from acute alcoholism. When questioned, she said, "I was drinking gin, as far as I know. I suppose somebody knocked me about a bit."

Who Joseph Collins was, where he is, remain complete mysteries today.

The next morning the girl's mother and stepfather came to Bellevue Hospital to take her home.

The girl was Starr Faithfull. The date of the New York hotel episode—she had been ejected from better hotels in London—was March 30, 1930.

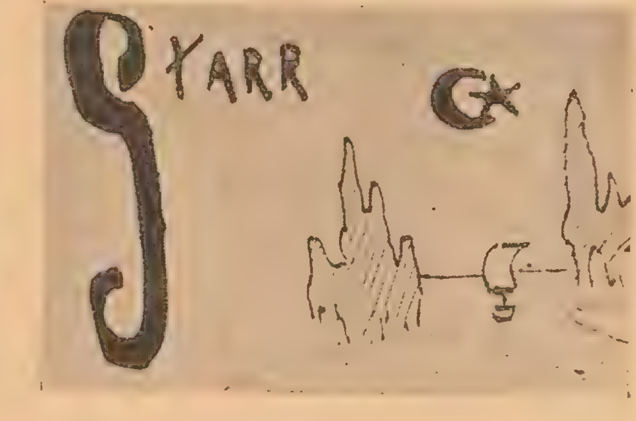
. . . . .

A beautiful young girl wearing a blue straw hat and a modish black coat with a squirrel-trimmed collar sat in the writing room of a Fifth Avenue department store on June 4, 1931, writing a letter to a suave ship's surgeon nearly twice her age with whom she imagined herself passionately in love. Her mad headlong pursuit had drawn from him, a few days earlier, a stinging semipublic rebuke.

And now she wrote, in a heavy upright script that resembled printing:

"I won't worry because men flirt with me in the street. I shall encourage them—I don't care who they are."

She signed the letter "Starr" and mailed it.



A page from Starr's memory book.

THE next day, June 5, Starr Faithfull vanished from her home and was never again seen alive.

Three days later, on June 8, 1931, her slim young body, white and bruised, cold in death as it had been cold in life, washed up on Long Beach, Long Island.

The hotel episode and that of the letter, weighed one against the other, give a penetrating insight into the wild-swinging, pathetic pendulum of her life.

Psychologists—and the neurologists who treated her—variously pronounced her a neurasthenic, a "borderline" case, a girl morally bankrupt and emotionally unbalanced.

She was neither promiscuous nor immoral—in the common definitions of those words. But the door to a normal life was shut and locked against her. Her singular beauty drew men to her until they found she had—beyond the temptation of her beauty—nothing for them; nor did she find anything to accept from them—or from women.

She sought false keys to life's door: veronal, allonal, chloroform, ether. Long before the salt water drowned her, she tried to drown herself—in liquor.

Her life was a miserable makeshift; her death a mysterious enigma that today puzzles the best police minds of two countries.

Officially, investigation of her baffling demise has never stopped. District Attorney Elvin Edwards, of Nassau County, pronounced it murder. Other persons insisted it

Starr Faithfull, beautiful neurotic gadabout of two continents, whose tragic death is still a mystery.

was suicide. Inspector Harold King said it could be either murder or suicide.

The who, where, when, and why of Starr Faithfull's death have for six years been blank mysteries.

Only one question—how?—has been positively answered. Starr Faithfull died of submersion, drowning.

Will this crime ever be solved?

It is doubtful. But it could be solved in a week if persons with evidence to give stepped forward and gave it.

Hints of scandal and blackmail beat hotly on the Starr Faithfull case. Nothing in it is what it appears to be.

Even the intriguing name of the tragedy's heroine was not her correct name. For Starr Faithfull—born in Evanston, Illinois, on January 26, 1906—was christened Starr Wyman.

Starr was the daughter of Frank W. Wyman, 2d, of the Harvard class of '00, and Helen McGregor Pierce. They had another child, six years younger than Starr, who was christened Elizabeth Sylvia, but who preferred to be known as "Tucker."

Starr's mother, Helen McGregor Wyman, was a cousin of Martha R. Phillips, who in 1910 became the wife of Andrew J. Peters, a wealthy Bostonian of considerable political prestige. A close friend of President Wilson, Peters resigned an appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Customs to become the mayor of Boston between 1918 and 1922.

Starr spent her babyhood in New Rochelle, New York; moved with her family to New Jersey, then to Brookline, Massachusetts, where, at the age of eleven—termed the turning point of her life by her mother—she attended an exclusive school on Chestnut Hill.

At seventeen she was a student at swanky Rogers Hall School at Lowell, Massachusetts. At boarding school she was an average student. She captained her school's swimming team and, reportedly, often swam from a beach near her family's Cape Cod summer home to a lighthouse three miles out. Her friends called her "Bamby."

On February 7, 1925, Starr's mother divorced Wyman and married Stanley E. Faithfull, who, during the World War, ran a chemical company near Mansfield. Both her daughters adopted his name.

Just before this event Starr began to manifest some of the wild, inexplicable eccentricities that so worried her family. She went through a period of intense modesty, followed by a period when she coated her pretty face with an excess of make-up. Then followed a temporary taste for men's clothes.

At nineteen we find her under observation at a sanitarium in Wellesley, suffering from nervous strain. Neurologists advised a change of scene. The Faithfulls moved to a $25,000 house in West Orange, New Jersey.

The Faithfulls' finances seem—like Starr's emotional processes—to have had their ups and downs. At the time of Starr's death Stanley Faithfull was connected with a firm interested in the production of pneumatic mattresses.

It was while the Faithfulls were living in West Orange that—according to their story—they found the key to Starr's bewildering actions. Here is their version:

On June 22, 1926, Mrs. Faithfull received a wire from an old family friend of her Boston days, a man in his fifties. He was at the Hotel Biltmore in Manhattan and was eager to take Bamby to a show that night.

Starr Faithfull went to New York to meet him. Late that night Mrs. Faithfull received a telephone call from the gentleman. It was late, he explained, and he dreaded the trip to West Orange. Would it be all right if he obtained for Bamby a room at the Biltmore? Mrs. Faithfull, confident that her daughter would be watched over by this unofficial "father," consented.

The next day a different Starr came home. Her eyes were glassy, her mood depressed. She went to her room, threw herself on a bed, stayed there.

THAT night mother and daughter had a heart-to-heart talk. It was an unprintable and terrifying talk. It went back nine years, to the house on Park Street in Brookline, when Starr was a child of eleven.

It was the sordid story of how this same trusted family friend—then a man of about forty—read to the bewildered child passages from Havelock Ellis, explained them to her, roused slumbering immature passions, and depraved and despoiled her, cunningly assuring her that any reluctance upon her part would be shameful and unnatural.

Through the years, as Starr grew into womanhood, that soul-twisting relationship had been continued. There had been motor trips, stops at hotels. Just the night before, Starr told her mother, she and the man had been registered, not at the Biltmore, but at the Astor Hotel in Times Square as man and wife, and had occupied adjoining rooms.

Starr's aghast mother and stepfather were at a loss, for a while, what to do. Eventually they told the story to an attorney, Charles H. Rowley, member of a reputable firm. When Stanley Faithfull submitted photostats of hotel register pages at which Mr. X and Starr had registered as man and wife, the lawyer conceded that a settlement was justified. Much money had already been spent for medical treatment for Starr; more would probably have to be spent in the future.

Whether or not Starr Faithfull was despoiled at the age of eleven, as the foregoing version, made public by

Mr. and Mrs. Faithfull and Tucker, Starr's sister, who told reporters Starr had "artistic temperament."

her family, charges, this much is a matter of record: Mr. X made a settlement on the Faithfulls of $25,000, receiving in return a release of all claims.

Now began a complete "change of scene" for the beautiful Starr Faithfull. In the years to follow she made many trips to London, which she seemed to enjoy. Her mother was still her confidante, and she wrote her from London about her "amours" in the English capital; confessed that an artist had become "a bit too rough" with her, that a row ensued, and that the landlord complained. She mentioned, too, that an English lord wanted her to go to Budapest with him to live.

The beautiful young American girl had a hectic series of escapades in London, where she was known to her intimates as "Grins."

A brawl with one of her male friends resulted in her eviction from a smart West End hotel.

On some of these trips her family was with her, and one of her English friends later was quoted as saying that, while Starr dashed about London, eating, drinking, and dressing well and maintaining a separate residence, her family, at times, required financial assistance.

In 1928 Starr tried to end her life in a London hotel. A physician arrived in time to pump from her stomach much gin and twenty-four sleeping tablets she had taken. Her only explanation was: "I have nothing to live for. Somebody let me down badly."

In 1930 she was back in New York again—and unhappy. She hated America, loved England, whose slang and mannerisms she had adopted.

The Faithfull fortunes seem to have been at a low ebb once more. The family moved from West Orange to Manhattan. At the time of the tragedy they were living at 12 St. Luke's Place, within three doors of the home of New York's one-time mayor, James J. Walker, on the third floor of a brownstone walk-up.

In May, 1931, the month before Starr Faithfull died, Mr. X, in Boston, got in touch with the Faithfulls' attorney and demanded to know if they had been talking about the $25,000 settlement. A reporter, he said, had asked suspicious questions. Mr. Faithfull said that neither he nor his wife had breathed a word, but advanced the theory that Starr, in her cups, might innocently have blabbed the story to unscrupulous men.

On May 29 Starr visited Pier 56 on the Hudson River from which the Franconia of the Cunard Line was to sail for England. Aboard was Dr. G. Jameson Carr, handsome middle-aged ship's surgeon whom Starr had met on a cruise and of whom she was madly enamored. He later told Cunard Line officials that Starr entered his cabin hysterical and smelling of alcohol. When he intimated that he did not wish to see her again, she replied, "Well, you never will. You can go to hell."

Her family claims that from his cabin she went to another where a drinking party was in progress.

More than an hour later, when the Franconia backed out into the Hudson, Starr Faithfull was found still aboard. She was lowered to a tug on a rope ladder, screaming hysterically: "My God, don't put me off! Throw me overboard. But, for God's sake, don't put me off!"

THE chief significance of the Franconia episode is this: On the night of June 4, 1931—the night before she vanished—Starr Faithfull kept a date with two men. At one thirty in the morning of June 5 she returned home in a state of drunkenness and told her mother and sister that she had been out with two men who were unknown to her mother.

The next morning Starr walked down the steps of 12 St. Luke's Place for the last time.

When, late the next night, she had not returned, Stanley Faithfull went to the Charles Street Police Station in New York City and made a confidential report of her disappearance.

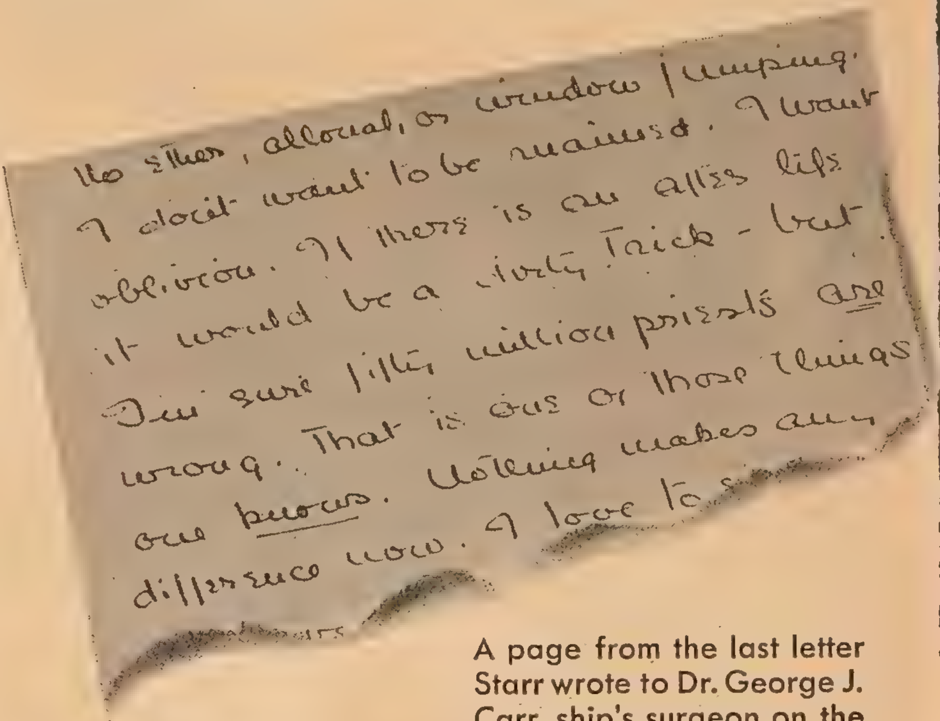
On Monday morning, in company with a detective, he looked over the patients in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital. Starr was not there.

Early on Monday morning—June 8, 1931—Daniel Moriarity, a beachcomber, and John Meyer, a workingman, had pulled her body from the receding tide of the Atlantic Ocean, off Minnesota Avenue, Long Beach.

The dead girl, at the time she was pulled from the water, wore a black-and-white dress with red, white, and green ruffles, a girdle to which her sheer tan stockings were still attached. Her black shoes, gloves, and straw hat were missing. So was her favorite black coat with squirrel-trimmed collar.

On her body was found no less than seventeen contusions and bruises. One of the worst of these was on her right thigh. Her throat, too, bore marks.

The police went to work on the theory that the girl had been strangled and attacked by an assailant who later threw her into the water. But the autopsy established that she had not been attacked before her death. The ocean waters had been exceptionally rough on the Sunday night her body washed ashore. The bruises on her body—though a few seemed to have been made before death—might have been caused by collision of the body with rocks or jetsam.



no ether, alcohol, or window jumping.
I don't want to be maimed. I want
oblivion. If there is an after life
it would be a dirty trick - but
I'm sure fifty million priests are
wrong. That is one of those things
one knows. Nothing makes any
difference now. I love to s

A page from the last letter Starr wrote to Dr. George J. Carr, ship's surgeon on the Franconia. Right: Dr. Carr.

In the dead girl's trachea and lungs Dr. Otto Schultze found sand. This left but one interpretation: Starr Faithfull had drowned in comparatively shallow water. The time of her death was set at approximately 6.30 A. M. Saturday morning, June 6, 1931. The cause was drowning—in salt water.

Examination of the body revealed that four hours before her death Starr had eaten a meal consisting of potatoes, bread, meat, mushrooms, and fruit; that she had not been drinking; and that she had taken or had administered to her ten grains of veronal, a hypnotic drug. The dose was enough to cause stupor, or semi-stupor.

Police—and metropolitan newspaper reporters—began, now, looking into the dead girl's life. They had got wind of a diary. Detective Thomas Magee, a lieutenant of the Nassau County police, found it, a gray-silk-bound book, on the shelves of the Faithfull apartment near a slim volume of Tennyson's poems. The book was taken to District Attorney Edwards. He was convinced now that she had been murdered.

One of Edwards's men said: "Several persons in high places would have rested easier if the girl were dead."

But how did it happen that her dead body appeared off Long Beach, twenty-four miles from New York City where she had vanished?

Her amazing diary contained frequent references to "passion" and "suicide." Savagely and in brutal unprintable detail, she laid bare in it her fourteen years of sex experiences—she was twenty-five when she died—and penned after them the hideous torments of her remorse and frustrations.

From the diary police learned of her mad career abroad. They learned the names of a few of her friends, and interviewed those they could find. They learned of the otherwise unidentified Bruce Winston and Jack Greenaway, whom she had met on the Franconia. Had she kept an engagement, on the day of her death, with these two? And they learned, too, of the mysterious Mr. X, and of Dr. Carr, the ship's surgeon of the Franconia.

District Attorney Edwards was quoted as saying, early in the case: "We are positive the girl was murdered. We have found two men who were with her just prior to her disappearance. Both are important—one politically and one medically. We expect to close the case today."

But it was not that easy. Police found themselves weighing a number of theories:

Learning of Starr's passion for boarding boats, they scanned the list of departing ships for the day of her disappearance. They found that the Mauretania had left New York at five o'clock that Friday afternoon with 450 passengers on a "whoopee" cruise to the Bahamas.

As it steamed out toward Ambrose Light, it would pass within six miles of, and on a direct line with, the spot where Starr's body washed ashore.

Had the girl jumped, fallen, or been thrown from the Mauretania?

But this did not explain the shallow-water drowning that had left sand in her lungs.

Police faced their biggest handicap in attempting to trace the movements of the girl after nine thirty on the morning of June 5, the day of her disappearance. No one could be found who had seen her after that hour. And then, unexpectedly, they got a clue.

In a hot and stuffy West Side jail in Manhattan—where wife trouble had put him—sat Henry Goldstein. He was reading a newspaper. On its second page was a photograph of Starr Faithfull. He took one look at the picture and began yelling for the warden.

"Let me get out of here," he pleaded. "I think I can help police find the men who murdered her."

This was his story: During the summer of 1928 he had been in Paris, where he had been hired as chauffeur for a ten-day touring trip. In the party was an American millionaire, who footed the bills, a young French gigolo, and a beautiful American girl. The girl, he said, was Starr Faithfull.

On the day of Starr's disappearance, he was standing in front of Longchamps' Restaurant at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, when a Packard drove up, and two men and a woman got out, went into the restaurant, where Goldstein's boss was eating breakfast.

THE woman, Goldstein swore, was the girl whose picture he saw in the paper—Starr Faithfull—and the girl he had driven in Paris. One of the men was the young French gigolo. The other was a man he'd never seen before.

On Sunday, Goldstein added, he had to drive his employer to Long Beach. While waiting, he went across from the railroad station into a speakeasy. At a table sat the young gigolo and the same American. But Starr Faithfull was not with them. He listened in on their conversation, heard one of them remark: "Well, that's that."

Goldstein told them he was sure, if they'd only get him out of this damned cell, that he could finally lead them to the French gigolo. After long days of involved searching, he made good his promise. They put the pressure on the young Frenchman.

"Sure," he admitted. "We were in Longchamps' that day. With a girl. But she wasn't Starr Faithfull. She was my fiancée. She's in a hospital, now, in Philadelphia. If you want to go there, you can talk to her."

The detectives did go there. They found a girl who looked enough like Starr Faithfull to be her twin.

And that was the end of *that* lead.

The hue and cry of murder was at its height, now, when Dr. George Jameson Carr, the Franconia's bachelor ship's surgeon, dropped a new sensation into the case.

He cabled that he had received three letters from the impulsive Starr, who had chased him so madly. The earliest had been written June 2, the latest June 4. All had been received by him *after* her disappearance. In two of those three letters Starr had told him that she intended to kill herself. Voluntarily he appeared before the Nassau County Grand Jury to give his testimony.

Dr. Carr's letters from Starr Faithfull were made public later in the day. Stanley Faithfull promptly denounced them as forgeries. Handwriting experts disagreed over them. District Attorney Edwards said he would abide by the decision of Albert D. Osborn, handwriting expert of the Hauptmann trial.

Osborn pronounced them authentic.

THE first was a formal "apology" note by Starr in which she blamed herself for the scene aboard the Franconia and blamed her drunkenness on liquor she said she herself had brought aboard. The second was a wild protestation of her insane love for Carr, flavored with predictions that he would never see her again.

The third letter—the one Starr wrote in the writing room of the Fifth Avenue department store the day before she vanished—directly threatened suicide. She wrote:

"It's all up with me now. This is something I am going to put through. . . . If I don't watch out, I will wake up in a psychopathic ward, but I intend to watch out and accomplish my end this time. No ether, allonal, or window jumping. I don't want to be maimed. I want oblivion."

The question is this: Assuming her letter to Carr was genuine, did she mean what she wrote? She had written of suicide before.

If Starr Faithfull jumped, fell, or was thrown from a boat, some one else had to be on that boat to see her.

If she went to Long Beach alone, drowned herself near shore—an unlikely act for a girl who was naturally a swimmer—how did she get there without being seen?

And when and how was she drugged, and where and by whose hand? And where did she eat—four hours before her death—the full meal that was in her stomach?

If, as Stanley Faithfull pictured the case, she was drugged by agents of a man who wanted her to sign a paper and had taken her to a Long Beach cabin for the purpose, finally drowning her, then why weren't they seen by other residents? Why wasn't the cabin they must have rented for the purpose ever found?

You may have your choice—murder or suicide.

But don't forget her missing coat. If Starr Faithfull jumped, fell, or was thrown into the dark, angry waters of the ocean wearing that coat, then why wasn't it on her when her body came ashore? Her hat and shoes might come off. Her coat, hardly.

If it was taken off by her or her murderers before she drowned, then why wasn't it found?

It is a small thing, that coat, but it is the thing that makes me think that Starr Faithfull was murdered.

That day she sat in the department-store writing room, penning her last letter to Dr. Carr, she wrote with a touch of the English phraseology she loved so well:

"If one wants to get away with murder, one has to jolly well keep one's wits about one. It's the same way with suicide."

Whether she knew it or not, Starr Faithfull wrote then the reason why her mysterious death remains an enigma today. Somebody jolly well did keep his wits about him.

THE END

Another great real-life mystery in this series of crimes still unsolved will be presented in an early issue.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Eating my cake

The rueful, outspoken, and revealing confession of a philanderer's wife

THERE is no use closing my eyes and tucking my head into the sand—I know as well as I know my name that my husband cheats. He has wandered off the reservation. Not that he wandered away as soon as our honeymoon was over six years ago. He has led up to it gradually, gracefully, and with kindliness.

I believed our marriage was going to be a lot different because our love had seemed pretty fine and far from sticky sentiment. I never mowed him down with my looks, but I have a kind of flair even though my personality, taste in clothes, and manners are neither worse nor better than those of the women (two of whom are known as my best girl *friends!*) whom my husband takes to fun spots when he phones home that he is stuck at the office.

"What would you do in my spot?" I asked a woman who has three wedding rings lying idly in her jewel case.

"I would try to eat my cake, too," she said. "That will help you decide whether you want to be free. What you need most now is salve for your pride. You wanted your man to love you forever because that was your feminine way of extending security throughout your life! Why can't you rely on yourself? Can't you, too, have some fun with some one else?"

So I decided I would take her advice and try to work out my problems from the viewpoint of experience.

I was told I was delovely by the men that wait for the call of the unhappily marrieds. I found them, or rather they found me, quickly. They were in the fringe of stags at parties. They were my husband's friends, friends of my girl friends.

My first serious fling was with a former college chum of my husband, who said he couldn't bear to know I was unhappy. (Invariably you let them know you are unhappy. You feel the need of justification.) He was a divine luncheon companion, loved to dance, and we got on beautifully together. I told myself if I could fall in love again with a man like him my whole life would be changed. I thought I was reeling when sex reared its ugly head. Not that I had ever thought it was so ugly until he insisted on pawing me in a taxi.

I had thought I could go blithely on having a gay time. I really had not meant to cheat that far. I knew after that session he didn't give a hoot how unhappy I was, because he had given me my chance and I had failed.

Still, I did not give up, and soon attached interest to a bachelor who said he needed me to help furnish his apartment. But when I refused to share the apartment with him now and then it was clear enough that we could not be just friends.

There was the polo player who almost scored his goal by contending I understood him. But he fumbled when he said boldly that was why he preferred a married woman; she always knew that a man expected to sleep with her.

Why go into all the things I said and the things they said? Sex was their reason for playing around, but entertainment of a milder variety was mine. I found I was a woman who by temperament was faithful physically.

Yet the puzzling angle, to me, is that while the male insists on seduction he puts no score by it.

Across the dinner table one night a married man said, "The trouble with my wife is that she does not understand me—I am not her lover any more. I am really something much more secure—her husband. You can't be a lover to your wife after a day at the office. You want to relax."

"Why can't a man relax with the woman who keeps his home and worries about him?" I asked, wondering if my husband would ever come out with why he played around, and if so would this not be his argument too.

"Because she represents another responsibility, and a man hates emotional responsibility. Now, I like to sit across the table from a girl who looks like a doll, who tells me I'm pretty swell and yeses me on every count. I see myself as a big lover—a gay blade. Not a weary Rock of Gibraltar for her to lean on."

He ignored the wife's side. "A man can play around and still be fond of his wife. And because she is the wife and not a transient companion should be sufficient. After all, marriage is her break. But she wants everything; and no woman, not even a modern woman, has succeeded in being mistress, mother, and wife very long, because a man hates possession. The trick is for a wife to plan her life so a man feels free, emotionally."

"Would you extend the privilege of emotional freedom to your wife?" I wanted to know.

"Say—if you're trying to sell me the single standard," he said, "I'm not buying. I'm a man!"

Now that I had come to know more about what it means for a woman to step out, I was convinced that I liked being the wife instead of a transient companion. And since I didn't want to give up my husband, then why should I insist that he give up something that apparently he likes so much—give it up just because I do not relish it as he does?

There is no solution that I have found for the problem of a playboy husband (though I am no Beatrice Fairfax) other than falling in love again. And when and if that comes I want to be free, feminine version, to marry the man, because the desire to captivate, possess, is incurable.

Still, sometimes I get peeved as hell when I think that my husband is out eating his cake and that I can't eat mine because it gives me indigestion. I have most certainly tried—but, my dear, I'll never say it to HIM!

THE END

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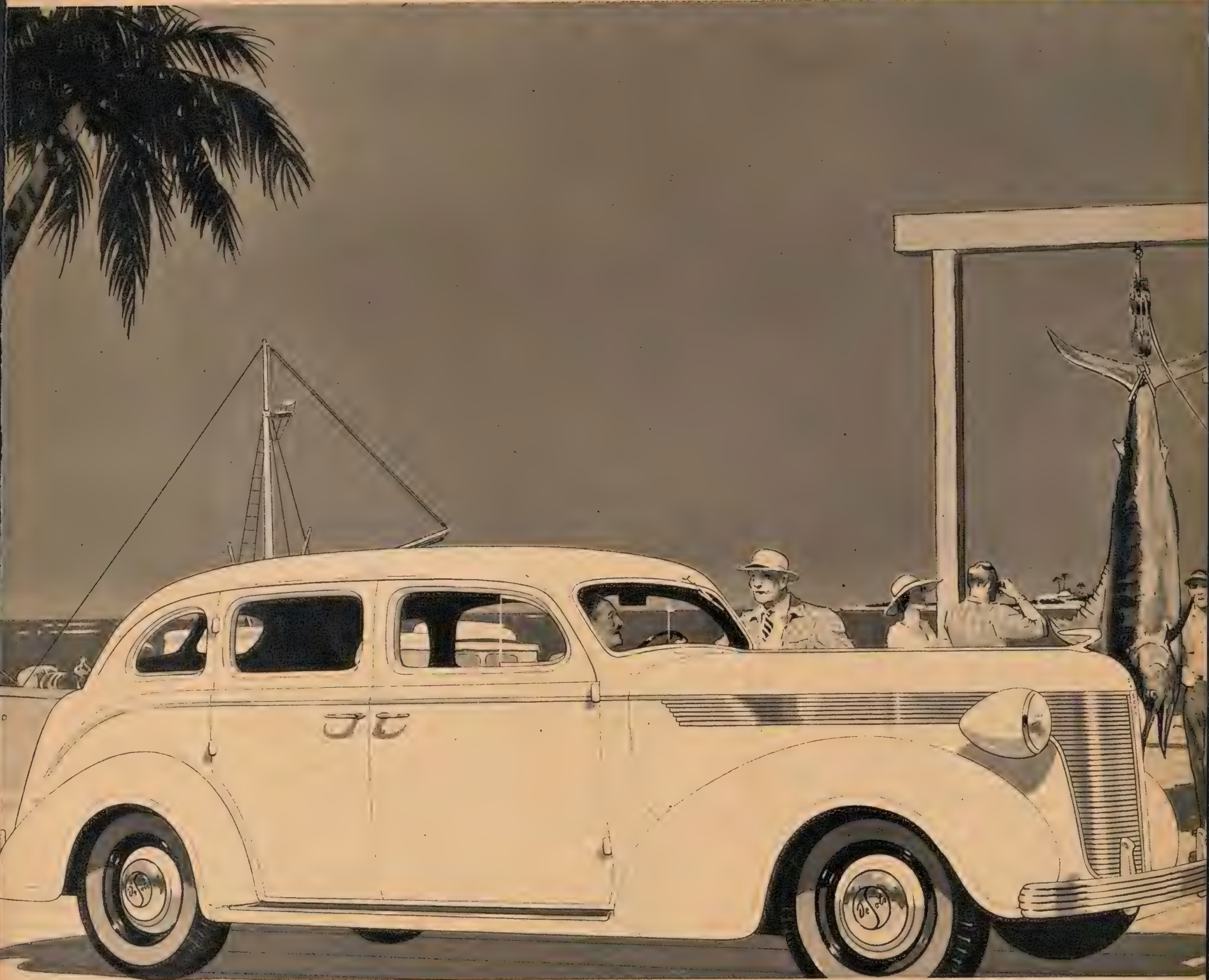

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BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE gigantic hero embraced the titanic heroine; the orchestra rose from the pit, sawing and tooting in a frantic fortissimo; the house lights came up; and Richard Fanning quickly donned his dark glasses and anonymity.

"That's that," he said to his companion. "Let's go!"

Jane Westfall put on her hat. "Didn't you like it?" she asked. "I thought it was lovely!"

He put his hand under her elbow so that they would not be separated by the crowd in the aisle.

"The picture was all right, I guess," he admitted. "Except the musical score. The wood winds were too loud and there was one clarinet off pitch."

Jane laughed as they started through the lobby.

"You've got a bad case of musician's ear!" she told him. "It was really a beautiful score, perfectly played. Much better than you could—"

She broke off to stare at a blonde girl who was standing near the door, watching them.

"Look, Dick," she said. "Isn't that Sylvia Hanly?"

Dick looked, peering through his dark glasses.

"So it is," he agreed, not sounding pleased. "I thought she was down in Virginia some place."

The blonde girl's lips tightened as she watched them. Then she took a swift look at the crowd that swirled around her and her face grew brighter. She smiled and ran toward Dick, her hands outstretched.

"Why, Richard Fanning!" she cried in a clear voice. "Richard Fanning! What are you doing here?"

The lobby became hushed. The noise was not sharply cut, as by a knife; it was torn. It ran along raggedly for a second and then trailed into silence. People turned to look openmouthed at the tall young man in dark glasses who had halted in dismay. There was silence, and then a thin young girl in a print dress began to run across the floor, pushing roughly by a woman in front of her.

"It is!" she cried in a queer strangled scream. "It is! It's Richard Fanning!"

A fat woman in furs started forward at the same time.

"Mr. Fanning!" she wheezed. "Could I have—"

The thin girl's screaming voice cut through hers:

"Dick! Dick Fanning! Kiss me, just once, just—"

But other voices rose, dulling the sharpness of hers and making it incomprehensible. Women all over the lobby closed in on Dick, talking as they came. They moved and spoke quietly at first. And then, as more and more of them joined the crowd, they went mad. A pushing, screaming wall of them moved across the room. The thin girl was grabbed by some one and pulled backward. She turned to claw at whoever held her, and she stumbled. The people in front of the mob tried to stop to let her up, but those in back kept pushing. In a moment the print dress was trampled beneath sharp heels.

Dick had seemed dazed, but now, at last, he moved. He grabbed Jane's wrist and turned to run back into the theater. "Come on!" he snapped.

Cinderella

A vivid, surprising love story—of a man adored, not wisely but too well, and a girl with storm in her heart

Jane, white-faced, started to obey, but it was too late. A big crowd had been standing in the back of the auditorium, waiting for seats. Already the fire of Richard Fanning's name had swept over them and they were pushing back into the lobby. Dick halted and looked around him in dismay. The first few women reached him, and one of them grabbed at his glasses, which fell to the floor. Another got the handkerchief from his breast pocket and held to it grimly when some one tried to snatch it from her. It was torn to bits before she could hide it.

Jane, still holding to Dick's hand, was caught in the tide and ripped away from him, fighting desperately to get back. Then for awhile she couldn't think of anything except trying not to fall beneath those merciless feet.

Twenty ushers, well drilled and in formation, started to the rescue. Because they were calm and used sensible tactics, they managed to bore through the hysterical throng. When they reached Dick, they closed in around him solidly, turned, and rushed him back into the theater. In the auditorium, Dick struggled and made them stop.

" My girl! " he gasped. " She's back there. You've got to get her out! "

They looked back at the mob for a minute, and then he caught a glimpse of Jane and pointed her out. Ten of the ushers went back for her. The others took Dick to an office and left him with their chief. After awhile Jane was half carried in.

" O. K.? " Dick asked.

She looked at him grimly. " Outside of bruises, nervous shock, probably internal injuries, and severe lacerations of the temper, I suppose I am."

" Swell! " he said, smiling with relief.

He tried to tip the chief twenty dollars to be divided among the boys, but that young man refused politely and rather sadly. Then he brightened.

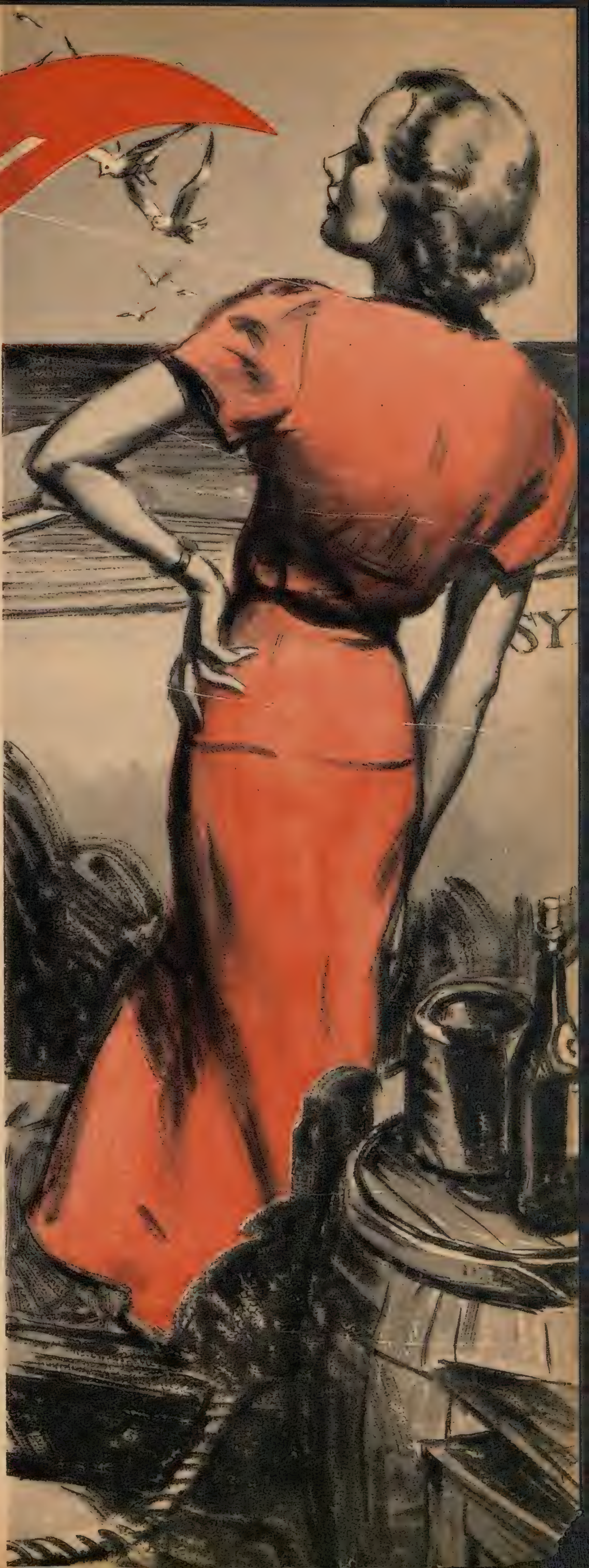
" But I'll tell you what, Mr. Fanning," he said. " You could send us an autographed picture of yourself for the ushers' room. I know the fellows would like that! "

Dick looked at Jane and Jane looked at Dick and they started laughing helplessly. They laughed all the way down a side street and all the way uptown in the taxicab that took them to the garage where Dick parked his car. Occasionally they stopped to look at each other, and that started them again.

No one recognized Richard Fanning now. His coat was split up the back; his tie was gone, his shirt was almost nonexistent, and most of his buttons had disappeared for souvenirs.

Jane's dress was ripped, though not badly, and her hair was hanging down her back. Her lipstick was smeared all over her face. She did not look like the daughter of a nice family.

As they drove over the bridge, Dick became grave.



"It's all right," Jane said. "We're engaged. I mean, it's not just indiscriminate necking."

"Just the same," he said, "that was pretty grim while it lasted! I ought to swat Sylvia."

"Where did she get to?" asked Jane. "Did you see her in the crowd?"

"She streaked on out—before the inside mob got going!" Dick growled. "She ought to be in custody. The woman's not safe!"

"You mean you think she did it on purpose?" Jane asked.

"Of course she did it on purpose. I'd like to bash her nose in. I'll do it one of these days, too!"

"But it's silly! It's just not—"

"Sure it's silly! But she doesn't care. She's sore."

"Because you're going to marry me?" Jane sighed. "So many people are! It's going to be a stiff assignment, being your wife. You should hire a bodyguard instead!"

Dick glanced at her. His eyes were unhappy.

"Gosh, Jane, I'm sorry!" he said.

Jane touched his hand on the steering wheel. "It's worth it."

Dick smiled a little but kept on. "And all that rot in the papers." He flushed, remembering it. "You know how I feel about that, don't you? I mean, I–"

"'Plain Cinderella to Marry Colossal Prince Charming!'" Jane said, grinning. "You really should marry some one gorgeous, dear. Just to satisfy your public!"

"I loathe gorgeous women!" Dick growled.

Jane laughed deep in her throat. "It wasn't exactly tactful to say that, darling!" she protested.

Richard looked at her out of the corners of his eyes.

"Jane," he said huskily, "don't laugh at me. You know I think you're the loveliest thing on earth!"

She smiled at him slowly and with deep gravity. He looked at her, hesitated, and then parked the car in front of a lighted drugstore. The boys on the corner were treated to the unusual and amusing spectacle of a young man kissing the girl he loved.

. . . .

In the little town of Westbay, where the Fannings and the Westfalls had been neighbors for two hundred years, Jane and Richard had grown up together, mortal and inseparable enemies. Dick was two years older and Jane was a girl, so they didn't actually come to blows, but their childhood rows were famous in the town. For an ordinarily polite quiet little girl Jane was remarkably hateful to the nice Fanning boy next door. Everybody said so.

That was before the nice Fanning boy became the Richard Fanning whose orchestra commanded any price he asked in the movies or on the radio or at a hotel. But even as a child he had that something called glamour. There was an odd, intangible quality about his good looks, about the timbre of his voice, about everything he did and said that caught public imagination and made his most prosaic actions seem remarkable.

IT was an unconscious something on his part, and made Dick Fanning's life complicated and a little uncomfortable. He loved music and he had worked hard to make his band one of the best in the country, but he was continually embarrassed by the personal publicity that whirled around him.

And then, when a thousand women a week were writing him letters, he fell in love. He was spending a week end with his mother in Westbay, the only town in the country in which nobody bothered to stare at him, or to point him out as anything more serious than Mrs. Fanning's boy. One morning he and Jane played tennis. She was a good player and he was not, so she amused herself by driving the balls directly at him, making him slip and dodge all over the court.

"I've been thinking," she shouted. "Why don't we make some money out of this? Charge admission. I'm sure there must be millions of women who would love to see the gorgeous Mr. Fanning jumping around like a mountain goat!"

PETER PAUL O'MARA *calls himself a New Yorker although he was born in Ireland, schooled in England, universitied in Chicago, and lives in Virginia. He's proud of the fact that he hasn't a Southern accent, and says his one ambition is to stay that way.*

Dick started to say something and then ducked hurriedly to avoid a swift ball that ruffled his hair as it passed.

"Or maybe we had better open a school," Jane amended. "Only I think we'll teach dancing instead of tennis. That *is* a dance you're doing, isn't it?"

Dick made a frantic dive for a ball, missed it, and fell flat on his face. Jane ran around the net and looked down at him.

"Gosh!" she said with exaggerated penitence. "You've skinned your lovely nose!"

He grabbed at her ankles and pulled her feet out from under her. Then he pushed her face into the grass.

"You're not going to have any nose left when I get through with it!" he growled.

She kicked his shins and struggled in a desperate effort to get away, but he was determined to avenge a good many years of patient suffering. But then, in some odd way, he found that she was in his arms, laughing up into his face, and he kissed her.

THE newspapers declared a holiday. Reporters liked Dick Fanning—most men did—but the press is often cruel to its favorites. Jane had to become a plain little girl from the country. Cinderella was always a good story.

Jane was not plain. There was a fugitive loveliness about her that sometimes caught Dick's throat and made his eyes smart. But she was quiet and unassuming and few people noticed her. Her engagement made no difference in her except to fill her eyes with stars and give her mouth a look of waiting to tremble into laughter.

The morning after the theater riot, she was lying under the elm trees on her father's lawn, thinking of nothing but the sun on her closed eyelids and how nice love was and what she should wear to the dance that night.

"I don't believe he could possibly love me half as much as I love him!" she murmured aloud, and a complacent voice answered:

"If you love me twice as much as I love you, you'd better hang a danger sign on yourself. You're due to blow up."

Her eyes flew open, startled.

"You're a low spy, sneaking up on a girl like that!" She blinked at Dick and sat up.

He dropped, laughing, to the grass and looked at her, half smiling.

"Nobody would believe me if I told them about you," he said. "Nobody but me knows how beautiful you are!"

"After last night, I'm sorry I can't say the same about you!"

Dick pulled a blade of grass and chewed it speculatively. "Sylvia called mother this morning," he said calmly. "She's coming down for the dance tonight."

Jane smiled and placidly bit his thumb. "That's nice!" she muttered indistinctly. "Now we can see all the pretty things the rest of us will be wearing next year!"

"A cattish remark!" he grinned.

"It wasn't. It was beautifully envious. Are we going to paint that tub of yours today, or aren't we?"

"Come on, sluggard! I left the paint on the dock."

The boat was beautiful. She was a twenty-four-foot sloop. Dick was giving her more canvas this year by stepping a taller mast and adding lead to her keel, so she was up in the ways. Jane, splashing white paint over the sand and herself, loved her every plank. Dick, who was working on the bow, came around to watch and nod approvingly.

"Useful, that's what you are!"

"And you're beautiful," Jane said to her paint brush. "Beautiful but dumb. I don't know how I'm going to stand you breakfast after breakfast for the rest of my life!"

Dick put his arms around her, brush and all. They stopped talking for a minute or two, until they were interrupted by a sweetly acid voice:

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

They looked up, blinking, and there stood Sylvia in a green linen dress, looking languid and exquisite and dangerous as a lighted fuse.

"It's all right," Jane said. "We're engaged. I mean it's not indiscriminate necking."

Sylvia lifted her eyebrows. "No? Hello, Dick darling! I ran down to apologize about last night. Such a silly thing to do! I just never thought when I called out your name!"

Dick climbed to his feet, looking desperately nonchalant.

"That's all right, Syl," he said.

"You might give me a peck to prove it!" she said. "You never used to be so undemonstrative!"

Dick flushed. "Don't be ridiculous!" he said.

Jane giggled. "Go ahead and kiss the lady!"

Sylvia's glance was cold until she saw the pots of paint.

"Oh, you're painting her!" she cried. "But we painted her last year, Dick!"

DICK scowled. "The hell we did. You mean you sat around and argued because I wouldn't paint her yellow and pink!"

"Well," asked Sylvia, "we made up afterward, didn't we?" Her voice indicated some memorable making up.

Dick grunted. "Sure—we made up!"

Sylvia gave Jane an ostentatiously penitent glance. "I didn't mean to rake up the past. What are you going to call her, Dick? The boat, I mean."

Jane succeeded in looking surprised. "She has a name. Sylvia."

Sylvia looked startled. "You're not going to change it?"

"But why?" Jane asked. "I think Sylvia is a lovely name for a boat!"

Sylvia started to say something, shrugged, and said something else instead. "I must go up and see dad," she said. "I haven't seen the poor old duck to speak to in months. Do I get to come to the party, Dick?"

"You got an invitation, didn't you?" Dick asked.

When she had left them, Dick sat down next to Jane.

"Never mind, Jane!" he said. "I—I'm sorry!"

She returned the pressure of his hand.

"Were you really in love with her, Dick?"

"Not by a damn sight," Dick said. "She scares me stiff!"

"She's in love with you. Really and terribly."

"Jane," he said, "I'm going to sound like a louse. But if she's in love with me, it's not my fault. She did the chasing, and I did the running away." He slapped a plank savagely with his paint brush. "Women are all damned fools!"

"Never mind, honey! Taking care of infatuated females is going to be mama's department."

That night, as she slipped into the new daffodil-yellow evening gown that brought out high lights in her hair and the soft creamy tan of her skin, Jane was too uneasy to appreciate its flattery.

She was not worried about Dick. She knew he loved her. It was Sylvia who worried her, and what Sylvia might do. Sylvia was not accustomed to being denied what she wanted. Especially men.

Dick's mother met her at the door of the old Fanning house.

"Dick's mixing drinks for some men," she said. "Get rid of your wrap and stand here with me, will you? I want to show you off!"

Jane ran upstairs, dropped her wrap on a bed, and hurried back without even bothering about her nose.

"We met Sylvia on the beach this afternoon," she told Mrs. Fanning. "First round to me!"

"Really?" Mrs. Fanning's voice was incredulous. "Tell me about it."

"In a moment. She's coming, I think. The stags act nervous!"

The young men near the door eddied and murmured. And Sylvia made an entrance.

She was wearing a white linen gown with a tight bodice and an enormous swishing skirt, entirely plain except for a border of brilliant colors at the hem. She looked

GRANTLAND RICE REPORTS:

OFF THE ROAD THEY SHOT AS AN UNSEEN DEMON THREW THEIR CAR OUT OF CONTROL

GRANTLAND RICE
Well-known Sports Commentator, Radio Announcer and Columnist

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barbaric and sharply beautiful. She came straight to Mrs. Fanning.

"Mrs. Fanning!" she said, husky-voiced. "Such a dear to let me come! You look wonderful. You must be very happy!"

Mrs. Fanning smiled. "I am," she said simply.

"But we all are!" Sylvia assured her. "Jane is such a nice girl. Quiet, of course, but then there's the Westfall money!"

"Sylvia," said Mrs. Fanning crisply, "you're being impossible. Be good enough to apologize to Jane!"

Sylvia turned slowly, looking dumfounded.

"Oh, hello, Jane," she said. "I didn't see you there. I—"

"Never mind, Sylvia darling!" Jane cut in, her eyes and voice rich with sympathy. "I understand!"

Sylvia's eyelashes flew upward and then sank over narrow green slits of ice. She turned on her heel and went back across the hall.

Mrs. Fanning looked at Jane in amazement. "Jane," she murmured, "I'm proud of you! But I wonder she didn't tear your eyes out!"

Jane's forehead crinkled. "So do I!" she admitted. "Mother Fanning, I'm worried. I don't think she's quite normal about this thing. She's really—well—bad about Dick!"

Just then he came down the stairs, smiling at her.

"Hello, mother!" he said, grinning from Jane to Mrs. Fanning. "The Fannings certainly do have the knack of marrying handsome women! Jane, how about finding out how much better that orchestra can play when I'm not leading it?"

A platform had been erected under the enormous old elms on the lawn. Japanese lanterns hung from the branches of the trees, adding warmth to the light of the half-moon that rode high in the dark-blue sky. The music was soft, so soft that sometimes it seemed that the sound of the quiet water on the beach at the bottom of the lawn could be heard above it.

Dancing with Dick, Jane closed her eyes. His fingers, light upon the warm skin of her back, gave her a sense of security.

"Happy?" he murmured.

"Yes. Are you?"

"I—well, my insides are all in a mess," he replied. "Liver and lights and heart and everything tangled up in a bomb. They're explosive, I'm so happy."

"Poetry!" Jane murmured contentedly.

"Let's get married tonight!" he whispered urgently.

Jane shook her head. "Impossible. You haven't danced with Sylvia yet."

"Sylvia?" he said vaguely. "Oh, damn Sylvia!"

"Not damn, darling—dance. Here comes the bishop to cut in on us. You'd better go and do your duty now."

After the bishop, she didn't succeed in getting very far with any one partner. All the time, as she subconsciously changed her step and her conversation to suit each new man, she unobtrusively watched Dick.

He was dancing with Sylvia now, and for awhile they were silent, close together, with Sylvia's hair seeming somehow too bright, her cheeks too red. And her mouth, floating an inch below his, looked hungry and passionate.

PRESENTLY she said something in his ear and Dick flushed. He drew his head back without answering, and Sylvia's laugh floated across the platform, high and faintly hysterical. She spoke again and Dick's mouth compressed as he answered her. Jane watched her hand leave his shoulder and lie with the long fingers curling down the side of his face. She saw Dick shrug the hand away, step back, take Sylvia's elbow, and walk to the side of the platform. Then he bowed, turned, and walked away. Sylvia stood staring after him with her lips apart, arms straight at her sides, fingers twisting. Jane imagined the knuckles cracking. She felt sick.

In a second she saw that Dick was dancing again. He was still pale, but he was being very bright as he pushed a stout bundle of black lace around the floor.

Jane looked back. She saw the flash of Sylvia's skirt passing beneath the last lantern down by the rose garden. What did Sylvia want down there? There was nothing except the vegetable patch and the cliff path. The vegetable patch. And the cliff path. Jane's heart swelled into her throat.

She smiled up at the boy who was dancing with her. "I've got something in my shoe," she said. "Do you mind if we stop while I run upstairs?"

She went in the front door and caught Mrs. Fanning just coming out of the library.

"Get Dick and tell him to follow me up the cliff path," she whispered. "Sylvia just went that way, and I'm worried."

The cliff path was pebbly and rough with stones, but Jane could not keep herself from running. She climbed as fast as she could, until her breath came in sobs.

Then, suddenly, there was Sylvia. She was standing high up near the brink, looking down at the rocks and the sea.

Jane continued upward as quietly as she could, forcing her breath into silence. In another minute she was standing directly behind Sylvia. She reached out and put her hand on her arm.

"DON'T stand so close to the edge, Sylvia!" she said gently. "It would be horrid if you hit those rocks down there!"

Sylvia whirled, making an odd catlike noise in her throat. She stared at Jane, her face naked with hate.

"What do you care?" she asked, almost snarling.

"Of course I care. Everybody does, Sylvia. You're much too beautiful to die, and too young."

"Young!" Sylvia said savagely. "Beautiful! What good does it do me?"

"Come home and go to bed, Sylvia! You'll feel much better in the morning, see if you don't."

Sylvia's face was bitter, and then, abruptly, her expression became one of defeat and resignation.

"All right!" she muttered. "Let's go down!"

They started down, and Jane stayed between Sylvia and the cliff edge, talking steadily in a soothing monotonous voice about anything that came into her mind.

Then, suddenly, Sylvia turned. Her arms shot out like gold snakes from the white dress. Her hands rested for a split second on Jane's shoulder and breast. She pushed violently.

Jane staggered. She tried wildly to regain her footing. She succeeded only in falling back a little from the edge of the cliff, across a great sloping rock. Swiftly she scrambled to her feet, but again the golden arms struck swiftly, grasping her shoulders and pushing her backward.

Jane's feet slipped and she slid down the rock. Then her fingers, scraping wildly along the rough gray surface, found a narrow deep crack, clutched desperately. She tried to get a foothold, but her feet were already over the edge of the rock, kicking free in the terrible void.

Sylvia glared down, her face evil. "Sorry, my dear! Your foot must have slipped!"

"Help me, Sylvia!" Jane gasped. "Please help me, Sylvia! You'll be sorry if you let me die!"

Sylvia's lips curled. "Who knows? Maybe I won't be!"

Jane moaned and closed her eyes. She tried screaming Dick's name.

"He can't hear you," Sylvia mocked. "But I'll tell him you called. You're taking a long time to die, Jane!"

She slid her leg down the rock and started to kick her sharp scarlet heels against Jane's fingers. Jane closed her eyes and prayed it would be sudden and not too messy.

There was a sound of scrambling above her. She opened her eyes and looked up in time to see a black arm encircle Sylvia and hurl her back from the flat rock.

Dick climbed down to her swiftly and grasped her wrists to lift her back on to the path in his arms.

For a moment he held her close to him before he put her down and turned to Sylvia. She had fallen well back from the edge, and now she was sitting up, glaring at them. When Dick started toward her, she got to her feet and ran toward the edge. She would have reached it if he had not dived in front of her knees.

She went down hard and landed in the middle of the path. Dick stood up.

"Now," he said purposefully, "I'm going to do something I should have done two years ago."

When he reached for her she screamed and tried to crawl away, but his hands were swift. In a minute he was sitting on the flat rock and had her wedged between his knees. He held her with one hand and with the other performed an ancient rite.

Jane watched, her own hysterics subsiding as she heard Sylvia's voice rise and sink again into strangled moans and sobs punctuated by the merciless sound of hard flesh meeting taut linen. It was quite a time before Dick was finished. When at last he stopped, he stood up and put Sylvia on her feet before him.

"Now go home and go to bed!" he said quietly. "And by God, the next time you so much as look in our direction, I'll repeat that. Only harder, and in public. Get going!"

The green eyes stared at him futilely for a second out of the dust-streaked face, and then Sylvia turned and went stumbling down the path. The sound of her slippers on the pebbles came back to them for a moment, with the noise of her hoarse broken breathing, and then faded slowly in the direction of the rose garden.

Dick went over and stood looking down at Jane.

"Mother told me as soon as she found me," he said stiffly. "So I followed you up."

Jane shivered. "She was going to jump over, and I stopped her, and then she pushed me."

"That's what I thought. I was—Oh, Jane!"

HE dropped to his knees and put his head against her breast, his arms wrapped about her. Jane combed her fingers through his hair and pressed him to her as tightly as she could.

"Remember what you said?" she whispered. "About not waiting until September?"

He looked up. "Yes?"

"It's not that I'm in a hurry," she said hastily. "Being married to you is going to be worse than wearing the Koh-i-noor diamond for a shoe buckle!"

"Look, Jane," he told her. "I'm tired of this business. I'm going to a plastic surgeon and have my face lowered, or my nose broken, or—"

"Don't you dare!" she gasped, horror-stricken. Then she grinned. "But perhaps you ought to be endowed and given to the nation, or something. Or—"

He picked her up in his arms.

"One more crack like that out of you, and I'll—"

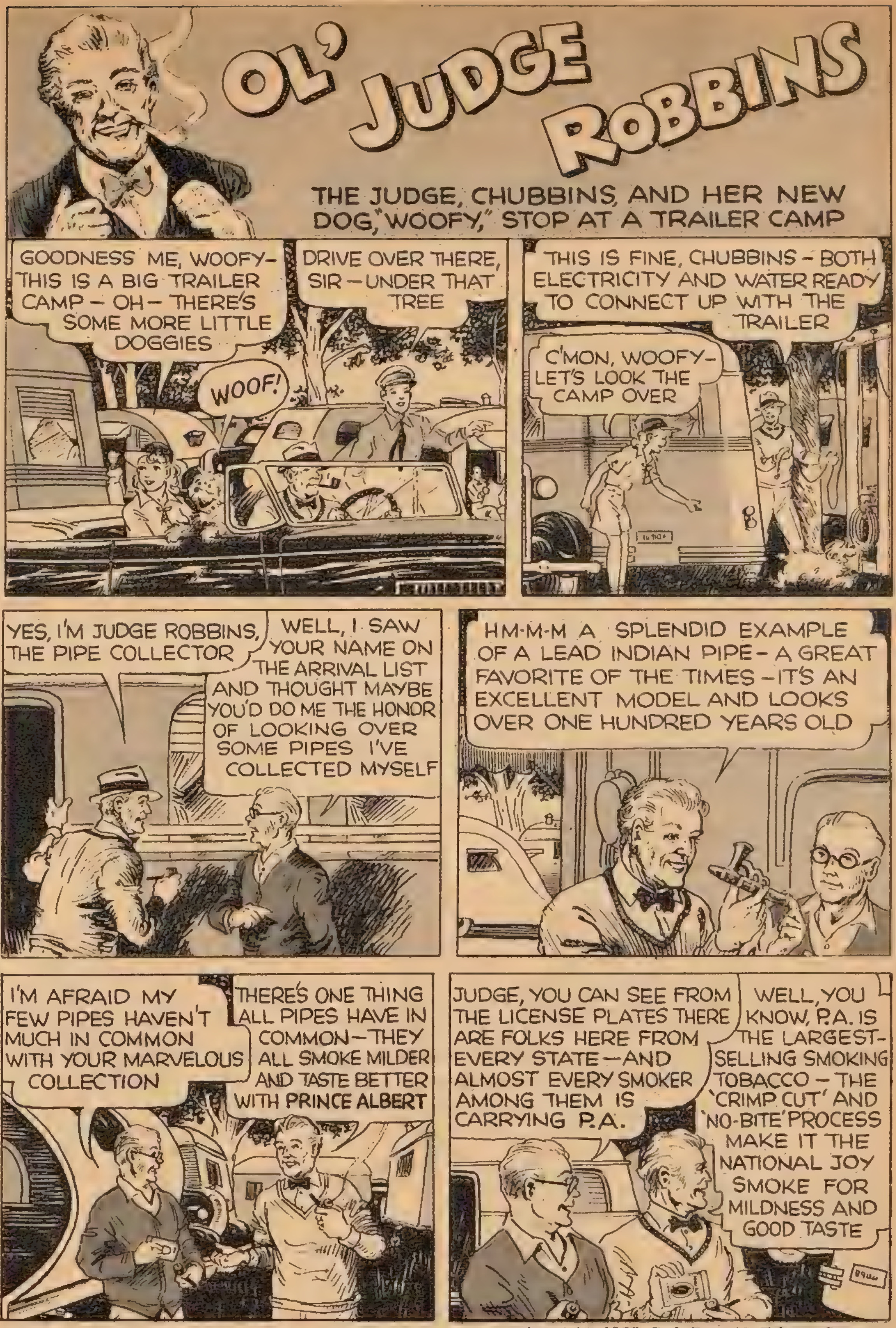
"You'll what?" she demanded curiously.

"I'll marry you tonight!"

She smiled at him and rubbed her nose against the lapel of his dinner jacket.

"You're certainly the most beautiful living American," she sighed. "And maybe you're not so dumb as you deserve to be!"

THE END


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE, CHUBBINS, AND HER NEW DOG, "WOOFY," STOP AT A TRAILER CAMP
GOODNESS ME, WOOFY—THIS IS A BIG TRAILER CAMP — OH — THERE'S SOME MORE LITTLE DOGGIES
WOOF!
DRIVE OVER THERE, SIR — UNDER THAT TREE
THIS IS FINE, CHUBBINS — BOTH ELECTRICITY AND WATER READY TO CONNECT UP WITH THE TRAILER
C'MON, WOOFY—LET'S LOOK THE CAMP OVER
YES, I'M JUDGE ROBBINS, THE PIPE COLLECTOR
WELL, I SAW YOUR NAME ON THE ARRIVAL LIST AND THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D DO ME THE HONOR OF LOOKING OVER SOME PIPES I'VE COLLECTED MYSELF
HM-M-M A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF A LEAD INDIAN PIPE — A GREAT FAVORITE OF THE TIMES — IT'S AN EXCELLENT MODEL AND LOOKS OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD
I'M AFRAID MY FEW PIPES HAVEN'T MUCH IN COMMON WITH YOUR MARVELOUS COLLECTION
THERE'S ONE THING ALL PIPES HAVE IN COMMON — THEY ALL SMOKE MILDER AND TASTE BETTER WITH PRINCE ALBERT
JUDGE, YOU CAN SEE FROM THE LICENSE PLATES THERE ARE FOLKS HERE FROM EVERY STATE — AND ALMOST EVERY SMOKER AMONG THEM IS CARRYING P.A.
WELL, YOU KNOW, P.A. IS THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO — THE 'CRIMP CUT' AND 'NO-BITE' PROCESS MAKE IT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE FOR MILDNESS AND GOOD TASTE

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

FROM HOLLYWOOD TO BORN

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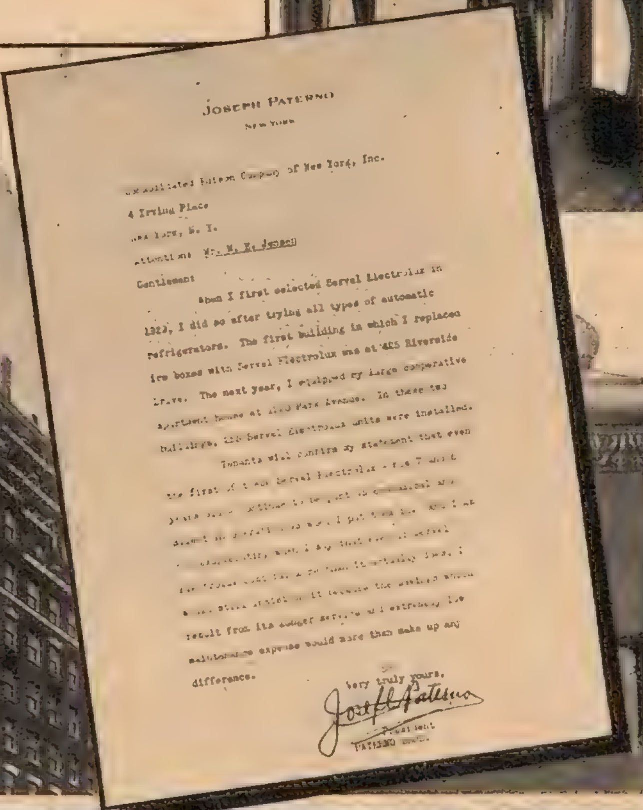

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Attention: Mr. M. E. Jensen

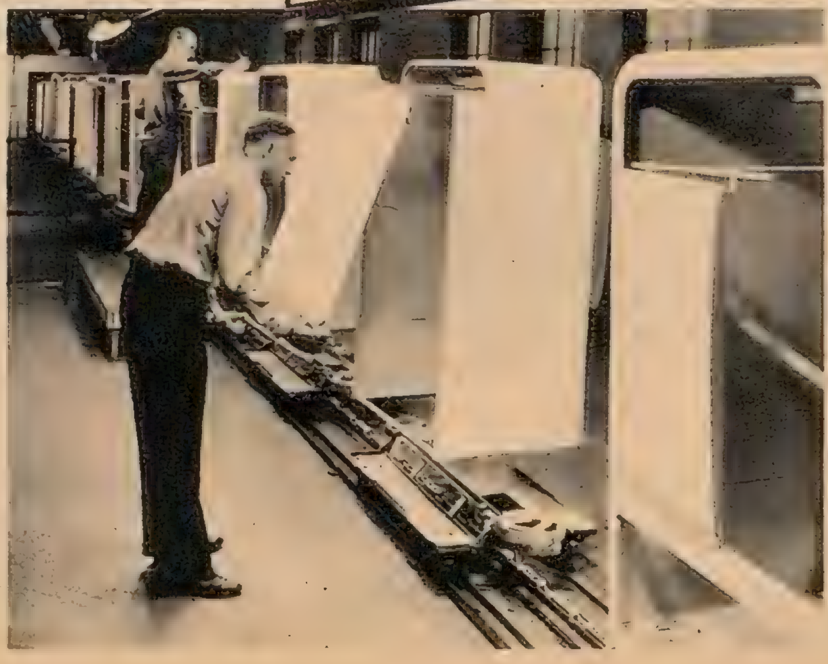
Gentlemen:

When I first selected Servel Electrolux in 1929, I did so after trying all types of automatic refrigerators. The first building in which I replaced ice boxes with Servel Electrolux was at 425 Riverside Drive. The next year, I equipped my large cooperative apartment house at [illegible] Park Avenue. In these two buildings, [illegible] Servel Electrolux units were installed.

Tenants will confirm my statement that even the first of these Servel Electrolux [illegible] result from its longer service and extremely low maintenance expense would more than make up any difference.

Very truly yours,
Joseph Paterno
President
PATERNO [illegible]

"8 YEARS' AMAZING ECONOMY" reports Joseph Paterno, prominent New York builder, of the Servel Electrolux refrigerators installed in this fashionable Park Ave. apartment building in 1929. Tenants enjoy the same low operating cost as when the units were new. And longer service and low maintenance have meant continued savings for the management.



"FINISH O. K. FOR LASTING SERVICE"—After the third and last coat of lustrous, durable *Newtone* finish is baked on, Servel Electrolux cabinets are carefully examined by skilled inspectors. This is but one of the many check-ups in the making of this modern gas refrigerator that assures you of longer, more satisfying service—both inside and out.

FREE FROM NOISE—Tr Policeman F. B. Cox of Angeles, California, gets plent noise all day. No wonder he s "Servel Electrolux is my ide the perfect refrigerator. It's from trouble, free from no This modern refrigerator is si and dependable, becaus freezing system has no n ing parts.

"I RECOMMEND IT to all my fr for its economy and its silence," Mrs. A. Brown, who lives at 10 Milton Avenue, Baltimore, Mary "I have used a Servel Electrolu refrigerator for over two and on years, and have had no service tr whatever in this time."

ITS SILENCE SAVES MONEY!

SERVEL ELECTROLUX *owners acclaim the thrifty, dependable performance of this modern refrigerator whose freezing system*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS

EVERYWHERE—the silent, different operation of Servel Electrolux wins friends. For it means freedom from noise. And it means, also, savings on running cost, food bills and upkeep—*year after year.*

This remarkable refrigerator has no moving parts in its entire freezing system. A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant—without friction or wear, without loss of efficiency due to moving, wearing parts.

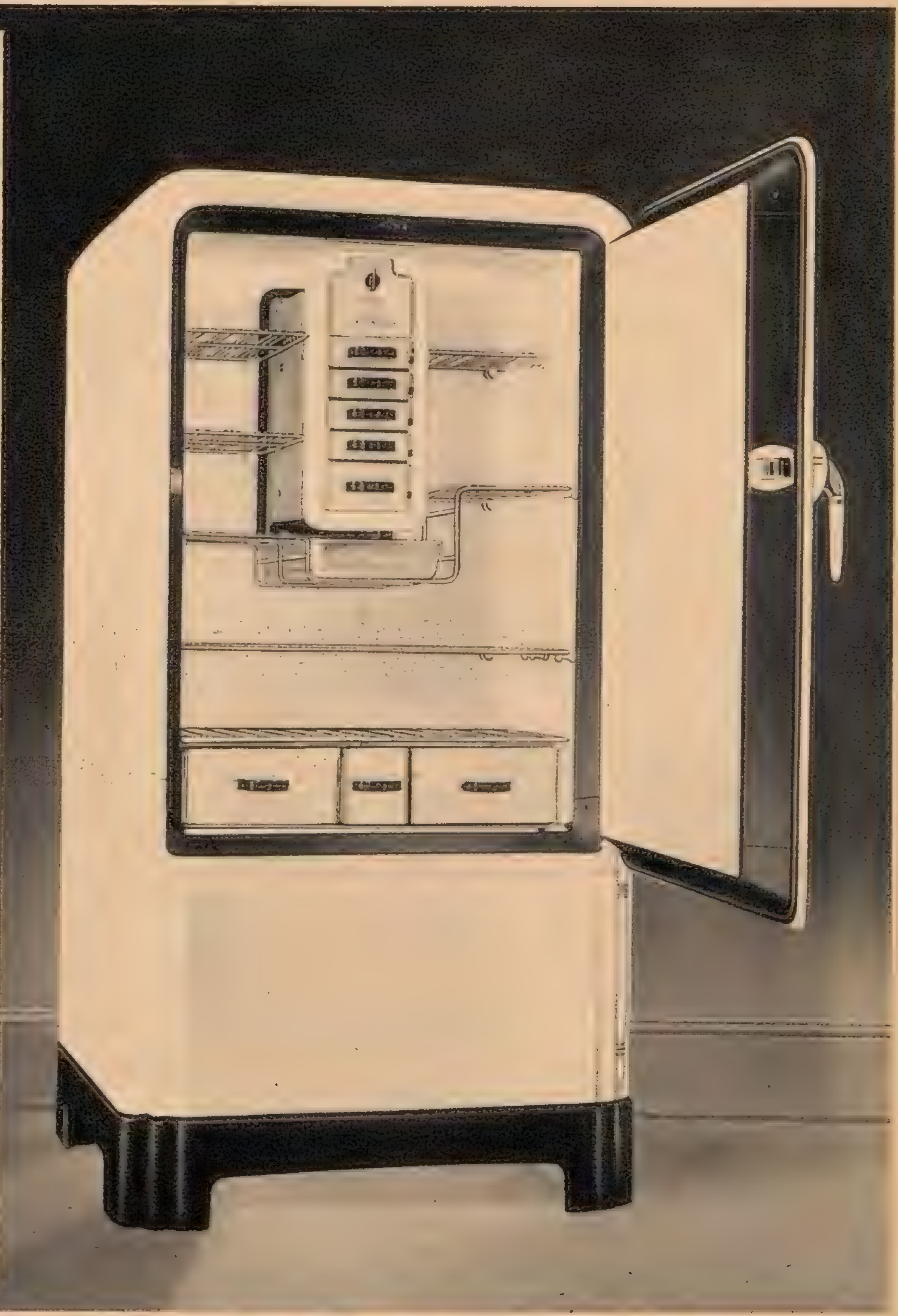
See the beautiful 1937 Servel Electrolux models at your gas company or neighborhood dealer showroom. Remember, your gas company backs and services every one it installs.

• • •

For farm and country homes, Servel Electrolux runs on kerosene or bottled gas. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Servel Electrolux Sales Div., Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)

Tune in "THE MARCH OF TIME"—Columbia network, Thursday evenings—10:30 P. M., E. D. T.

SERVEL ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



TILL GOOD AS NEW—"I
ppreciate my Servel Elec-
rolux more and more the
onger I have it," says Mrs.
. Andries, 2523 N. Maple-
ood Ave., Chicago, Ill. "It
just as silent and econom-
al as the day I bought it."

FOR FUTURE AIRMEN—safe food protection! Here, at the Army Air Corps Training Center, Randolph Field, near San Antonio, Texas, Servel Electrolux refrigerators stand guard over the food and health of America's future flyers. Servel Electrolux assures constant food-preserving cold, year after year, at amazingly low cost.

NO WEAR . . . BECAUSE NO MOVING PARTS in the freezing system of a Servel Electrolux. And for the same reason, no increase in running cost through loss of efficiency—even after long service. A tiny gas flame does all the work in this remarkable refrigerator.

Hate IS A BULLET

BY JEROME BARRY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

"If you hate a man hard enough," Cedric Harald said, "sometimes that hate seems to turn itself into something as real as a knife."

"Don't tell us you're mystic, Cedric!" Arthur Trent laughed. "You explorers always look so practical, and you're actually so fanciful."

Harald shrugged great shoulders in his dinner jacket. "It isn't fancy. I've seen voodoo men and juju doctors. I've seen them make a charm against a man for some one who hated him. . . . The man died."

"And you think," Ruth Vaughan said softly, "that the hate became embodied—and killed him."

She looked calmly at Arthur Trent, laughing there, and wished him dead. Hate flowed like a river of icy air over her bare shoulders and down the cleft of her décolletage and weighed like frigid lead beneath her left breast.

"You couldn't make Ruth believe anything like that, Cedric," Leila Trent said in her high-pitched gay child's voice. "I've known her for ages, and she loathes mysticism."

"Leila darling, that's a strong word—'loathes,'" Arthur Trent said banteringly to his wife. "Ruth's too well behaved to 'loathe' anything—or anybody."

He tossed Ruth the corner of his brilliant, mocking smile, and she knew what he meant—that moment of storm and rage when she had let everything go, crying, "I loathe you—I *loathe* you!" That was the night when he had told her lightly that their "little divagation" was over.

"A psychic weapon of the juju type may be all right for burly explorers, Cedric," he went on, "but I'm weak enough to want something more potent when I take that long drive through the hills next week. That's tough country. I'm packing this."

He took the new automatic pistol from a drawer and fondled its clean, dull-gleaming steel. With the pride of a boy showing a new model airplane, he worked the gun for them—slapped a clip of cartridges into the butt and then opened the gun and withdrew the clip again.

While his eager, handsome head was bent above the pistol, Ruth watched him. Her thoughts were a sand boil from the grinding pressure against the levees of her mind.

How strange it seemed that love so wild should turn almost overnight to detestation so bitter. That was because a love that is tinctured with treason is like an unfortified wine—never more than a little way from vinegar. While her love lasted she had been able to justify her treason against Leila Trent. The one passion she had ever known seemed to justify everything, even betrayal of the one friend she had ever known. What had turned her contained spirit, always solitary in its moods, to a revulsion of hate that was almost madness was the realization that the clear flame of passion that had burned so briefly in her, moving her to any sacrifice or betrayal, was an answer to a stray fancy of Arthur Trent's—a vagary as fitfully bright as the sparks that flew now from the wheel of his cigarette lighter.

He drew the smoke in and talked through it: "Like to handle the lethal weapon, Ruth? You might want to use one on a man sometime."

He was taking pleasure in tormenting her now, in saying to her, before all of them, double-meaning words that she knew meant: "Wouldn't you like to put a shot through *me*, now? And that, too, amuses me, as all the rest amused me—your delightful intensity and devotion, and then your funny rage!"

He smiled provokingly at her, with just the cocking of his eyebrow and the twitch of his lips that had often stirred her to a tenderness so keen that it was painful. Now she dropped her eyes to the beautiful deadly small thing that he laid in her palm, and she heard the blood tramping in her ears.

The light from the French window behind her lay along an edge of the short barrel like an arrow pointing the way straight at the white shirt front only a few feet away. She knew that it was empty and innocent, that dark and pretty toy of death. She had seen him load it and empty it again. If she pressed this trigger, around which her finger stole, there would be no report, no spurt of fire. Nothing but a futile, harmless click.

Arthur Trent turned his face for a moment to answer a remark of Cedric Harald's.

But if hate was real, as Harald had said—if hate was as real and heavy as the cold lead that weighed in a lump beneath her breast—perhaps the compulsion of her desire could turn it into a bullet and will it to be in the chamber of this gun. Her mind, in a hot haze, dwelt upon the mad fantasy.

Hate, be real! Hate, heavy under my heart, shrink smaller and rounder and harder! Hate, be a bullet in this gun, to kill the man who killed everything in me! And when my finger, squeezing now on this trigger, presses a little tighter, then go *crashing*—

Cedric Harald said suddenly, "By the way, Ruth, don't—"

The impact of Harald's deep voice, or the last effort of her intent will—which was it? The finger had to move only the width of a shiver.

The crash of the thing in her hand was like the crash of doom. It stopped the pulse of the world and made everything move with a bewitched slowness. Arthur Trent fell slowly—so slowly that for a long time she could watch the tiny black hole in his shirt front above his heart.

Slowly, too, Cedric Harald's voice beat upon her ears: "I tried to warn her too late. I saw she was going to pull the trigger—"

Voices stammered, "But what— . . . It wasn't loaded! . . . I *saw* him take out the clip!"

Harald said heavily, "When you shove the clip into an automatic, one cartridge goes into the chamber. It doesn't come out again when you remove the clip. I've seen other persons pull a trigger to hear the click of the empty gun, just as she did. Only the gun wasn't empty, as she thought it was."

Ruth Vaughan said softly, through the chattering of her teeth, "It—it wasn't that. Hate was the bullet—"

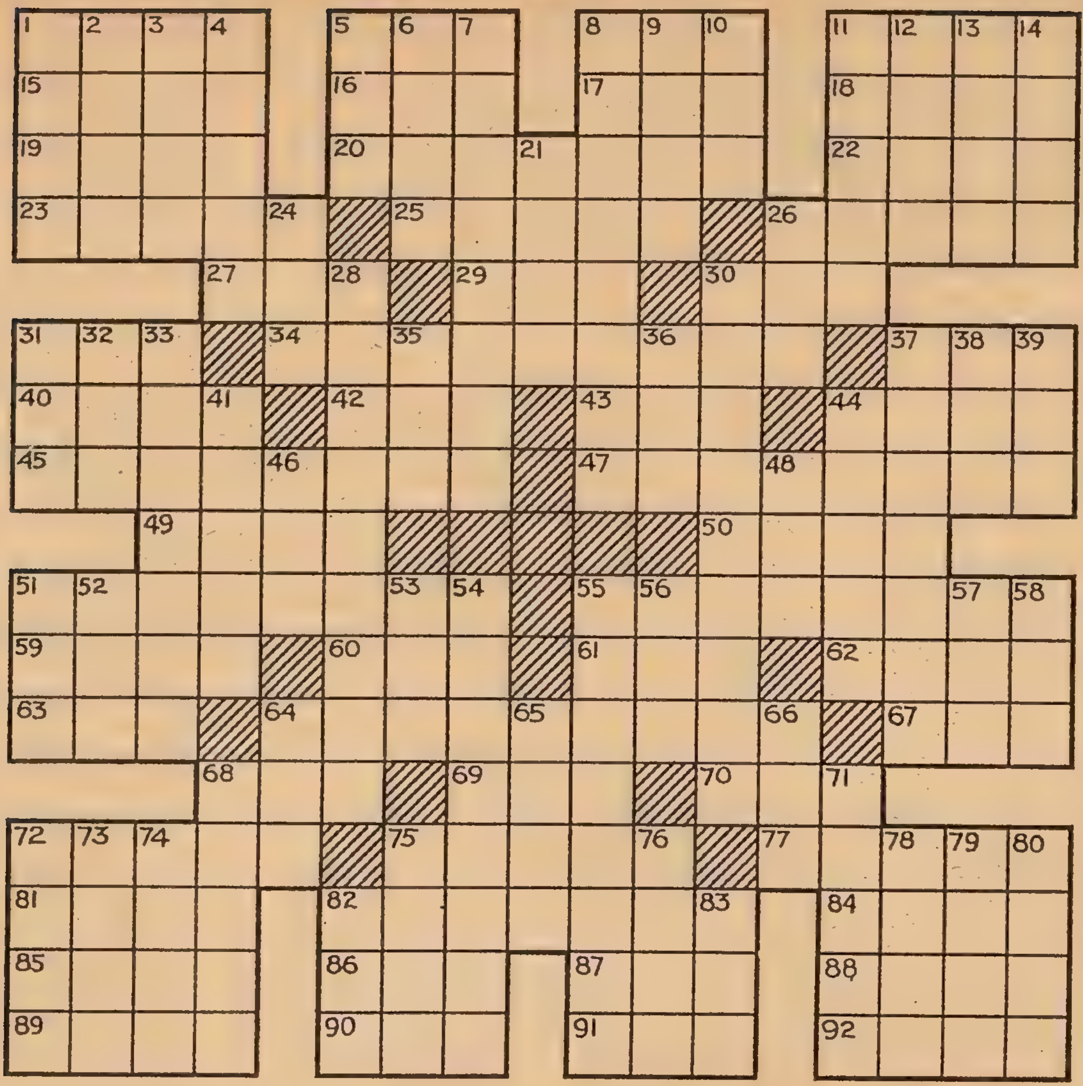
Leila cried chokingly, "She's distracted. Nobody hated him, Ruth. It was sheer accident. They should have warned you. Nobody can blame you altogether."

But Ruth Vaughan knew that her hate had molded itself into that bullet. She knew it, for her hate was gone.

She looked for it despairingly as something to hold to, and it was not there. All she could find, as her mind groped, was something very different. She saw clearly that she had killed the man she still loved.

THE END

CROSSWORDS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HORIZONTAL

1 A state of confusion
5 A sharp blow
8 Secretion in sores
11 Foundation
15 Level
16 A beverage
17 A tree
18 Song
19 A metallic thread
20 Aquatic mammal
22 Container (pl.)
23 Slumber
25 Additional clause
26 Press closely
27 Female rabbit
29 Cardinal number
30 Pronoun
31 Man's name
34 Fixed design
37 Exclude
40 Part of a ladder
42 A metal
43 A unit of energy
44 Portal
45 Most capable
47 Abandoned
49 Trappings
50 Warmth
51 Like an originator
55 Prodigals
59 Dash
60 Collection of pieces of information
61 Edible seed
62 Silkworm
63 Kind of light muffin
64 Sailors' name for the Windward Islands
67 Pry
68 Light brown
69 Nevertheless
70 Turf
72 Nether world

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APPLESAUCE STAR
NUT■QUIP■SATIRE
TP■PURR■ISIS■GA
E■BRAE■GRAD■HOD
APRIL■TROY■BASE
TEAM■RAIN■SATYR
EGG■FILM■SURE
RS■PACE■THIN■PS
 WINE■BOUT■HIC
KNEES■BOOT■GALA
EARS■GOAT■CHILL
ETE■ARMS■ROAR■A
PU■ARAB■SALT■OW
ERASES■DEFI■PWA
REDS SCRATCHING
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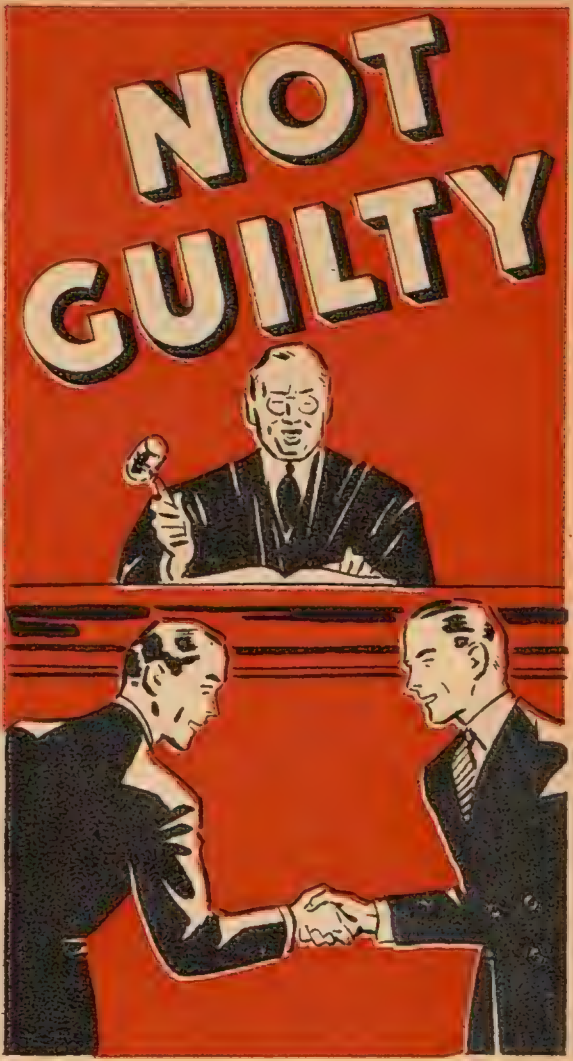
Answer to last week's puzzle

75 Flat and narrow pieces
77 Nautical
81 Part of a stove
82 Minerals of the group which includes rubies
84 Narrative
85 A fruit
86 A kind of craft
87 River (Spanish)
88 Son of Seth
89 Amend and revise
90 Color
91 A filthy place
92 Observes

VERTICAL

1 Cat cry (pl.)
2 Bad
3 Withered
4 Scornful look
5 Male sheep
6 Winged
7 Repentant
8 Protected by letters patent
9 Employer
10 Pronoun
11 Infants
12 Parched with heat
13 Carol
14 Relief from tension
21 City in Arabia
24 Hawaiian food
26 Succeed
28 Amuse
30 Large casks
31 Measures of area
32 Total
33 Word puzzle
35 It is (abbr.)
36 Ill temper
37 Beats down
38 Consumed
39 A color
41 Immature
44 A degree
46 Color shade
48 Even (poetic)
51 Wooden pin
52 Beverage
53 Woman's name
54 Like a gentlewoman
55 Sprinkles
56 By
57 Tear
58 Utter
64 Existed
65 Estrange from habit
66 Descendant
68 Belief
71 Fruit (pl.)
72 Cavity
73 Greedy
74 Half or partly
75 Agile
76 A long cut
78 Propeller blade
79 A drug plant
80 Fewer
82 Downcast
83 Liquid condiment

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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STAR
4 FOR

STAR
Blades
4 FOR 10¢
FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

Whitewashed Lady

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DIANA had expected that Guido would meet her at the door when the car and chauffeur Guido had sent drove up to Galeffi's farmhouse. But instead it was George the detail man who greeted her.

"Ferrone couldn't be here just now," he said. "He says will you please see Galeffi in his office."

Galeffi's skull head was bent over some newspapers spread out in front of him on his black lacquer desk.

"Well," he said, not getting up, "this is the first good job Ferrone's pulled since he came in with me. Too bad Spike couldn't live to see you join us at last!"

"It isn't likely he would have," she said.

"Now, now," said Galeffi, his birdlike eyes reproving, "that sounds a little bitter for the spirit that I try to cultivate in my organization. Am I repining about losing one of my best men in a way that's gotten me a lot of bum publicity? Look at all this I been doing for you in the midst of my private grief!"

A fingernail burnished with mother-of-pearl enamel tapped a line on the opened newspaper before him. . . . "'Far from being daunted by last night's hue and cry, Pete Galeffi announced today that his Post Road spot would be open as usual tonight, with the added attraction of Miss Diana Kildare as hostess. Miss Kildare will be remembered as the daughter of the gambler Dan Kildare and hostess of his luxurious gambling yacht. . . .'

"Whether it's you or the murder," said Galeffi, "there's been more dinner reservations for tonight than we've had since the holiday rush. Do you want to see the layout now or will you wait until you're dressed?"

"I think I'll be more in the mood," she said, "when I get on some of the clothes of the type Guido has undoubtedly picked out for me."

Galeffi pressed a button beside the loud-speaker that broadcast the gate arrivals. "Your room's upstairs, with everything ready," he said. "And kindly save that ritzy tone for our cash customers. I am not in vein today for any one's delicate sensibilities except my own; and I won't be till I find out who let that car in that zeroed Spike Gillis last night!"

The story of a perilous romance sweeps to a breath-taking finale

Descending the stairs an hour later, it was like an old dream that had become a nightmare. People were beginning to arrive. Galeffi stood at the door with the welcoming-host charm which she had so often seen Dan turn on like an electric light. At the foot of the stairs George placed his solid blue-serge self in front of the curious stares leveled in her direction, and said: "Ferrone is in one of the private rooms; says will you have a cocktail?"

Guido got up when she came into the small round room with naughty French prints on the walls and two chairs side by side at the cozy little table. His eyes ran swiftly over her low-cut dress of glittering sequins, the diamond necklace, the bracelets, her rhinestoned slippers. They came back and stayed on the white violets in her hair.

"Where are the orchids I sent you?" he demanded.

"I thought," she said, "I looked enough like a Christmas tree."

"A fine start," he said, "to winning me back."

"Oh, I'll win you back all right," she said. "You're my kind. Dick wasn't my kind, and you are! Sure, I got bored with an amateur! Give me a drink."

"Sit down and take it easy," he said.

She had two drinks before he said, still looking at the white violets: "Is that what you told him?"

"I wrote it in a letter," she said. "I said, 'I'm going back to Guido Ferrone, whom I left a month ago. Thanks for the'"—she choked, and tried again—"'for the—interlude—' Give me another drink."

"No. Now you eat with George," he said. "And if you care anything about what happens to Norton, you'll take those flowers out of your hair before I see you again."

He went out. George, entering in a few minutes, sat down with a sigh and said plaintively: "It seems to me we are seeing a good deal of each other."

"Cheer up," she said; "it's evidently not half as much as we're going to. How about something to drink along with the food?"

Things were helpfully blurred by the time dinner was over. "A liqueur," said George, "will do us no harm."

"Not for me," she said. "I always heard it settled drinks, and I want mine to rove."

"You know, you have quite a dry wit," said George. "And what with the way Ferrone and Galeffi have been getting along together like wildcats ever since Ferrone bought in, I certainly can welcome a lilting note."

"That's one thing I don't have to care about is how those two get along together," she said. "Come on, show me the layout, so I can start circulating."

What was she expecting to find in the gaming room that made her so empty when she came in and looked around? Dick would never follow her here, never, after that note; and for his sake she should pray that he didn't. So why had she been clinging to that last hope beneath all this daze? But no, he was not here; only Galeffi, beckoning to her from the roulette table. Familiar sights and sounds of that old nightmare she thought she had lost forever, as a voice intoned from somewhere near Galeffi through the blur:

"Thirty wins; red; the even number, and below the line!"

Tinkle of chips gathered in; swish of winners' gains counted out. . . . In this blur everything seemed sharpened instead of dulled, and all the people in the riot of mirrors and pink cupids that was the Louis Quatorze lining of this early-American farmhouse run by New York racketeers, all these people looked like cockatoos, gorgeous birds with harsh voices and bright hard eyes.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES LA SALLE

And there was Galeffi, looking at her with his bright impervious bird's eyes and beckoning, and beside him a chinless young man with a big nose who looked like a bored penguin until she came near enough for Galeffi to introduce him, and she saw that he looked rich and must be one of her assignments for the evening.

"Until I saw you I was leaving," said the penguin. "I thought this was more of a place, from what I read in the papers. When one's led to expect murders and hostesses from gambling yachts, just a roulette table seems pretty stilted, see what I mean?"

Merciful blur through which she smiled at the penguin, with Galeffi watching sharply. "You might try the baccarat if you're bored with roulette," she cooed. "That's where I'm going. Of course they run a pretty stiff game in there; you might get more thrills than you're asking for!"

"I'm not asking for any more thrills at the moment," said the penguin—"now I've met you."

First victory, with Galeffi relaxing guard and drifting away. So to the baccarat room, which George had told her about, over on the other side of the big gaming room, with a little gilt sign over the door that said: "*Salle de Baccarat.*" What a joke trying to be French on the Post Road in Connecticut, when she and Dan had been themselves all over the world! She was in with a cheap crowd now, and this penguin in back of her was complaining he'd never liked baccarat; there was really nothing to the game. She'd show him!

This was the way you went wrong; this was the way you slipped. To be drunk enough so you got angry about small things instead of big. Forget the big and take this sucker for a nice greased sleigh ride, and Guido too. Guido at the oblong green table behind the croupier, still looking at the white violets in her hair as if he'd never stopped, and she didn't even care. She was looking at the baccarat table like a musician who sees a piano after long exile from it.

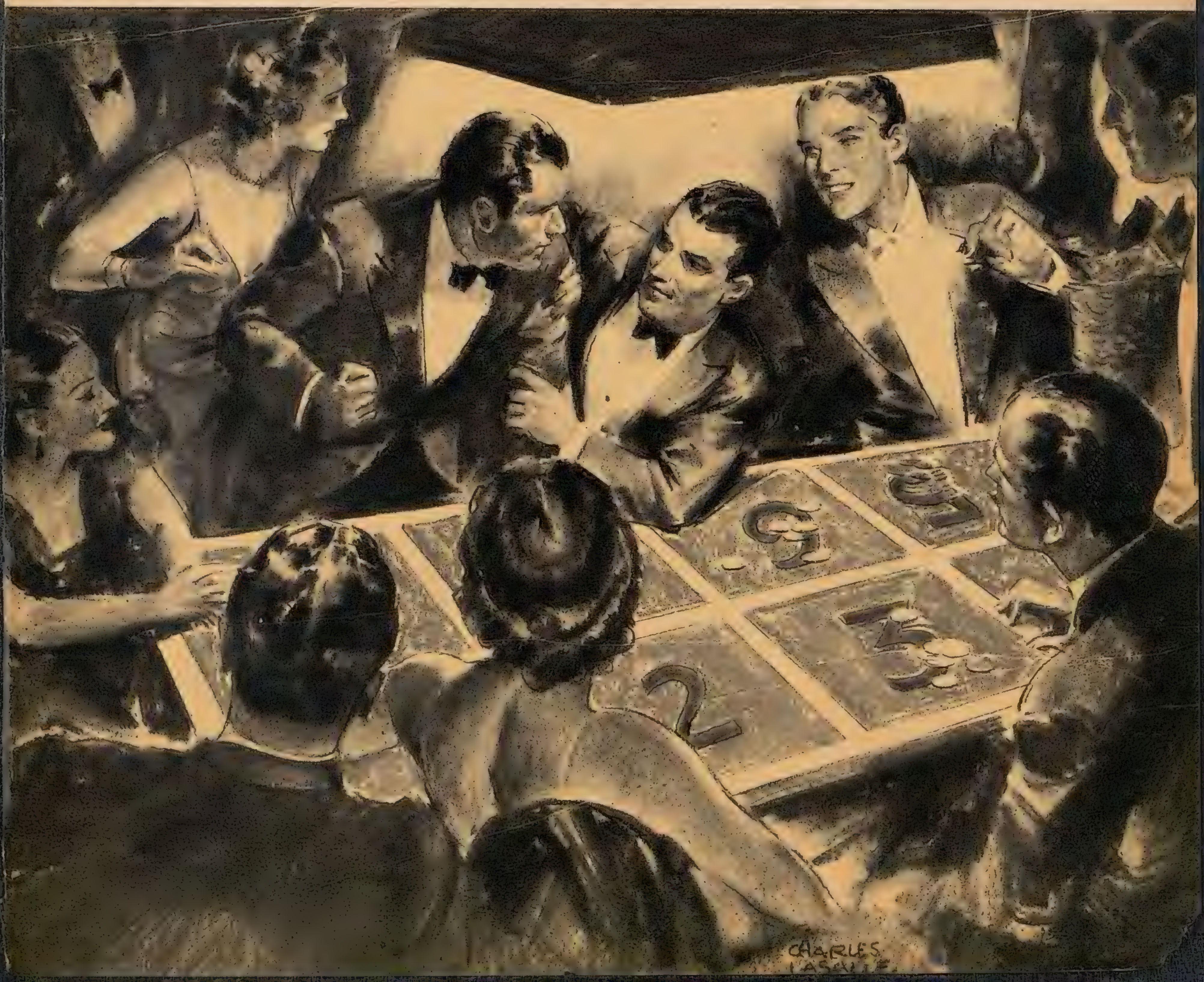
An old excitement quickened in her blood. Then her glance caught Guido's again, and she saw by his smooth fulfilled look that he had counted on her taking it this way.

Well, why not? Oh, fortunate haze in which she could say, "Why not?" to Guido's look, and forget it, as a couple in seats six and seven began to wrangle and got up and she and the penguin sat down.

"I bet you don't know a thing about this game," said the penguin; "you have an irresponsible pixy glint in your eye. Nine is the highest point you can draw and anything over that doesn't count, see?"

"Listen, big boy," she said. "I heard nursery rhymes about 'Baccarat hangs on nine and eight; all higher

Guido started toward Dick. The penguin leaned between. "Sir," he said, "you are speaking of the woman I love."



numbers are too late,' while you were playing marbles for keeps!"

"You are too beautiful," he said, "to need to try to be sophisticated. Just watch me a while and you'll catch on in no time!"

He pulled out a roll of greenbacks, which he announced to all and sundry were his boring roulette winnings. Swashbucklingly he ordered the money changed into chips from the croupier.

Diana felt in the rhinestone evening bag that had been left upstairs with the rest of the things Guido had bought for her. Pikers. There was only one hundred dollars in twenties, the amount given her by the house with which to gamble, and the minimum stake in this room, where the bets go anywhere, was a hundred dollars. She glared at Guido, who was, however, whispering to George at his side; evidently an errand, as George left the room at once.

A blonde with a star-sapphire dog collar was sitting with a little box shaped like a grain shovel in front of her. She held it lightly by the handle; at the other end there was a metal clip with a card peering out. Before the croupier on the table there were some counters, and he was intoning: "A bank of a hundred dollars!"

"Now watch," the penguin told Diana. "I'm nearest the dealer on the right-hand side, so I have first choice to bet against her."

"You're wonderful," she said. "You make the most marvelous remarks."

A peculiar hush falling over the table gave her statement unintended importance. It boomed out over the green baize, and she looked after it into the sudden silence that fell on all the jeweled ladies and white-bosomed gentlemen.

Dick Norton was standing in the doorway of the Salle de Baccarat. He wore full evening dress and his face was as white as his beautifully knotted white tie. She could not tell if he saw her or not. Except that he must have, of course, since he as well as every one else there could not have helped but hear her tell the penguin how marvelous the penguin was.

The hush continued as Dick glanced briefly around the circle of faces turned to him, all held by the frozen look in his face as he stood motionless just inside the door. Then he turned and spoke over his shoulder.

"All right, Briggs," he said; "this is where I play."

He walked in. After him came the Norton butler carrying a wastebasket that was half full of green oblong bundles, each bound with an elastic band.

It was so extraordinary a sight that the silence in the baccarat room continued; all but the penguin, who remarked wistfully to Diana: "Isn't this a movie I once saw with Ronald Colman?"

She couldn't answer even to shut him up. The haze had gone; she was abruptly sober. It seemed as if her heart had stopped beating while she looked at Guido. His face was distorted as he went forward to block Dick's entrance, and with utter disregard of his fashionable guests surrounding them said harshly: "If you know what's healthy for you you'll get out of here before you're ladled out."

I'M afraid," said Dick, "you'll have to talk to your partner about that. Galeffi is not so romantic as you, Ferrone; he is easily influenced by sordid financial considerations." Casually he inclined his head toward the wastebasket in Briggs's arms. "He seemed quite pleased," Dick's glib voice continued, "that I intended to stay here until I lost all that. Of course I told him that I intend to win twice that much—but he's willing to take that chance." He looked around the circle of faces, again passing Diana as if he did not see her. "I ought to win," he told them reasonably. "I'm shooting my whole bank roll because I ought to win—because my girl left me today. . . . You know the old nursery rhyme—'Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!'"

"Get Galeffi," Guido spoke to some one beside him.

The blonde with the star sapphire rose from her seat. "If your girl left you your bank'll run and I want to play it!" she said. "Take my place!"

Guido looked as if he was going to have a stroke. He said: "You can't pass a hand like that to some one who isn't at the table."

A murmur rose from the players sitting in front of the numbers. Let the boy try his luck. There was an interruption with the door opening again, and another silence. George was returning from his errand. He was carrying an ermine pillow upon which there was banked an enormous spray of orchids. He stalked over to Diana and held out the pillow to her. It was one of the two that had been on her bed upstairs.

"Maybe it's not such a bad idea you're here for this," Guido told Dick. He turned to Diana. "Take those flowers out of your hair and put on the others."

She looked back at him without stirring. Dick laughed. "You'd better do it," he said. "White violets wilt quickly in February. . . . Is the bank mine?"

She pulled the violets out and threw them on the floor. "Now this," said the penguin, delighted, "is more what I expected here. If I didn't send you those orchids, I will!"

BRIGGS had put the wastebasket on the table. Dick took one of the bundles from it. They were hundred-dollar bills. He gave a bill to the croupier, who looked at Guido. Guido looked around the circle of faces, all enthralled in the drama, and reluctantly nodded. In his expressionless voice the croupier said: "Two hundred!"

"All right," said the penguin; "I mean banco! You see," he told Diana, "that means I accept the bet." Ponderously he leaned over to Dick. "I am explaining the fine points of the game to the little lady," he proffered.

"I don't think," said Dick evenly, "that you need to explain the fine points of anything to the little lady."

Guido started toward Dick. The penguin leaned between them. "Sir," he said reproachfully, "you are speaking of the woman I love."

The door swished. Galeffi had come in. "What's going on in here?" he said.

"A baccarat game," said Dick, "if only people would concentrate."

Galeffi went over to Guido and they conferred in strenuous murmurs. Galeffi was suavely apologetic but he was evidently not giving in.

Dick had started to deal. From the clip end of the dealer's shovel he clicked out a card and shoved it face downward toward the penguin; clicked out one for himself; another for the penguin; another for himself. Then he sat back and lit a cigarette. The penguin picked up his cards and looked at them and sighed.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'll take a card!"

Dick turned over his cards and looked at them. He had an ace and a six. He clicked out another card, looked at it, and passed it over to the penguin. It was a jack. He shoved his own cards forward and tapped them. "That means he stands on his six without drawing," the penguin told Diana. "I've lost, see?"

He laid down his hand: a three, a ten, the jack. He had three against Dick's six.

Diana couldn't speak. It was doing something strange to her to see Dick play. She had never known before how horrible it could look. She who had been dying to play herself, before he came in. . . .

"A bank of four hundred dollars!" the croupier was intoning.

"Oh, I s'pose I'll take it again!" said the penguin.

Dick won again—and still again. The held-in breaths around the tense circle hissed out like steam engines and the blonde clapped her hands. "Isn't this worth being unlucky in love?" she cried.

Casually Dick's regard flicked Diana before coming back to her. "Who knows?" he said. "I may not be—if I win enough tonight. Because she left me—for a man she thought was a better gambler—who had more money!"

Diana found that she was on her feet. Galeffi had Guido's arm and was saying something restraining to him. The croupier was intoning: "A bank of sixteen hundred dollars!" and the penguin was announcing sadly that he was cleaned.

"What," said Dick, as no one else around the table took the bet, "am I stopped already—before I've hardly won enough to buy my lady some orchids—on an ermine pillow? " His mocking glance traveled to Guido. " Surely, Mr. Ferrone," he said, " a great gambler like you would not refuse the gage of battle! "

Guido broke away from Galeffi, came around the table and sat down in Diana's place. " Banco! " he said heavily. His big hand went on the table and came back again, leaving crisp new bills beside Dick's pile.

Now she couldn't go. In all the circle of tense faces Dick's only was calm as he took the dealer's box once more, then turned to the star-sapphire blonde.

" I wouldn't bet this time if I were you," he said. " I don't feel any pull for me in the box this time. But I'm going to bet—because for me it's only the first round, with the man I came to play! "

The blonde smiled and left her money in front of the croupier. An electric tension gripped the table as Dick dealt and Guido picked up his two cards. Guido looked at them for one blink of his round eyes and threw them down. A ten and a nine. Dick grinned, and put his down; they were face cards.

" Punter has nine! " the croupier intoned. He gathered the bank in his shovel and presented it to Guido.

Sadly the blonde watched Guido take her winnings. Dick smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and leaned back. The penguin was indignantly refusing the deal as the box passed to Dick's right, and Guido took it.

DIANA felt perspiration burst out on her upper lip. Impossible to tell which was worse: the knowledge that this was all Dick's money he had in the world, her sick fear of Guido sitting there with a granite face, or the strange horror that it was to see Dick play.

Oh, she had been drunk all right when she had felt that old fever in her blood to see the baccarat table once more. That fever had now gone forever, and only Guido, the symbol of it, remained—Guido pushing the stakes to the croupier again and adding to them more bills which the croupier counted with a flick of his shovel.

" A bank of five thousand dollars! " he announced in a voice that was less stolid than before. Around the table there was silence. The game had resolved itself into a duel, with the stakes too large for any one but the two men involved to enter. On the edge of the rigid circle Diana was vaguely aware of Galeffi's skull face watching with a curious expression, an expectancy that was not gambling excitement. But no time to wonder about that in her panic, as she went to Dick and touched his sleeve.

He turned to look at her with a face drained of any expression. But she had to go on, even with those eyes of a stranger striking at her. " Please stop! " she stammered. " It's the only thing I've ever asked of you! "

He smiled courteously at her. " We should have asked more things before—shouldn't we," he said, " Miss Diana Kildare? . . ." He turned away and reached into the wastebasket for two packages of bills.

" Never mind, Diana," Guido told her. " He'll be out of here quicker this way than any other."

It was like going under ether where there was nothing but roaring waves of unconsciousness and coming out every little while to hear the doctor, only it was the croupier droning, " A bank of twenty thousand dollars! " with swift visions of the wastebasket in front of Dick and its dwindling store of green bundles.

How could this have ever seemed to her as legitimate as a business, and an absorbing game, as business was, to the man who was good at it? To see Dick losing all he had. Things happened so quickly in baccarat; not five minutes could have passed and the croupier was saying, " A bank of eighty thousand dollars! "

Eighty thousand. And Dick, with a grin that was a little set, had turned the wastebasket upside down and was shaking out the packages that lined the bottom. Only one package of hundreds remained as he stacked the rest in a neat pyramid in front of the croupier.

" Would I have thought there could be anything prettier than you here tonight, but that fella's nerve is! " marveled the penguin in Diana's ear.

Guido was all spread out over the table, the way he did

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when he was winning. He had no triumph in his face. His hand, enormous and relentless-looking, clocking out two cards apiece from the little box you couldn't cheat in baccarat. Dick picked up his cards with his face still smiling courteously as it had done at Diana.

"I'll stand," he said.

Guido drew. A six. He turned over his cards. He had drawn on a four, which Dick had refused to do earlier tonight. Four and six made ten. Nothing. Dick threw down his cards with a little laugh. He had a two and a queen. He had won on a two.

Through the clamor that went up on all sides the star-sapphire blonde cried shrilly: "How could you stand on a two? How could you know he'd go down?"

Dick looked gravely at Ferrone who had pulled his big arms in from their spread-out stance over the table and was mopping his face. "Probabilities," he said. "I make a study of 'em."

The croupier was pushing the bills toward him. "Have you won enough now," the blonde cried, "to get back your girl?"

"Oh, no," said Dick; "he's still got more. Will the table pass the deal—so I can take the rest?"

The box came around the table to him. Dick took it and looked at Ferrone. "Will you bet one hundred and sixty thousand dollars?"

"You're crazy," said Guido. "How can I bet against a crazy man that wins on a two?"

He passed his handkerchief over his forehead again and Diana saw that his hand was shaking. That two had unnerved him. It was enough to shock any real player into the jitters. He got up and turned to Diana. "Come on," he said. "We're getting out of here."

NUMBLY she followed him. They had gone as far as Galeffi on the outer rim of all the silent faces when Dick, still sitting at the table, said in a conversational voice, "I wouldn't go out there if I were you, Ferrone. Bud Moran's out there. He says you double-crossed him about Spike Gillis. That you promised to frame it on somebody here, instead of bringing the Morans into it."

Guido stopped dead in his tracks and looked at Dick, then at Galeffi, who was between him and the door. He said, "You . . . you let Moran come here?"

"He did, after I told him," said Dick. "Galeffi needed more proofs—which Moran gave him. Galeffi wouldn't believe me that his partner wanted to be the only boss around here—and had begun by eliminating his best lieutenant when that gentleman created the opportunity by getting in wrong with the Morans. So all you had to do was tail him and tell the Morans where he was!"

Guido started swiftly toward the door. At the same moment Galeffi nodded and two men came forward, one on either side of Galeffi, and stood against the door. A woman gave a muffled scream as Guido stood back and put his hands in his pockets.

"He's lying," said Guido hoarsely. "Let me get out there and see. . . ."

"Probabilities," Dick told the star-sapphire blonde. "I told you I make a study of them. And of plots too, because I hope I'm going to be a writer some day when I get time. There was a man killed here last night—but no one knew how the car that plugged him got in."

"I didn't remember," Galeffi said to Guido, "that you got me out of the office for fifteen minutes last night and said you'd answer calls from the gate. Not until Norton asked me."

"We've got the man you had tail Spike Gillis," said Dick. "And we've traced the phone call that tipped off the police that Spike was at the dance. It was from here, ten minutes before you got Galeffi out of his office and let in the Morans. The Morans, whom you'd called right after you called the police to tell them you were scaring Spike out of his hideaway and he'd undoubtedly come here if he got by their patrols at the Trevelyan place. Shall I go on?"

GUIDO passed his hand over his forehead. "It all comes," he said, "from losing to a two."

Galeffi's arm shot out, opened the door. "Moran isn't there," he said. "That part was bluff. Get out!"

Guido went quickly, without looking at Diana. The men on either side of Galeffi went out after him. Galeffi shut the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry you have been interrupted. The game will continue as before."

He needn't have said it. The players were dashing wildly for the seat Guido had left. A dead man's seat was lucky. Diana swayed, and found the penguin by her side, stalwartly seizing her arm.

"There are the dearest little private rooms here," he said, "where you and I need a nice long drink, my lady of the evening."

"Excuse me," said Dick, "but she is my lady for always, and always is beginning right now."

He had come up on her other side and he was looking at her as he had that first day in the Shalimar. "Take these, darling," he said; "I picked them up for you."

He put the white violets into her hand. "Didn't I tell you," he said, "I could always feel what you were feeling? But it helped a little—to eavesdrop in the hall when you phoned Ferrone this morning."

He turned to Galeffi. "Good-by, Pete," he said. "It's been fun. But we'll never be back!"

"Good-by, Dick," said Galeffi. "You're all right, if you did write a book."

Diana's last sight of the Salle de Baccarat was the penguin falling back with a bilked wail: "So that was what all the playing was about! She was his all the time!"

A few people stared at them in the roulette room because of Briggs following solemnly after them with the filled wastebasket. But not many. Gamblers didn't look much beyond the tables while they were at them.

"I had to act that way to you," Dick told her. "I had to throw Ferrone off his guard so I could break him down. Because I didn't have proof of anything but the traced phone calls. And Galeffi wouldn't believe me or give me a chance to bluff Ferrone until I showed him my money and invited him in to watch me play. But I was glad of that—oh, darling, I wanted to play that louse once before I stopped forever."

"Then you *are* stopping forever!" she cried. "Oh, Dick—suppose you'd lost!"

"I couldn't have," he said. "Any more than I could ever play again without losing. I know that, just as surely as I knew I'd win today. As I knew that louse had some hold on you the minute I came back to you two last night; but I wasn't going to say anything until you did. That was my mistake."

"Then you didn't believe my note?"

"How could I?" he said simply. "And by the time I came home and got it, I'd read the afternoon papers. I knew you must be Diana Kildare, and everything fell into place. I'd been afraid it was something more serious Ferrone was holding over you. Why, darling, didn't you know that I could love Diana Kildare—even more than I loved Diana Fenmore — until I change her name, and love Diana Norton more than either?"

So that was what he thought. She would not let him know, then, what Guido had really been holding over her. She would not let him know that it had been to protect him.

"What started you thinking Guido had anything to do with Spike?" she said.

"I was in the gaming room when Galeffi came in there from the office and told me his partner said he thought the roulette wheel was acting as if somebody'd doped it. I remembered Galeffi said afterward he couldn't see anything wrong with it; the house was winning just the same. I tried to figure why a smart one like Ferrone had made a mistake like that, or if it wasn't a mistake.

"Then there was the phone call to the police that showed that some one with more facilities than Moran had must be tailing Gillis. And then I remembered Ferrone telling you that he'd been 'keeping track' of you. If he'd been doing that, he could be doing other tracking.

"It was a slim lead, but I've written stories on slimmer, as you'll see, darling, when you read my book. So I went out on it all day, and came back with the money I'd got from the bank —oh, yes, I intended to play Ferrone even then—and with the traced phone calls and some ideas! But you were gone. Will you promise—never to leave me again?"

They were in the hall, standing with their hands clasped, looking into each other's eyes. There was no answer but to come nearer him as his arms went around her. And the ache that she had felt went away.

"Excuse me, sir," said Briggs's voice severely. "But you are not unobserved in this hall, since I am also here with this basket of money, which I refuse to take and wait for you unprotected outside this den of cutthroats, gangsters, and thieves."

Dick smiled. "Here, sir," said Briggs, "is your hat."

It was a high silk hat. Dick raised it to the rococo mirror from the door.

"Good-by forever!" he said.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Who sought to stop Cervera's fleet from escaping by sinking a collier at Santiago Harbor's mouth? The early photo shows how he looked when attending Annapolis.

2—Is Mont Blanc the highest peak in Switzerland?

3—Who wrote the line, Where are the snows of yesteryear?

4—What is the difference between a cottage organ and a house organ?

5—Is "the lion's share" the larger part of anything?

6—In the U. S., what class of buildings are not protected with fire insurance?

7—Who played opposite Greta Garbo in Mata Hari?

8—According to the Bible, what one cause for divorce did Jesus recognize?

9—These scrambled words hide what parts of a fish: tumoh, kocanbeb, lassec?

10—What did Tennyson write about hearts, coronets, faith, and blood?

11—Is the poor Indian vanishing?

12—Who was in charge of the draft in the U. S. during the World War?

13—Which one of the Mother Goose characters enjoyed a smoke and the music of a string trio?

14—Is a heavy all-wool blanket necessarily warmer than a light one?

15—What is cuckoo spit?

16—If a square foot is equal in area to a foot square, is an area three square feet larger than one that contains three feet square?

17—In U. S. boxing circles is a flyweight lighter than a featherweight?

18—What trio of heroes appears on the new U. S. navy four-cent stamp?

19—Is the bald eagle bald?

20.—What is the name of the person who renewed the popularity of upholstered anatomy?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

"WATCH YOUR STEP" He said –

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WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

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FOR THE BEST ENTRIES IN THIS GREAT CONTEST

START YOURS NOW!

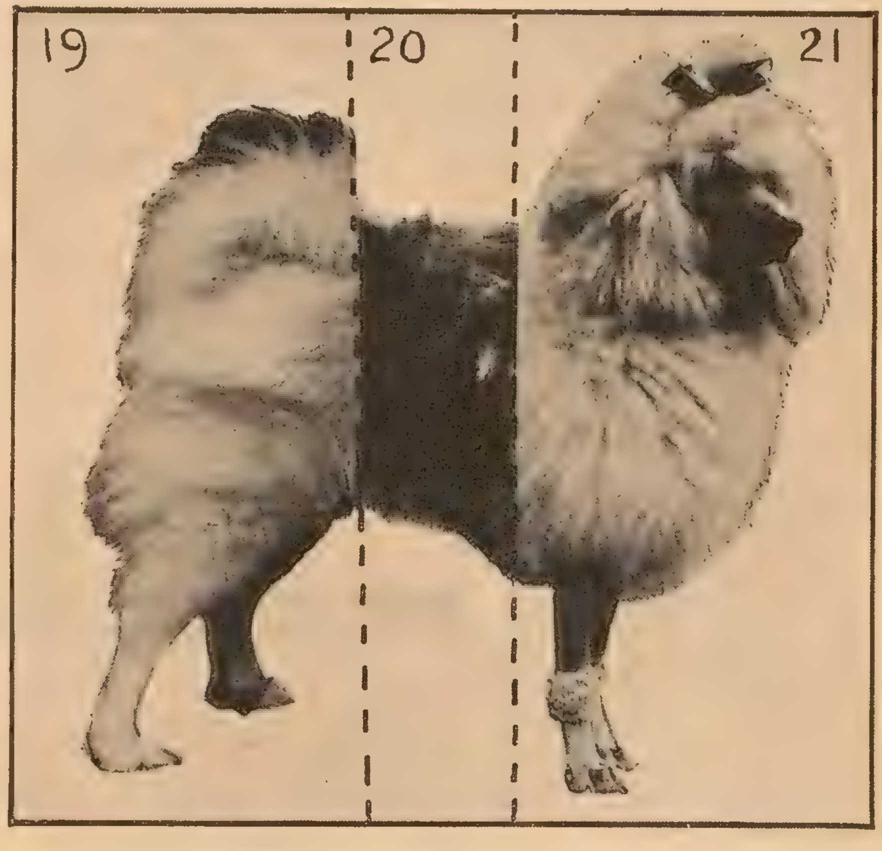
THIS is the third week of Liberty's contest for the benefit of the dog lovers of the nation. And that includes nearly every one. If you can name the popular breeds of dogs, your chance to win one of the twenty-five pedigreed prizes for which Liberty seeks masters is excellent. Study the rules carefully and then solve the three composites on this page. Write the breed identification under each solution. Then file them away pending completion of your set of thirty. Do not send in separate solutions, as they will not be considered. Now, if you did not start an entry last week and did not save the contest pages in that issue, you will need to obtain them in order to bring your entry up to date.

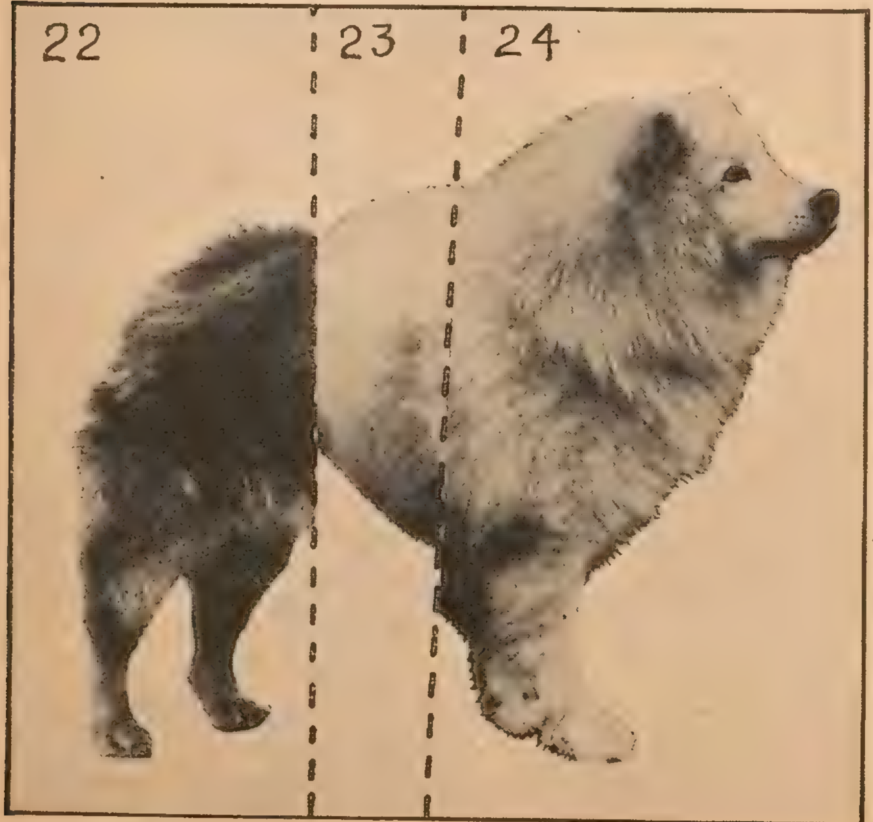
The RULES

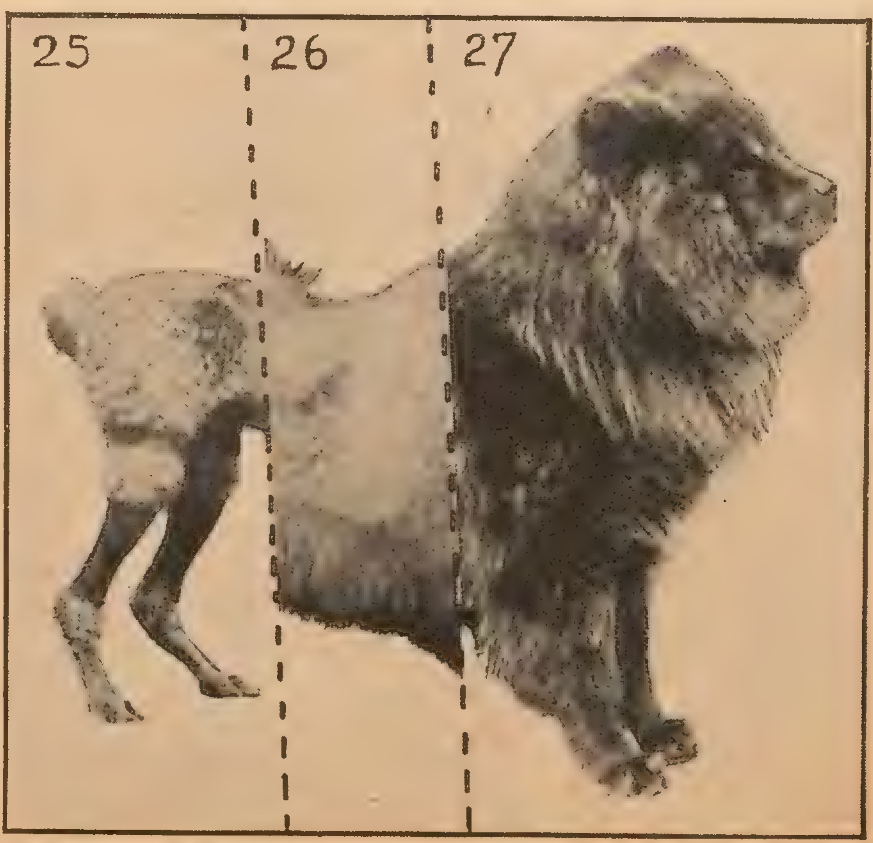
1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.
2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.
6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.

LATE-ENTRY INSTRUCTION

TO accommodate late entrants, Liberty has prepared reprints of the first two sets of composites. They are available upon written request to the contest address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Make your request promptly, and when your late-entry material arrives you can work out the first six solutions to put your entry on an even basis with the field.







Gaston B. Means—MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

PART NINE—CONCLUSION

HE was a good driver," said Mrs. McLean. "He twisted in and out of traffic for three blocks. The men following us had swung around, too, but had lost ground. They were closing the gap when we beat a traffic light and they didn't. When we pulled up to my hotel the other car was nowhere in sight. I gave my driver fifteen dollars and told him to forget what had happened.

"Back in my rooms, I told Miss Nelson of the experience. I was pretty rocky. She gave me a sedative and a scolding and made me get into bed. Looking back on that night now, I can conceive of only two possible explanations."

I nodded.

"Either," I supplied, "that Means was attempting to kidnap you and take you to Mexico, or that he intended to have you killed."

Mrs. McLean was silent for a moment.

"Lying in bed, I wondered why Gaston Means had not become alarmed by my failure to meet him. For an hour had passed and there was no word of him. Another hour passed. And no Means. That seemed strange. I think at that point I might have seen things in their true perspective if another incident had not occurred.

"Some one knocked on my door. When I opened it, Gaston Means staggered into the room. Something seemed to be wrong with his left leg. And you should have seen his clothes! He looked like he'd been rolling in the street.

"He was breathing hard and his face was covered with bandages, dabs of iodine, and what seemed to be dried blood. One of his arms hung limp at his side and he kept rubbing it with his other hand. He was breathing hard, seemed to be in acute pain.

"'What's happened?' I asked.

"'Is the nurse here?' he gasped. 'I'd like her to look at this arm.'

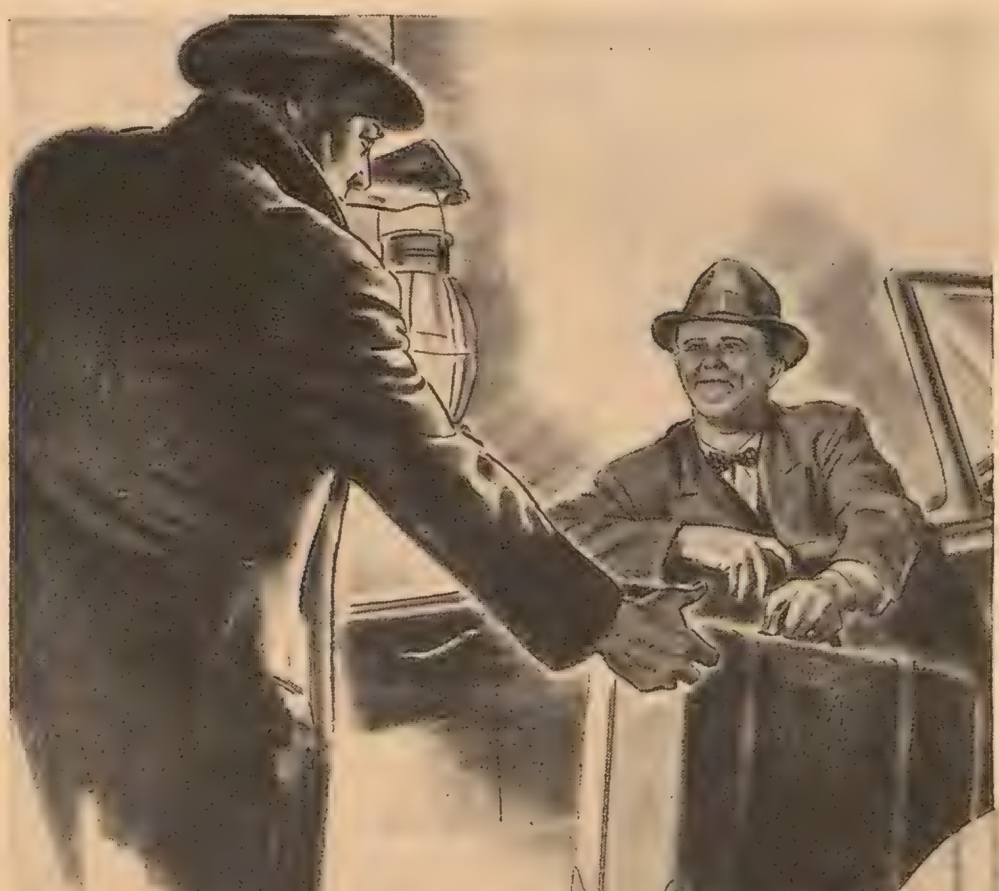
"We got his coat off, got him into a chair, and Miss Nelson began to massage his arm. He told us—stopping now and then to wince with pain—what had happened.

"He had—he said—been kidnaped. Two men with guns had taken him into the hills of Mexico just across the international line, demanded to know where the baby was hidden, and, on his failure to tell, had given him an unmerciful beating. Somewhat spectacularly he had finally managed to escape his captors.

"'What rotten breaks we're getting!' he concluded disconsolately. 'That baby would have been in your arms right now. The Fox was ready to make a try across the border with it tonight. First the police. Now highjackers.'

"His story seemed credible enough to me because of my own experience, of which I now told him. That seemed to worry him. He shook his head.

"'This is getting serious,' he said. 'If anything should happen to me, give this up and return to Washington. Don't risk trying to carry on alone. The money is in the safe at my home in Chevy Chase. Julie will turn it over to you at any time.'



"He was stopped, he said, by a man who waved a red lantern and told him: 'All right, let me have the package.'" At right: Mrs. McLean.

Wherein the law catches up at last and a final question is pondered: Where is Mrs. McLean's $104,000?

“ He went limping to bed, leaving me more determined than ever to get the baby. Later that day the Fox came to my room. He was furious with Means for having brought highjackers down on us. He said he'd kill the child rather than be caught with him.

“ Well, for the next three days nothing happened. Then the Fox came to see us again. He said that members of the kidnap gang who had split from those actually holding the baby were completing arrangements—without the baby—to collect ransom from Colonel Lindbergh.

“ Three days later this prophecy seemed to be fulfilled; for the newspapers carried accounts of Dr. Condon's payment of $50,000 to a man who claimed to be a member of the kidnap gang but who failed to return the stolen child.

“ This incident necessitated further waiting until things blew over. Miss Nelson and I waited. Means disappeared for three days. When he came back, he said he had been in Chicago, where he had contacted the gang that had received Colonel Lindbergh's marked $50,000—the most dangerous money in the world.

“ Means told me he could buy that ‘ hot ’ money back for $35,000, saving the Colonel fifteen thousand. If I could save Colonel Lindbergh that amount of money, I wanted to do it. We couldn't draw upon any of the $100,000 ransom money back East, for we might need that full amount at any moment.

“ It wound up with my agreeing to return to Washington, where I would raise an additional $35,000 to be exchanged for Colonel Lindbergh's $50,000.

“ The next day I took a train to Washington. In Washington I went directly to my home at 2020 Massachusetts Avenue. I got together the jewelry that I intended to pawn to raise the necessary $35,000. Then I called Katherine Poe. I needed some one to pawn it for me. Katherine, a dear friend and very capable writer on the Washington Post, came over to the house at once. She looked at me strangely when she came in.

“ ‘ You're not looking well, Mrs. McLean. Is something wrong? ’

“ A month of constant suspense and strain had put its marks on me. But I pretended that everything was fine. I showed her the jewelry.

“ ‘ Katherine,’ I told her, ‘ I want you to do something for me. I want you to pawn this. I must raise $35,000 on it, not a penny less. And I must get it at once.’

“ ‘ Is something wrong, Mrs. McLean? ’ she asked again.

I HESITATED. It had been so long since I had talked to any one who, unlike me, had not been living under the exciting day-after-day hope of getting the baby back, that I couldn't resist. I felt a little guilty—imagine that!—for breaking the confidence of Gaston Means.

“ Guilty or not, I told Katherine the whole story.

“ ‘ You'll have to get some one else to pawn that jewelry for you, Mrs. McLean,’ she told me softly when I had finished. ‘ I'll not help you throw $35,000 into the street.’

“ I was shocked. I said:

“ ‘ You mean—you can't mean that you think . . .’

“ ‘ I think,’ she said, ‘ that that man is committing one of the most barefaced swindles of his life—at your expense.’

“ ‘ But he . . .’

“ ‘ Please, Mrs. McLean,’ she said, ‘ hear me out. He's told you a lot of seemingly authentic things. How he's managed that, I don't know. But he's a cheat, a con man. He knows no more of the child's whereabouts than I do. Maybe I'm risking both your friendship and my job. But take my advice. Go to your lawyers. Tell them what you've told me. They'll respect your confidence. They'll help you if the whole business is legitimate. And if it isn't, you want to get your money back.’

“ That was logic. I felt, Mrs. Thacker, like some one coming out of a deep trance. I suppose I was. Previously I had interpreted every act of Means as part of an attempt to get the baby back. Now, interpreting these same actions as an attempt to get—and keep—my $104,000, they seemed a lot more credible and a lot less ridiculous.

“ When, finally, I got to my feet, I was sane once more—and boiling with rage.

“ ‘ Come with me, please, Katherine,’ I snapped. ‘ We're going to see my lawyers.’

“ At the conference with my lawyers it was decided that our best move would be to get Means back to Washington, being careful not to let him know that I suspected anything wrong. Since we had a $35,000 bait to dangle before him, this proved simple enough.

“ In a telephone conversation the next day I told him that I had raised the money but, due to illness in my family, would be unable to bring it to El Paso. He immediately volunteered to come to Washington for it.

HE came. From the moment he stepped off the train in Washington he was shadowed by Department of Justice agents. They shadowed him to his Chevy Chase home, from where he phoned me, making an appointment. And when he kept the appointment that evening they shadowed him to my home on Massachusetts Avenue. He came, grinning, into the drawing room. When he greeted me as Number Eleven, I saw red.

“ ‘ Number Eleven be damned! ’ I told him. ‘ Now, get this, Means: The little act is over. You don't know where the Lindbergh baby is any more than I do. I get my money back or you go to jail. Which is it to be? ’

“ He looked like a man that had been hit by lightning. He began to pace the floor. He stared at me incredulously.

“ ‘ My God,’ he said, ‘ after all I've done! ’

“ ‘After all you've done is right,’ I reminded him.

“ He slumped down into a chair. He put his fat face between his hands. He shuddered. If I had come into that room, a stranger, I'd have felt sorry for him. Instead I told him:

“ ‘ My money back—or you go to prison. You'd better go home right now, get it out of the safe, and bring it here.’

“ ‘ It's not there,’ he said.

“ ‘ What? ’

“ ‘ I hid it in Concord—for safety's sake. I'll have to go down there to get it. I'll leave in the morning and be back here Sunday night.’

“ He got up and put on a front of injured innocence.

“ ‘ None of that money has been spent. You may be sure that it will be returned—to the last penny.’

“ ‘ That,’ I told him, ‘ will be fine.’

“ He drove to Concord the next day, followed every foot of the way by two Department of Justice agents. He went into the family homestead, stayed there until Sunday, April 15, when he came out with a brown suitcase. He threw it into his car and drove off. Not far from Concord the Department of Justice men lost him. But Monday they saw him outside his Chevy Chase home and notified me that he had returned. I called him, told him to come over at once. He swaggered into the room.

“ ‘ How about the money, Means? ’ I asked him.

“ His moon face twisted in astonishment.

“ ‘ What! ’ he exclaimed. ‘ Do you mean to tell me you didn't receive that money? ’

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The wages of sin is not always death.

Gaston Means sitting in that lonely cell in Leavenworth Prison, doomed to a slow end that does not come, broken in spirit and broke in purse, without money to buy cigarettes and petty favors, physically, socially, spiritually a hollow shell of the useful citizen he might have been—that's a wage worse than death.

Julie Means, sharer of his triumphs, recipient of his favors, companion of his debauches, sharer of his present misery, sitting on the iron bed of a shabby back room in a cheap roominghouse, up a creaking stairway through smells of stale cooking and worse, reciting the story of her extravagances, her losses, her desertion, her poverty—that, too, is a wage worse than death.

If Julie, still young, and free for a time from the archcriminal's influence, is finding an opening into a new life, as Mrs. Thacker suggests, through honest toil for a considerate employer, the moral of this astounding tale does not change. It is—take it from Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt, who ought to know—that crime does *not* pay.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Tune in at home or on your car radio.

"'Of course not,' I answered. 'What's the story this time?'

"Well, Mrs. Thacker, you know the story. Means said that he was driving up from Concord the night before, with the money in a suitcase on the back seat. While crossing the bridge out of Alexandria, Virginia, he said he was stopped by a man who waved a red lantern and told him: 'All right, let me have the package. Number Eleven sent me.'

"So—he told me—he handed the man with the lantern my money."

Evalyn McLean smiled. "Ridiculous story, that—the man with the lantern. What do you think, Mrs. Thacker?"

"I think any story in which Gaston Means gave anybody anywhere any money would be ridiculous."

"That's right," she said. "Gaston Means wouldn't give any one anything. His specialty was taking. Well, he certainly did a fine job in my case."

She was smiling. I admired the courage of this greathearted, warmhearted woman who could lose $104,000 and then smile about it. I wished sincerely that I might help her.

We discussed—as, indeed, the whole country discussed—the baffling mystery of what had become of Mrs. McLean's vanished fortune.

Following Gaston Means' cock-and-bull story of the man with the lantern he was quickly arrested by a United States deputy marshal and a Department of Justice agent who, on May 5, forced his limousine to the curb as he drove into Washington.

MEANS was searched and his car was searched. But no trace of the missing money was found. He was given an extensive questioning. He refused to say what had become of Mrs. McLean's money.

J. Edgar Hoover's men next turned their attention to Means' sumptuous home in Chevy Chase. Julie was searched. Then every nook, corner, and crevice of the house was searched. Rugs were rolled back and pictures removed from the walls. The yards were spaded, inch by inch, and a crew of men thoroughly excavated the cellar. The safe in Means' study was opened by a locksmith. None of the $104,000 was found.

Mrs. McLean had identified a rogues'-gallery photograph of the Fox and he subsequently was captured in Brooklyn.

The hard-speaking, hard-acting desperado was found to possess a less spectacular and more scholarly background than that he had adopted for the McLean hoax.

He was a brilliant bespectacled chap of forty-two named Norman T. Whitaker and was listed in the 1932-33 edition of Who's Who in America as a former lawyer and member of half a dozen clubs and societies. He had been graduated from Georgetown University and the University of Pennsylvania.

Authorities turned to him hope-

"You can feel Ingram's toning and soothing your skin—even in split-second shaving!"

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and who the h— is Carl Brandt, Jr.?

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"And what a whisker-wilting performance Ingram's turns in! It makes the stiffest whiskers a set-up for any blade. But it's the *soothing, toning,* bracing job that makes this lather unique. You can feel the Ingram *difference* as you shave. That's the difference that speeds me to town with the smooth face I need in my business—clean as a mill pond and comfortable as a spring morning."

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Thousands of men are just as eloquent about Ingram's. With every stroke of your blade, this luxurious lather tones and freshens your skin, protects it against irritation—gives your face a velvet-smoothness. For Ingram's is unique—a triple treat formula—a three-time combine of shaving cream, face tonic and lotion in one.

Remember, Ingram's is "concentrated"—a little goes a long, long, economical way. Actually, the smallest pinch of Ingram's (*use plenty of water*) billows up into a cloudbank of whisker-wilting lather. You'll like Ingram's! Tear out the coupon below and get seven glorious and *cool* morning shaves—free!

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fully. But Whitaker knew no more of where the money had gone than did any one else.

Gaston Means was sent to prison for fifteen years. Whitaker received a short sentence for his part in the hoax and today is at liberty.

But, though justice had triumphed, not a dollar of Mrs. McLean's money was ever found again. And, that day I talked with her at Friendship, we discussed the baffling enigma.

“Since Gaston Means seems to be the only person in the world who knows what became of my money,” she said, “I can't understand why he wouldn't prefer to restore it rather than spend long years in prison. He hates prison, doesn't he?”

“Bitterly,” I said.

“And he can't possibly win a day's parole unless he does confess?”

“He knows that, too,” I added. “Nor is it likely that he'll ever live to finish his prison sentence. And I feel sure he is aware of that fact also.”

“Then why,” protested Mrs. McLean, “doesn't he tell where he has cached the money? Why doesn't he restore it—even part of it?”

“Because,” I replied—“and this is one woman's opinion—not even Gaston Means could restore a cent of your money now. Not even—assuming a very unlikely possibility—if he wished to.”

She looked at me, frankly puzzled. “I don't understand. I . . .”

“Mrs. McLean,” I said, “I really believe that I've been able to obtain something of an understanding of Gaston B. Means and his methods during the years I've known him.

“There are two traits that have never forsaken him. One is this:

“Knave that he is, he has invariably protected Julie during all their years together. He has never permitted her to become entangled with the law because of his crimes. The other: Since the age of seven he has constantly repeated himself.

I FEEL that the only answer to the question, what became of your $104,000?—the only answer that will fit all of the known facts—hinges on these two traits. Your money went the way of every other big financial killing made by Gaston Means. It was squandered.

“Consider this: Since Means has consistently repeated himself, let us see what has happened to other fortunes he has made.

“His first crooked deal netted him $2,000. He gave it to Julie. It was spent quickly.

“His association with Maude King netted him nearly a million and a quarter dollars. Much of it was lost in the stock market. Yet he should have had enough left to have lasted him a lifetime. Actually that money lasted, in all, less than five years. Julie spent extravagantly in those days, as she always had.

“That any of the Maude King fortune found its way into lockboxes and remained there is a theory that will not stand up; for three years after Maude King's death Gaston Means was stone broke; was living in poverty, with Julie, in a Chicago tenement.

“Means' World War espionage work paid big if incalculable dividends. Julie pinned thousands to her clothing. All of it was spent.

“During his Washington career Gaston Means made the biggest money of his life. Yet in 1925, immediately upon termination of the period when he collected fabulous prohibition graft, Means went to Atlanta penniless. Julie actually had to borrow train fare to Concord, where she taught school to support herself and Billy.

AND this, Mrs. McLean, despite the fact that at the time Means went to Atlanta he was under a federal indictment—it was never pressed—for failure to pay back income taxes of $267,414 on money earned during the three previous years.

“If Gaston Means had had money hidden in lockboxes or anywhere else, Julie would not have had to borrow money to get to Concord; would not have had to work to support herself there. Nor would she today—if your $104,000 were hidden anywhere. Gaston Means would see to that.”

Evalyn McLean nodded.

“Then you believe it is gone—spent?”

“Every cent of it,” I replied.

She shrugged, smiled.

“Frankly, I never expected to get it back.”

When I left Mrs. McLean that day at Friendship, my mind was busy with the strange romance of Julie and Gaston Means.

I had been told, in Washington, that that romance was ended. That Julie and Gaston Means hated one another. That they were through—finished. I did not believe it then and I do not believe it now.

Gaston Means, in the latter years of his freedom, beat Julie, during drunken rages, so severely that he sent her to the hospital. The love of another man and another woman might not have survived.

But the romance of Julie and Gaston Means has run strongly its tempestuous course through a sordid channel of circumstances. In another setting it might have been a beautiful sparkling thing.

Gaston Means gave Julie money and protection all his life. She gave him her abiding loyalty.

Shortly after Means' arrest for the McLean hoax I visited Julie. She had taken a smaller home—but no less nicely furnished—at Silver Springs, Maryland.

She came to the station—with car and chauffeur—to pick me up and drive me out to her home. She had servants, a large wardrobe.

She was tireless, then, in her efforts to help her imprisoned husband. But she likewise was enjoying an orgy of independence and spending. Cocktails, frocks, and race horses were all collecting their tribute from Julie.

"STAND BACK— before my head blows up"

HEAD SPLITTING, NERVES SHOT, UNTIL..
STAND BACK, WOMAN—RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! MY HEAD'S A VOLCANO READY TO BLOW UP
I'LL RUN ALL RIGHT—FOR BROMO-SELTZER! FASTEST RELIEF I KNOW FOR A HEADACHE LIKE THAT
SOON AFTERWARD
COME ON IN, JIM! YOU'D NEVER KNOW I WOKE UP WITH A HEADACHE, WOULD YOU? BROMO-SELTZER HELPED ME IN NO TIME—HEAD, STOMACH AND NERVES!

WHY let a morning-after headache keep you down? Bromo-Seltzer brings such quick relief! It stops next-morning headache faster, doctors found, than any other remedy they tested. Settles an upset stomach—soothes nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

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BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

After visiting her that day there was a lapse of three years before I saw her again. Then I got a note from her. In that note she asked me to look her up on my next visit to Washington. She gave me a new telephone number to call.

On the day I reached Washington I called the number. Julie said she would meet me. I was in Washington for only a few hours between trains.

" I have no hotel room, Julie," I told her. " Suppose we go to your place and talk. Do you have your car outside? "

" No," she said, " I haven't. But we can go to my place."

" All right," I agreed. " We'll take a taxi."

In the taxi she told me what three years had done to her.

" Mrs. Thacker," she admitted, " I have no car. I haven't anything. I'm completely down and out. Since I saw you last I've worked in stores. I've worked as a nursemaid, pushing baby carriages. I've been hungry and I've been cold. I've even been on relief."

Her usual pleasant smile was gone. But a flash of it came back warmly with her next words:

" Billy works. He does the best he can. Billy's a fine youngster! "

I nodded. The handsome son of Julie and Gaston Means *is* a fine youngster. I saw him first when he was just a child, and often after that. But Billy Means does not belong in this story.

" But what became of all your money, Julie? " I asked.

She shrugged.

" It was just spent. I'm the world's worst spender. Then, there were lawyers' fees."

She told me Means' defense had cost $15,000. And during the appeal of his conviction she said she had taken $30,000 in cash to one of his New York victims in restitution for a hoax and in order that a new indictment would not be found against her husband.

THE taxi stopped in front of a cheap roominghouse. I paid the driver and followed Julie. We entered a shabby back room.

Julie sat on the iron bed and motioned me to the room's only chair. There was a third piece of furniture in that room—an oak bureau, surmounted by pitcher and china washbasin.

This was the home of Julie Means, who once had lived on Park Avenue, who only three short years before had lived in a lovely home in Silver Springs.

This was what Julie had to show for two decades of her life with one of the most astounding criminals in America. I told her as much, and I said:

" Julie, you're young. Life's still ahead of you. Gaston Means has been cruel to you. He's beaten you. Why don't you divorce him? "

Julie laughed then.

" You don't understand everything, Mrs. Thacker. Bud's been swell to me

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REAL SELF
AGAIN

THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD SNAP!

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in a lot of ways. More than any one will ever know."

She paused—and I pondered the strange loyalty of this woman to her man. Then I heard her say:

"If he could help me now, he would. People say he has fortunes hidden in lockboxes all over the country. That's nonsense. He hasn't even money for fruit and cigarettes for himself in Leavenworth. I know. We've been a tight, close little corporation for years."

Suddenly Julie sprang to her feet. Her hands were clenched, the fingernails biting desperately into their palms. Her face wore a haunted look.

"You don't know how miserable I've been!" she exclaimed passionately.

"You miss Bud, don't you, Julie?"

"Of course," she said. But she looked at me as she might at a person who did not comprehend. "But it isn't that. And it isn't living in . . . in poverty that makes me so miserable. You've lived a calm life, Mrs. Thacker. I haven't. It'll be hard for you to understand."

She brushed an eager hand across her hair.

"I've lived on excitement. For more than twenty years I never knew from day to day what was going to happen next—and I learned to love living that way. It's not just missing Bud—or money. It's missing excitement. I've lived in an atmosphere of excitement so long that I can't seem to exist without it. Maybe it'll go away. I hope it does. It's like a drug."

JULIE MEANS exists no more. A few months ago I saw the woman who once was Julie Means. Under an assumed name, Julie Means is learning a new way of life.

She is thinner, and prettier by far, than during any of the years of our acquaintance. Perhaps it is her surroundings—for they are pleasant and refined.

Perhaps it is her employer—a darling elderly old lady for whom Julie acts as housekeeper and companion.

And perhaps it is a newborn knowledge within Julie that other vistas of life have suddenly opened.

I thought of Gaston Means in a dismal sunless cell at Leavenworth. Yet I could not honestly feel sorry. Even the thought that he must surely die in that grim place could not greatly disturb me.

It is better that Gaston Means die in peace. A monster born of twisted complexes and vicious impulses about which we know little, he was doomed in life to hurt, to break, to destroy. And, ironically enough, though he boasted many victims, the most pathetic of them all was the woman he loves.

In prison or in death—away from Julie Means—he can give her a gift far more important, far more valuable, than the countless sums of money that, in their days together, he pressed into her tiny hands.

THE END

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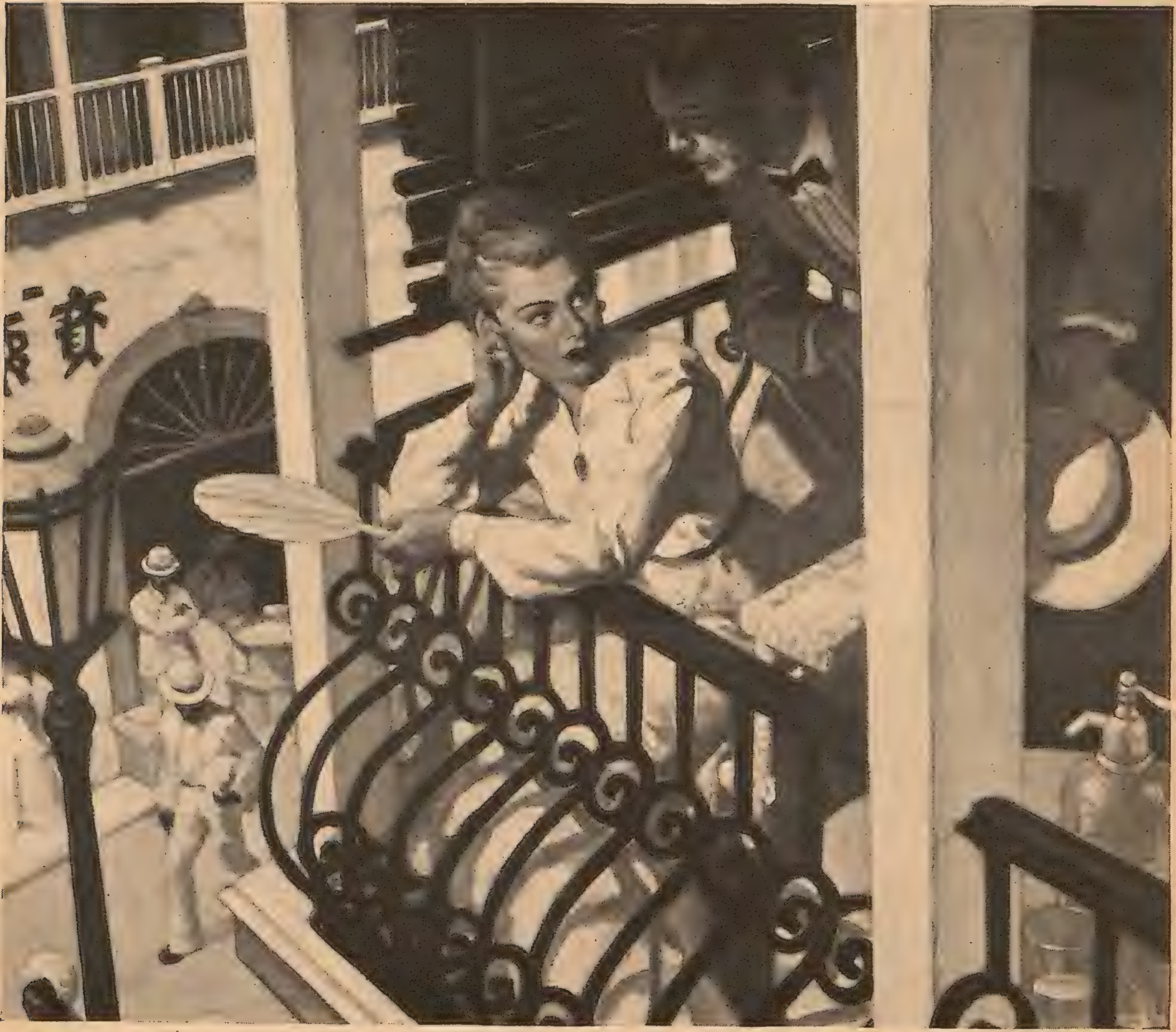
Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



He called her a little fool, a little coward. "Maybe," she replied, "I'm all you say. But I'm wise to you."

PART FIVE—A FANTASTIC MARRIAGE

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

TIM NAGLE—and Carlos Urdaneta.

The New York politician who had made her life what it was, who had tried to send her to her death, who had cast off their child!

And Carlos Urdaneta, the Panamano rich man—"greaseball" Annie would soon learn to call such a person—the man of whom she treasured some baffling subconscious fabulous memory. She knew him well—yet she had never known him! He made her flesh to creep, her very skin to crawl with some instinctive repulsion.

Yet she was attracted to him, too!

There was some mystery here which Annie Hopkins could not fathom. That was why she was terrified. That was why—full of terror of some unknown danger—she

A daring girl turns adversity to advantage in a world of wild and lawless men leaped at Joe Magruder's sudden proposal of marriage.

On wild frontiers, like Panama of those days, sudden marriage propositions are no novelty. So it was only about an hour and a half later, over the second bottle of champagne, that Annie said yes to Joe Magruder's offer, and never ceased to wonder what made her do it. . . .

"Maybe," to quote her own words to me on that evening years later, "it was because I was scared—knowing there was something between Tim and Carlos. But maybe it was only because I was slightly blotto. Maybe because—what with being broke and in a strange country and not knowing what the hell to do—I saw in Joe a sort of answer to the maiden's prayer. Or maybe I did it because Joe made me laugh—ain't it funny how I always fall for guys that can make me laugh? Also I admired the little runt—the way he had stood up against Carlos, calling him down and flourishing his gun. Anyway, there we were, in Nell Codman's sporting parlor, an engaged couple. And Joe kissing me. And—say!—half-pint or not, does that boy know how to kiss!"

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

G-MAN HARDESTY of Washington puts the notorious night-club hostess "Emerald Annie" under arrest as the head of a dope-smuggling ring in Panama. She begs him to listen to her story, which she proceeds to relate for his sympathy.

An orphan at fifteen, Annie Hopkins was adopted by Honest Tim Nagle, the big politician of Avenue A, New York. One night he seduced the girl. Within a year, a baby, Flossie, was born. Then Tim began hating her. Convinced—not against his will—that Annie was unfaithful, the ward boss ordered a tool of his, Hymer Schmitt, to kill her.

Taking the girl to a lonely spot, Schmitt tried to shoot her, but Annie unnerved him. However, he told her that the baby had been smothered to death. Full of despair, Annie determined to lose herself. She had heard Tim talk of Panama, and obtained passage to that land where a great canal was in process of construction. Aboard ship, she read a note from Schmitt that Flossie was alive—in an orphan asylum. Then word came that Tim's henchman had been murdered.

Late one night in Colón, Annie saved Grant Bradlaugh from a footpad. Bradlaugh was the famous scientist who helped banish disease from the Isthmus. Annie was hurt in the scrimmage, and Bradlaugh carried her into the nearest house, a brothel run by Nell Codman. There Annie met Carlos Urdaneta and Joe Magruder, who quarreled over her. Out of Urdaneta's pocket fluttered an envelope, and Annie was horrified to see the handwriting of Tim Nagle!

Joe told her that he was a widower, with a baby son three years old. It was one of the reasons why he wanted a wife—to look after young Bill. Annie was just as outspoken. She confessed frankly that she never expected to fall in love with him. She wanted a helpmate, a companion, precisely as he did. Nor was she going to tell Joe anything about her past life . . .

"You got to take me as I am."

"O. K. by me. Plenty people in the same boat here on the Isthmus. Myself included. I'll never bother you by stickin' in my nose where it don't belong."

He went on to say that he would ask Nell to send to the garden for a lot of hibiscus and jasmine flowers.

"What for?" inquired Annie.

"No orange blossoms in Colón."

"And so what?"

"Got to have a bridal bouquet."

"Bridal bouquet?"

"Sure. I believe in doin' things in style."

"But . . ."

"We're going to get hitched tonight."

"In a hurry—ain't you?"

"Sure am. If I wait till tomorrow, some richer and handsomer guy'll snap you up."

"You've had too much to drink."

They argued. They drank the third quart.

"Besides," he said presently, "there's young Bill."

YES—she would marry Joe Magruder right away. She would look after young Bill. Perhaps—for her faith, being real, was simple and literal—the Lord would send somebody to care for her baby as she would care for Joe's. . . .

"All right," she announced. "Tonight's the night."

"Good for you, kid." He rose. "I'd better go now and locate me a clergyman. Which reminds me—the priest is up the river. Any other brand of religion you prefer?"

"Don't matter, does it?"

"We'll take whatever Holy Joe I can rope in."

He took a ring from his pocket.

"Haven't got a diamond. Think this'll do for an engagement ring? It's an emerald."

That was Annie's first emerald. He slipped the ring on her finger.

"Got it yesterday afternoon, playin' two-handed stud with a Cuban sucker. Well"—crossing the threshold—"*hasta la vista,* as the Spinachers say." . . .

Twenty minutes later he returned. He was accompanied by a preacher, a young Alabaman recently come to the Isthmus with the intention of doing evangelical work. Jefferson Hawks was his name.

HAWKS was not disconcerted when he saw the house where the ceremony was going to take place. With dignity the Rev. Jefferson Hawks performed the marriage rite. With dignity, when it was over, he made a serious little talk to the bride and groom. Annie smiled reminiscently as she described the incident to me:

"One swell guy—that preacher. He's still here in Colón. He's got that big church not far from the Hotel Washington today. And he's still a pal of mine. Talked to me only yesterday. Then it was about Christ—about Christ holding out His hands—to everybody, me included. Made me cry. You ask Jeff Hawks if he thinks I run any dope racket—"

. . . . .

Joe Magruder—she related—took her to live at the Hotel Palmerston, which he owned. There, a few days later, she encountered Grant Bradlaugh in the lobby.

"I couldn't come back that night," he told her.

"Nor evidently"—she was a little cross—"the following day."

"I had to leave for Panama City in a great hurry. I was kept there by official business until this morning. I'm glad to see you look completely recovered, Miss Hopkins."

"I'm not Miss Hopkins any more." She spoke as slowly as before. "The name is Magruder now."

He frowned, unbelieving.

"Magruder . . .?"

"*Mrs.* Magruder. I'm married to Joe."

For quite a while, in silence, he stared at her. His face was curiously twisted. He lit a cigarette, dropped it at once, crushed it underfoot.

"I am sorry," he went on stiffly.

Her laugh was forced.

"Sorry for me," she demanded, "or sorry for Joe?"

"Sorry for"—his voice fell like a bar of iron across her swift light question—"myself."

He took a step forward, repeated:

"For myself."

Yes, sudden marriage was no novelty on that green, mad frontier. Even a great scientist like Bradlaugh might have—

There was a pause between them. A breathless, brittle pause, filled to the brim with gray unspoken thoughts.

"Better this way!" she made herself say.

Still he did not speak; and, almost hysterically, she continued:

"What would have been the use? Y'see—I've found out who you are. You're a big guy. The sure-enough kingpin hereabouts. And me—if you ever knew about me . . ."

Tears welled up in her eyes. She ran from the lobby and went upstairs.

Young Bill, Joe's son, was there—sitting on a sofa and playing with tin soldiers. Blue-eyed he was. Blond. As blond as wheat. As blond—dear Lord God!—as her little Flossie. . . .

She kissed his two small pudgy grimy hands. She loved him—had loved him from the first.

"Play with me," commanded Bill.

"You bet!"

She sat down beside him. He arranged his tin soldiers; put a toy cannon in position.

"*Banng!*" he yelled.

"*Banng!*" she echoed dutifully.

"No!" He was a little angry. "You can't say *banng*. You're dead."

"Am I?"

"I've just shooted you."

"Of course."

"You must fall over."

"O. K."

She leaned back, closing her eyes. She thought of Grant Bradlaugh.

"I never want to see him again," she told herself.

: : : : :

But she did see him again.

For Colón was such a tight self-contained little town—at least, where the Americans were concerned—that people could not help running across each other. Besides, Joe kept the Palmerston, and they lived there even after he and Carlos Urdaneta, forgetting their quarrel over Annie, had started their cabaret, which they called the Club Newport. And Bradlaugh, whose office was not far from the hotel, often lunched there. So Annie met him frequently.

BUT never again did they go back to that scene in which so little had been said and so much vividly unsaid. Instead, always and rather studiously, he talked to her about impersonal matters; chiefly about the building of the Panama Canal, a subject which was very close to his heart.

"We Americans know *how* to work," he said.

"Are *you* telling *me?*" she replied. "Say—between taking care of young Bill and helping Joe and Carlos with the Club Newport, I'm doing my bit."

Bradlaugh laughed.

"Getting paid for it, aren't you?"

"Joe been kicking to you?"

"Not exactly. But . . ."

"Made a dirty crack or two. I know. It sure goes against that little runt's grain to hand me over one third of the profits each Saturday night."

She insisted on it. Oh, yes—she admitted—the capital had been contributed by her husband and Urdaneta, and the latter's political and social pull was invaluable. On the other hand, it was she who looked after the entertainment program, who had now begun to hire and fire performers, and who, shrewdly bargaining, bought the supplies. Therefore one third of the profits, a regular partnership drawn up black on white, though Joe fumed and fretted.

She told him:

"I'm going to be a business woman first, last, always—"

She did not tell him that she used

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NOW WE PACK ALKA-SELTZER IN OUR LITTLE GRIP
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HOTEL PICCADILLY

one half of her earnings to employ a firm of New York detectives to search for Flossie, whose name and existence she had never mentioned to anybody else; that she kept on hoping against hope, while the weeks stretched into months and the months into years, and though the firm of detectives got no results.

The other half of her earnings she entrusted to Carlos to invest for her.

She thought she had put Carlos in his place by marrying Joe. The Panamano was charming to her—more than charming.

Indeed, often he made love to her in his subtle, faintly ironic way. She was young enough to be flattered by it. Felt really deeply affected when one day—without a trace of irony, with a ringing sincerity in his voice that possibly fooled himself—he said to her that, by the blessed saints! many women had been in his life, that they had muddied his life and stained it, and that, again by the blessed saints! she was the only one who had ever touched him; that she touched in him, not a sensual nor even a sentimental chord, but a chord of something—ah—something glorious and elusive which he had once possessed—a mood, perhaps, of decency, of that trite and prosy thing called spiritual cleanliness.

Understanding very little of all that, Annie was deeply affected; then, seeing the gleam in his eyes, turned it off with a laugh.

"Say," she exclaimed, "you ain't a Panamano! You're a Turk, and you'd be a riot in a harem. Stake you out on the prairie, and you'd flirt with a sage hen and hold hands with a female coyote."

"Listen, Annie . . ."

"Forget it—and let's get back to business." She gave him a roll of bills. "Mind investing this dough for me?"

"Gladly."

On the other hand, Grant Bradlaugh was against Urdaneta handling her savings. But she discounted Grant's advice, telling herself that he was prejudiced.

THE Club Newport, in the meantime, made money hand over fist. "Colón," Annie told me, "was our sure-enough oyster; Joe's and mine—and Urdaneta's. And did we add the tabasco and the horse-radish? . . . I'll say we did! Gee—take it from me—those were the days . . ."

And, too, the nights.

Chiefly the nights.

For by this time the Big Ditch had long been digged through from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or—according to some people—from Colón's Whisky Coast to Panama's Gold Coast. It meant ships passing east and west; and ships meant sailors, and sailors meant dollars.

"Let 'er rip!"

Easy money, boys and girls! Go ahead and throw it away! Have a swell time!

Tourists arriving in Panama by the thousands; making the Club Newport their nightly resort. Tourists coming to the tropical frontier, the frontier of freedom, and misinterpreting this same freedom. Seeing it not as a glorious heaven filled with God's own clean stars, but as a heap of gleaming refuse where they might wallow to their hearts' content—and their purses' limit.

Annie did not like them; despised them, rather. But she did not care. They lined her pockets. Her investments increased. And there were more emeralds—by this time the possession of the lucent green stones had become a hobby, almost an obsession.

SOME of the emeralds Joe presented to her. Some she bought. And the largest—a twelve-carat flawless jewel—she might have had. That was the time when Joe was away on a trip and Urdaneta called on her.

"Hold out your hand," he told her.

He dropped a ring into her palm. "For your birthday."

"This isn't my birthday."

"It's yours just the same."

She shook her head.

"No, thanks, Carlos."

"Don't you like it?"

"I've never seen anything more beautiful. But—I can't take it . . ."

"Because of Joe?"

"Sure thing!"

Carlos smiled.

"Have you always been — that strict?"

She stared at him. What—she thought nervously—did he mean by that? . . .

Maybe he didn't mean anything by it. Just an empty remark.

"I can't take it," she repeated sharply.

He called her a little fool, a little coward. But he was unable to budge her.

"Maybe," she replied, "I'm all you say. But I'm wise to you."

"You don't know me at all." He sat down by her side. He was silent for a while; then said abruptly: "I wish you knew Spanish."

"How come?"

"So that you might really understand me."

"I understand you all right, all right. Your English is all to the mustard."

"Yet some things sound better in Spanish."

"For instance?"

"What is in my heart. The knowledge—deep down in my heart—that I love you. I do love you—madly!" His voice was eager with passion. "I love your hair. I love your small ears. I love your lips—they are soft and warm—are they not? . . . And your arms—so white and generous! Ah—*caramba*—not generous to poor Carlos . . ."

He talked on, but Annie was not flattered by his lovemaking. She had heard it all before.

"Forget it, Carlos!" she snapped, thumb in his ribs. "Pat your handkerchief over your wet forehead—and let's have a drink."

Carlos flushed deeply.

"Two things I tell you, Annie. One, your husband Joe is tired of you—and I would never tire of you. Two, treat my passion with dignity—or one day you will wish you had done so."

A question leaped from her before she could hold it back: "Carlos! Where have I met you before?"

Suddenly a look of wonder came into his eyes.

"That is queer for you to ask, Annie. I feel it, too. Is it—perhaps—reincarnation?"

"What's that?"

"Never mind. We knew each other somewhere else—a long time ago—"

They looked at each other solemnly—and then the waiter brought their drinks.

ANNIE did not know if Joe noticed how Carlos looked at her those days. Maybe he did not want to notice. After all—she reflected cynically—she and Joe had been married quite a while; the bloom was no longer on the peach. Besides, business was business. Joe could not do without his partner's pull; and the Club Newport was making a great deal of money.

Crowded, night after night. And, chiefly, there were the rooms above the cabaret where the women entertainers lived.

Not that Annie and Joe and Carlos ran the kind of house that Nell Codman did. All was on the up and up in their place. But—well—if one of the singers or dancers had a male admirer, the owners of the Club Newport were there to see to it that champagne was supplied at twenty dollars a quart.

And if they went somewhere else afterward, that was their own affair.

Annie took no active part in this end of the enterprise. But she closed her eyes to it. For she wanted every cent she could get; for her own sake and, more, for the sake of her child whom—the hope never left her—she would find sooner or later. Too, young Bill, whom she loved dearly, had been removed from Panama, had been sent to New Orleans to school—but only after a heated argument with Joe.

Finally she won out. And the Rev. Jefferson Hawks applauded. On the other hand, he disapproved most thoroughly of the cabaret itself, and, on more than one occasion, told Annie so. But it was Grant Bradlaugh who selected the school and made the arrangements. Grant never criticized her. Unlike so many other men who had risen superior to their old appetites, he had not become intolerant in the process. Too, it was possible that his old affection for Annie blinded him to her faults. More than once Grant came strongly to her defense when Jeff Hawks pitched into her in no uncertain terms.

: : : :

She thought that Grant was right and the clergyman wrong. It took her some time to discover that it was the other way about. In fact, she did not discover it until little Mimi came into her life—came into her life suddenly.

For, one evening, old Lucinda, Nell Codman's Negro maid, brought an urgent message. Would Annie step round to her mistress's house immediately . . .

"She needs yo', ma'am. She's ma'ty sick—ma'ty sick." . . .

Annie found Nell in bed—a majestic old-fashioned mahogany four-poster. She had not seen the other for a couple of weeks; was shocked to see her as she was today—her skin wrinkled and gray, her eyes circled with black, her body emaciated beneath the thin sheet.

But Nell's voice was steady as she said, without the slightest trace of self-pity:

"I have to talk to you, Annie. You see—I am dying."

"Don't talk like a fool! You'll survive the lot of us."

In this angry sea

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[*An officer's wife wrote this unsolicited letter to us*]

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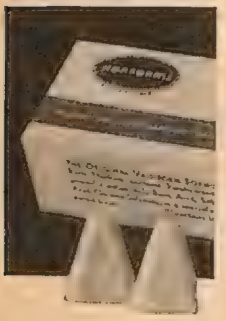

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NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

" The proper thing to say under the circumstances." Nell's accents were superbly Boston. " But I made the physician tell me the truth."

Nell *was* dying. Annie was sure of it. And the knowledge brought desolation to her heart. Because she was fond of Nell, in spite of what the woman was. . . .

She looked at Nell, who just then opened her eyes and said:

" It was so good of you to come, my dear."

Annie forced back the hot tears.

" Gosh," she thought, " don't Nell talk like a great lady! "

Yes—in this dying woman there was still a certain New England stateliness, a certain New England good breeding; and, too, a certain cold New England strength as she continued:

" You know—I'm really glad I am dying."

She paused; added suddenly:

" Promise to do something for me? "

" Anything! Anything at all! "

" Do you recall, some years back, when I went home—remained there almost fourteen months . . ."

" Well? " . . .

" I had a child there."

" You—*what?* "

The bloodless lips smiled.

" I was not so good-looking—that what you mean—nor so young? "

" I—I didn't mean that."

" Of course you did. But perhaps " —the dying grin broadened—" the man was shortsighted . . ."

NELL stopped talking. A hacking dry cough distorted her body. Then she spoke again, in a hurried, rattling whisper. She told Annie that she had named her child Mimi; had not wished to bring her up on the Isthmus; had entrusted her to some relatives whom she had paid generously. But now she was dying—was dying penniless. And she knew those relatives of hers . . .

" Sure I know them! " Her accents were no longer superbly Boston. " And I know, too, that they raise quite as many low-down skunks back home on the Back Bay as they do in the Georgia woods. With no money coming in — why, they'll send my Mimi to an orphan asylum . . ."

" They won't," declared Annie, with an ache in her soul as she thought of her own child. " I'll adopt her."

" I knew you would. I've already written to Boston, asking them to send you my Mimi . . ."

Again she coughed; was silent, her thin hands clutching Annie's.

The latter sat there. A shiver ran down her spine.

The night noises of Colón, on the street below, seemed far away. A mere memory of sound. And suddenly the strumming of a guitar and a pleasant tenor raised in song:

> " Hay en tus ojas
> El verde esmeralda
> Que brota del mar . . ."

The song broke off. Again silence. Then Nell's slurred voice:

" Annie . . ."

" Yes . . ."

" There's something else I want to tell you; a very important secret, Annie . . ."

" Please be quiet! You'll make yourself cough . . ."

" I must tell you. You've got to know." The words tumbled over each other. " Remember years ago, on the night after your accident, the first time I met you, when Joe and Urdaneta came to the house? They wanted to buy me out. Urdaneta had just returned from New York. Had brought back the money. Listen—about the money—do you know how he . . ."

Suddenly Nell's voice feathered out. She lay motionless. And Annie knew that death had struck her down. . . .

Death, she thought—and she remembered an old Irish proverb she had heard, back home on Avenue A:

" Down from your horse and kneel, when death or the king rides by! "

And she knelt.

She wept as if her heart would break . . . and prayed for wisdom to bring up another woman's little girl—and wondered, too, what was the secret that death had choked off just when Nell Codman was ready to tell.

How is Annie ever to hear the secret that death sealed on the lips of Nell Codman? What effect will the advent of Mimi have on Annie's blazing career? Is the child to replace Flossie? Get the next issue of Liberty for the most dramatic turning points in this amazing woman's life.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 41

1—Richmond Pearson Hobson, naval officer, author, and lecturer.

2—No; Mont Blanc is in France.

3—François Villon (1431-84), in the Ballad of the Ladies of Olden Times.

4—A cottage organ is a musical instrument; a house organ is a publication issued by a business firm, usually for the benefit of its employees.

5—No, the lion's share is all there is.

6—Post offices, as well as other government-owned buildings.

7—Ramon Novarro, whose real name is Ramon Gil Samanyiegos.

8—Unfaithfulness by the wife, Matthew 19:9 —" And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery."

9—Mouth, backbone, scales.

10—" Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

11—Quite the reverse, according to government figures. Births now exceed deaths by about 3,500 a year.

12—Major General Enoch Herbert Crowder (1859-1932).

13—Old King Cole.

14—No.

15—A camouflaging frothy secretion deposited on plants, composed of larvae of small insects.

16—No; the three-feet-square area is three times larger.

17—Yes; flyweight is the lightest recognized class.

18—Winfield Scott Schley, George Dewey, and William Thomas Sampson.

19—No; the bird's head is covered with white feathers.

20—

Mae West

WHEN LIFE IS TOO LONG

The films present a searching story of love at the end of the trail—Mr. Robinson illuminates a racket

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

Big shots in the boxing racket—in Kid Galahad at least—are hard-boiled Bette Davis and gambler Edward G. Robinson.

★ ★ ★ ½ MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW

THE PLAYERS: Victor Moore, Beulah Bondi, Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Porter Hall, Barbara Read, Maurice Moscovitch, Elizabeth Risdon, Minna Gombell, Ray Meyer, Ralph Remley, Louise Beavers, Louis Jean Heydt, Gene Morgan. Screen play by Viña Delmar based on a story by Josephine Lawrence. Directed by Leo McCarey. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

HERE is the bitterness of the casual and the commonplace. An elderly couple have come to the point where their home has been taken by the local bank. Their children—boys and girls they have loved so much, but now married and having a tough time of it themselves—have no place for the old folks. They try to pass the buck to each other until, finally, the aged parents must separate, one to live with a daughter on the Coast, the other in an Eastern home for the aged.

The old people have one last day together in New York, and, seeking a temporary haven, they wander into the hotel where they had gone on their honeymoon fifty years before. A chance remark about this brings the hotel manager—and for the night they become the guests of the hostelry. So you see the old folks taking one last fling at life in the very place their youthful dreams had come true.

There is no striving for the theatric, no building of big situations; but this study of a man and a woman guilty of living too long will tear at you in its pathetic acceptance of the inevitable. You see, there is no place for age in our scheme of things.

Beulah Bondi is remarkable as the old woman—difficult, garrulous, caring for but one person through the years. And Victor Moore, usually a broad comic, will astonish you as the father, an old bookkeeper eternally hoping for the best and living in a world of his own.

The other roles are well done, notably a kindly old storekeeper played by Maurice Moscovitch. The direction of Leo McCarey has restraint and an honest observation of life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Considered too drab in the original title, The Years Are So Long, studio changed it to this, theoretically laden with the old b.-o. unnnh! It's still billed as a picture to make you think, however. . . . Beulah Bondi's reason for success: she's proved that female screen characters aren't just old crones with canes and Macbethian witchery; stock dowagers; synthetic sweet old saccharine mothers. Curiously, Beulah learned her characterizing in stock but never creates a stock character. Of Chicago, dotter to a realtor named Bondy and a nonpro maw, Beulah recited prettily as a li'l' gal; did some conventing; corralled a Master's Degree in Oratory at Valparaiso U.; Stuart Walker stage debutted, Illitche-Gardened around Denver; crashed the B'way stage after 250 stock roles; came to Hollywood to Street Scene. Is a miss, acutely sensitive, lives with her mother and a doctor brother, has learned to love the desert, weighs 125, wants you to write her for her lemon-punkin-pie recipe. Had never met Vic Moore prior to this, yet had to play his lifelong wife. Was so good at being seventy in this role, those who didn't know her sprang to open doors for her, women her own age even gave up their seats, strong arms lifted her across studio-light cables, people commiserated her on her rheumatism. Claims this cured her of her fear of old age. . . . Victor Moore's just traded his 26-years-lived-in Long Island digs for something grand in Bevhills. Had a bad time in one of those interiors you see herein. Says it contained furniture stick for stick and the general decor of first home he and his late wife Emma Littlefield owned. Has built a new wing to his new Bevhillery which contains only mementos of his stage life in crime as Public Enemy No. 13 in Anything Goes: tommy guns, Wanted by Police signs, gun targets, etc. Has a revolver target neatly punctured with four out of five of his tries which reads: "To Victor Moore, Raised to Public Enemy No. 4 by J. Edgar Hoover." Has another room papered completely with canceled checks. Almost got buckshot while hunting 'tween pics around Bakersfield. Still wears old-fashioned red flannels, handy in "unusual" California weather. Has a stand-in whom he keeps as a ghost worrier, to do all his worrying for him. . . . Some horrid practical joker sent several hundred extras packing to Tarzana, California, where Grand Central Station scene was filmed and where only a handful were needed! . . . . Pictures are Maurice Moscovitch's fifth separate career! He's been tops in old Rahshia, London, and N'yawk Yiddish theaters; the N'yawk German theater; and has nineteen-yeared it on the English-speaking stage the world over. Is now firmly anchored forever to California, where he seeks solace, sunshine, and simoleons. . . . Viña Delmar herself cast Barbara Read in this; boosts her as "America's Dotter" because she's gay, good, wholesome, able. Babs is dotter of a Long Beach, California, builder; unmarried. . . . Fay Bainter's not definitely gone native dotter, but her trips back to her Ossining home become less frequent. She's never seen herself on the stage—refuses to see herself on the screen. Thought of herself magnified and blasting dialogue appalls her. Likes people to turn their backs while she emotes for the camera—somehow it helps her give, full steam ahead. . . . Rockers were made to squeak by squeak expert Joe Thompson. Joe tried sand, beeswax, rosin unsuccessfully, and squeak came by itself when moistened springs rusted overnight by themselves. . . . Porter Hall has a Filipino boy who prizefights on the side, and can hardly see his way round the house when he loses and comes home with both eyes puffed closed. . . . Leo McCarey's a hardened slapstick megger; this is his first dip into sentiment.

★ ★ ★ ½ KID GALAHAD

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Wayne Morris, Jane Bryan, Harry Carey, Soledad Jiminez, Ben Welden, William Haade, Joe Cunningham. Screen play by Seton I. Miller from a story by Francis Wallace. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.

THE slangy, amusing yarn of a bellhop who is developed into a prizefighter by suave, swarthy Nick Donati, gambler and promoter. The bellhop becomes a pawn in Donati's feud with gangster Turkey Morgan; brings romance and sudden death in his trail as he slugs his way to the world's heavyweight championship.

This is distinctly a man's picture. It paints a sordid, smudgy picture of a sordid, smudgy business—fighting. It is the "manly art of self-defense" viewed through the acrid tobacco smoke of a training camp. It is a racket, as you may have suspected, tainted with dishonesty and chicanery, designed to attract big gates at any cost.

You will find an interesting foursome in this melodrama. Edward G. Robinson is Nick Donati—and it is his best role in a long time. Bette Davis is his hard-boiled, soft-hearted sweetie. Blond Wayne Morris is the

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handsome pug, Kid Galahad. And you are destined to hear a lot more of him. Humphrey Bogart is as sinister as the opportunities given Turkey Morgan permit him to be.

Kid Galahad takes the sock business apart. It shows a whole series of fights as Kid Galahad builds from a preliminary unknown to a box-office draw. If the fight racket interests you at all, you will find that this panorama of its virtues and its vices has color and honesty.

VITAL STATISTICS: There's never been a successful cauliflower epic since the silent days of Dick Barthelmess' Patent Leather Kid. This includes The Prizefighter and the Lady, made with the then warlike Mr. Max Baer. Reason: the dames don't like fight pics. The Warners, however, consider this a human-interest story, containing as it does such feminine matters as gunplay, racketeers, murder, and bloody fisticuffs. . . . Neither Wayne Morris nor Will Haade raised a hot welt on each other during that terrific climax ring battle. . . . Now pegged at $1,650 a week, Bette Davis seems content with her lot. She wanted $3,300 a week, English courts said No! not long ago. Bette admits to but one husband in her life, Harmon O. (Ham) Nelson, band leader. Husband Nelson toots his orchestra around the country. Bette lives modestly in an ancient ivy-covered frame house in the Hollywood hills. . . . When Ed Robinson, the Rumanian Leerer, arrives home after work, he's greeted by Ed Jr., who always asks: "Gee, pop, how many didja shoot up today?" Robinson explains carefully it is but acting, then tries to relax with his magnifico art collection, his symphonics, and thoughts of world peace. . . . Wayne Morris is somewhat new; is twenty-two; of Los Angeles; 6 feet 2, 190 pounds; Pasadena Community Play-trained. So far he's been but flashes over the shoulders of stars passing before the camera. Got seventy-five dollars a week for work in this. Is pretty masculine, unlike the juvenile of ten years ago. L. A. Jr. Colleged, he's never been East, claims Norwegian blood of King Olaf of eleventh century, but otherwise has led the normal life of a native sonny raised on a swank Pasadena street. . . . Hard guy William Haade, just imported to Hollywood, is a handful of lad who used to work on New York's skyscrapers as a steelworker until Norman Bel-Geddes plucked him out of the air to play the lead in the flop B'way play Iron Men. He's 6 feet 2, 216 pounds; Irish American, son of the auld sod via New York birth; utterly unaffected, realistic. Has been in the navy, is twelve years married, has two bhoys, ten and eight. . . . That's Bob Nettell, well thought of in heavyweight circles, somewhere around the picture. . . . Humphrey Bogart got his first job in the theater after he got shot accidentally by playmate Will Brady, Jr. Has been getting shot ever since.

★ ★ ★ CAFÉ METROPOLE

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Adolphe Menjou, Gregory Ratoff, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Christian Rub, Georges Renavent. Screen play by Jacques Deval from a story by Gregory Ratoff. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 83 minutes.

A DECORATIVE and amusing trifle, done with verve and charm. The background is a luxurious Paris café presided over by suave Adolphe Menjou. A Princeton boy runs into debt in the place, and M. Victor forces him, on threat of jail, to pose as a Russian prince and make love to an American millionaire's daughter. M. Victor is to get his cut if a marriage develops. The Princeton boy is to get jail if it doesn't.

Aside from Mr. Menjou as the crafty maître d'hôtel, you have young and popular Tyrone Power in the role of the Yankee posing as a Russian with an accent that comes and goes; pretty Loretta Young as the American girl. Power is improving steadily. In their last vehicle, Love Is News, Miss Young shaded him by a considerable margin. Here he pushes ahead. The boy is coming along.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hot lahst, Gragory Rahtuff gets chonce to hoct in hun story. Naxt time maybe he vill write story, diract story, soupervize story, and hoct hout hall parts, like heez modist cahntroct pervides. Married fifteen years and apart about twelve years of that time, Ratoff was made kitten-happy by return to America, and Hollywood, of his wife, actress Eugénie Leontovitch, who's been miming in Jacques Deval's smasherino Tovarich in London for past two years. . . . Modest, shyly forty-two, thick-eyeglassed Jacques Deval is Paris born, Oxford educated. His Tovarich is currently playing all the capitals of the world. . . . One-time Chicago leg man, then war correspondent, now Hollywood's leading exponent of the Suave and Perfumed, Megger Ed Griffith longs to direct war stories, keeps getting into the boudoir. Offsets such softening influences by packing his bags and leaving for any war-torn front, exciting foreign port, or dangerous hot spot that happens to be around. Last year flew over the Spanish war lines, in constant danger of being knocked off by a nearsighted aviator. Lives down to Laguna Beach, Hollywood's art colony, in a house made entirely of wrecked ship hulks. Climbs into an old lighthouse study via a ladder. . . . Adolphe Menjou figures he wears evening clothes every year as many hours as real society men wear them in forty-two years. Once milked cows and weeded gardens on the Vincent Astor estate near New York. Now joins the Warners in having a mountain peak named after him—it's along the Orinoco, and the Ferdinand Cedillo expedition discovered it. Devotes much time to phoning his brokers. Shrewd and Frenchly parsimonious (via Pittsburgh), he missed the '29 crash by selling out a few months before. . . . Tihroan Power got pretty bitter when the fan maggies and the rumor-factory workers linked him with 'Retta Young, only because he dragged her to a few functions while screen-loving her through this. Wants the world to know it's still that Icy Heat Wave, Sonja Henie, with him. . . . 'Retta Young hates to be called Miss Young; answers only to Loretta, Gretchen, Gretch, and Hey You! Eddie Sutherland still goes with her. . . . They try to keep Helen Westley lovable in Hollywood, whereas the Theatre Guild tries to keep her sour on the Eastern stage. . . . A $200,000 blaze, which destroyed a Twentieth Century-Fox sound stage and film-cutting rooms, burned the $50,000 gambling casino herein to the ground. While fire burned, plans went forward to rebuild the set, and within four days 1,000 workmen had put up a duplicate, furnished to the last fake stud on the dress extras. Real wrought iron and wood were used throughout production, Zanuck spurning the fake anywhere except in the yarn.

(NO STARS) JUGGERNAUT

THE PLAYERS: Boris Karloff, Joan Wyndham, Arthur Margetson, Mona Goya, Anthony Ireland, Morton Selton, Nina Boucicault, Gibb McLaughlin. Adapted by Cyril Campion and H. Fowler Mears from a story by Alice Campbell. Directed by Henry Edwards. Produced by Grand National. Running time, 65 minutes.

A HEARTLESS spendthrift young wife of an old man of wealth makes a bond with a brilliant unscrupulous scientist. She wants to be free of her husband; the man of science needs a huge sum of money to carry on his medical research. So together they plot the old man's death; but retribution, in the personable form of a pretty young nurse, overtakes them.

Unfortunately, the melodrama, unbelievable at best, is badly overacted, crudely directed. Boris Karloff, sans eccentric make-up, is fairly good as the shambling, intense, mad scientist. Best of the cast is Joan Wyndham as the little nurse; worst is Mona Goya as the garish wife, an ex-cabaret dancer.

VITAL STATISTICS: A Juggernaut being the big-shot Hindu idol who demanded that pedestrians fling themselves under his wheels in sacrifice, great restraint had to be shown by England's Twickenham Studios not to equip Karloff with wheels, nostril flames, and a tendency to gobble his victims alive. Fact is, Karloff plays this meanie part without any make-up, and tells me he's looking forward to a normal old acting age when he plays sweet old characters. Born William Henry Pratt in Dulwich, London, Karloff was college trained for the British consulate, son of a sirred pop. On his way to China, he stopped off in Canadian stock, struggling onward and Hollywoodward, and is yet to arrive in China. Just so-so successful for years in film, he was chosen from the many tested for Frankenstein because the Laemmles liked the make-up he'd thought up. From then on he stormed the world via a jitter. Had never played a horror part before Frankenstein. Lived largely at Hurley, a small town near London, sampling the informal club life of the British pub, about which he is crazy. This was his second trip back in thirty

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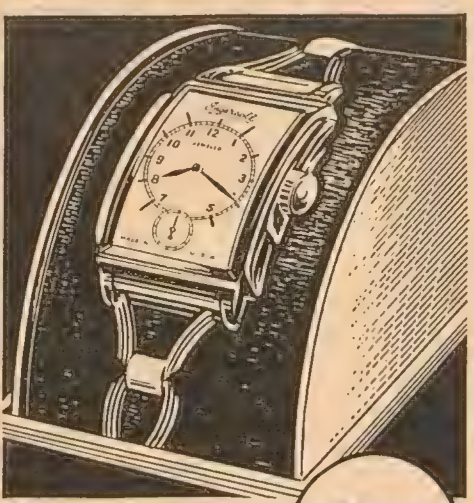

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years, and he found England exactly as he'd left it as a kid. Says British fans are more fanatic than American; was chased all over London by bicyclists who wanted his autograph. Very dark-skinned, gentle, literary, happily married, big-eyed, seriously dry-humored, sociable, unprofessionally British, he is hardly the man whose name's been substituted for that of the bogeyman. . . . Arthur Margetson was the Bruiser in Broken Blossoms, the remake which practically broke Twickenham Studios, London's only quickie factory. . . . Nina Boucicault is the great playwright's dotter. Was the original Peter Pan—a year before Maude Adams herself. . . . Joan Wyndham acts in movies so she can produce plays which when they flop force her to act in more movies so she can get the money to produce more plays which when they flop—you can finish it yourself.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse.

★★★—Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **NEIGHBOR TO THE SKY** by Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Company.

The author of As the Earth Turns gives us another fine novel. Today's problems of love and success for two young married people of opposite temperaments presented with insight and beauty.

★ ★ ★ **BUCKSKIN BREECHES** by Phil Stong. Farrar & Rinehart.

A racy authentic yarn of American pioneers in Iowa, with the details of staking out claims as fascinating as Swiss Family Robinson's doings in our childhood days.

★ ★ **RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.** International Pocket Library.

A coat-pocket edition of the Persian Tentmaker's philosophy—attractive and handy.

★ ★ **SOUTH AFTER GETTYSBURG** Letters of Cornelia Hancock. Edited by Henrietta Stratton Jaquette. University of Pennsylvania Press.

Unpretentious but keenly observant letters to her relatives back home from a Quaker miss of twenty-three who volunteered as a nurse three days after the Battle of Gettysburg and saw service until the end of the war.

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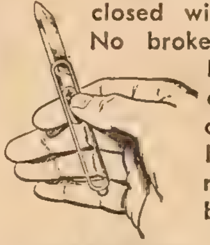

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

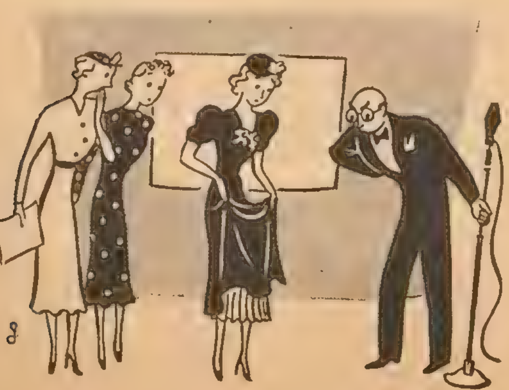
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WENT shopping in New York one recent afternoon with Marguerite LeHand, President Roosevelt's personal secretary. She has been his secretary for seventeen years, knows all his unofficial hobbies and humors. Told me about them.

When the President is thinking hard he whistles a tuneless dirge. In moods more relaxed he sings vague songs of his own improvisation; nobody knows the words or music of his songs—not even the President. . . . He is habitually economical with notepaper, and string, and the number of words in telegrams. Uses the backs of old envelopes for his notes, which he calls " chits," and insists that they never be lost or mislaid by his office help. Will labor patiently over a tangled knot to save the string. Revises telegrams painstakingly to cross out excess words. . . . Has many pairs of scissors for clipping newspapers, but usually tears out what he wants by hand. . . . Keeps a collection of miniature animals on his desk, one of his favorites being a velvet donkey with wire legs. Visitors often lean on this donkey, squashing it; already its legs have been rewired several times. . . . Enjoys hot weather. Lunches outdoors upon the White House terrace on hottest days, where some guests wilt while the President beams. . . . Was delighted when newspapers called him a well-dressed man, because he could then defy family efforts to outlaw the comfortable old clothes of his preference—in particular his *bunny suit*, an ancient tweed relic that he is allowed to wear at home, in Hyde Park, but not in Washington.

Through her seventeen years of daily work with Franklin Delano Roosevelt, says Marguerite LeHand, she never has known him to be irritable or unreasonable. And *that's* a record, say I, for any employer to shoot at. Miss LeHand offers an inside tip to ladies who may meet the President: " Don't wear strong perfume," she says. " He detests it."

● A roaring sound, as of Niagara Falls, came whooshing over the radio while eighteen prominent business women were broadcasting a mutual talk about their careers. The manager of the studio, in a furious whisper, demanded who was making that noise.



MARGUERITE LE HAND

" It's my taffeta petticoat," confessed Cora Scovil, designer of modernistic style dummies. " It swishes," she said. " I'll take it off." There was a quick huddle, out of which emerged Judge Genevieve Cline, magisterially suppressing the unquiet garment. All done with great dignity.

● A police chief gave a police whistle to Ida Brace, wife of the book publisher (Harcourt, *Brace* & Co.). She put the whistle in her handbag, carried it around with her for months, feeling protected by the thought that she could summon strong-arm assistance at any time—if held up by thugs, or anything like that. Sure enough, one night the need came. On an auto-parking lot, after the theater, some drunken men started a fight with her chauffeur. Mrs. Brace fetched forth her police whistle, blew it vigorously. Out of it sprayed an explosion of face powder, loose tobacco, bits of peppermint candy—and a very weak toot. The contents of her handbag had flooded her whistle. But it achieved the desired result.

The drunken marauders were so amused by its puny blast that they collapsed in mirth, staggered away, abandoning their attack.

● *New idea for June weddings (or other weddings):*

Make phonograph records of your nuptial vows. Keep these records, and play them when you contemplate divorce. Have a microphone installed beside your marriage altar, so that every one in the church will hear you say you take this man for your husband, and hear him say he takes you for his wife. It is being done in Europe now. I think it's a good idea. Anything that may make marriage more substantial is well worth trying.

● A Harvard professor of sociology lectures twice a week to an audience of women. They bring their knitting. They sit and knit and listen to the lecture. Their knitting drives the professor almost crazy. One day last month he exploded. " Dear ladies," he said, " I am your man. If you want to learn sociology I will teach you. If you want this to be a knitting class, I will let you teach me. I don't know anything about knitting. You don't know anything about sociology. *Now*—who is going to teach whom?

● *" A Man Vanishes—A Corpse Walks—A Woman Weeps—A Girl Blushes."* . . . These are four fascinating chapter titles from the newest, most exciting of the Thatcher Colt detective mysteries—About the Murder of a Man Afraid of Women—by Anthony Abbot. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

● Next time you want roast lamb but can't use a whole leg or shoulder piece, try this French way of roasting shoulder *chops*. Economical and delicious. . . . Have chops cut 1 inch thick. Butter a fireproof dish, put 2 layers thinly sliced potatoes in it. Pepper and salt to taste, and add 1 grated onion. Rub the chops lightly with pepper and garlic (or onion if you prefer), then lay the chops on the potatoes. Brown 15 minutes in hot oven. Lower the heat, cover the dish, let cook 20 minutes more. Uncover dish, turn chops, return to oven for another 20 minutes. Chops and top layer of potatoes should be nicely browned. Serve in fireproof dish. Lettuce-and-orange salad on the side. Plain French dressing.

LIBERTY PRESENTS *Comers*

BY ED SULLIVAN

JOAN OF RKO—Brightest young screen prospect on the West Coast at this moment is Joan Fontaine, the blonde starlet who is this week's four-star special. Born of English parents in Tokyo; schooled in this country. Just between ourselves, she's the sister of Olivia De Havilland. She can't miss stardom—for she has everything.

NORTHWESTERNER—Lucille Johnson (right), attending University of Washington at Seattle, felt an urge to sing on Broadway. Not getting much of a chance in Red, Hot, and Blue, she quit the show—to click as soloist in Paradise night club. She was born in Tukwila, outside Seattle; and now you watch her go places!

PROKOSCH—Tie this name around your finger—for Frederic Prokosch (below) bids fair to become a big figure in American letters. Still in his twenties, he has to his credit a novel, The Asiatics, and a collection of poems, The Assassins. He was born in Madison, Wisconsin, and is the son of Yale's professor Edward Prokosch.

PRODIGY—Greatest young talent in the concert field is displayed by the eighteen-year-old Eugene List (below). To win his first scholarship, badly needed, he traveled from California to Philadelphia by bus. Won first place; studied under Samaroff at the Conservatory. Musicians four-star him!

Vox Pop

Senator Holt on the Supreme Court Issue

STONY BROOK, N. Y.—Mr. Macfadden's editorials are eagerly read by all of my family—here and in Missouri and in Ohio. We are many! They are great editorials, brief and vital, and embracing all subjects political and otherwise. Will Mr. Macfadden please write more about the Supreme Court?

As a constant and appreciative subscriber I want to request something. Will you kindly publish Senator Rush D. Holt's opinions as to just where we are going to find ourselves as a nation? He is, as you know, the youngest senator in the United States Senate, and he is a great defender of the Supreme Court. His speech delivered at the University of North Carolina on March 23 in defense of the Supreme Court will make history.—*M. G. H.*

Excerpts from Senator Holt's Speech Delivered March 23 at Chapel Hill, N. C.

. . . Now let us look at the plan [enlargement of the United States Supreme Court] itself. The President in his first message simply informed the Congress that certain judges were aged and infirm and needed assistance, and that the dockets of the court were crowded because of these men. He was not candid as to his purpose when he made that statement. Now he has retreated from that position and made it clear that he wants the power to appoint a court that will validate certain legislation. The record had shown that the dockets were not crowded. His own Attorney General's report disputes the President's argument.

President Roosevelt has appointed more old judges than any other President since the turn of the century. The President has appointed more judges over the age of sixty than had Taft, Wilson, and Harding combined, according to a compilation by a student of the proposal. Taft appointed three, Wilson one, Harding four, and Coolidge and Hoover seven. President Roosevelt named nine over age of sixty, and two others at the time of their appointments were past fifty-nine. He has even named a man to the Federal Bench who was over seventy years of age when appointed. The President's own record disputes his own argument.

It may also be well worth while to see what Mr. Farley said when he spoke at Chapel Hill. He said: "However, the fundamental issue involved in this controversy transcends the question of the age of the members of the Supreme Court. After all, this is a matter of relativity." And then he added, "Some men are stand-patters at the age of thirty-five." How does that stack up with the statement of old and blurred glasses that his Chief, as he calls him, spoke about?

Therefore the case against the President's argument comes from the President's own witness and from the President's own record. The President first made the Supreme Court plan a legal issue and based his reasons for changing the Supreme Court on crowded dockets, slowing up of judicial process, and appealed to the legal side of the case. His contentions were proven to be wrong. Then he and his supporters tried to make it an issue of liberalism, charging that the opponents were those who were lined up with the Liberty League and economic royalists. That did not stand the test of fact, because many of the greatest liberals in America today fought the proposal. In the Senate a great majority of those with liberal records were opposed. At last he has tried to make it a partisan issue; but he will find that his position is not verified by the history of the Democratic Party and its ideals.

The President himself, when speaking of judicial process, said in his book, Looking Forward (pages 195 and 196): "In the face of this congestion, the remedy commonly proposed is to add new judges of new courts, but it will readily be seen that if the problem is what I have stated it to be, such a so-called remedy merely aggravates the complaint. There are, of course, legitimate demands for additional judicial man power in the sections where the population has grown rapidly. But it is easy to see that to apply this remedy in all cases is to add to the ravages of the disease, to contribute to the confusion, and, what is profoundly important at this time, to burden still further an already seriously embarrassed taxpayer." . . .

Mr. Farley spoke about the Supreme Court decisions, of the one-man or 5-4 decisions. There is nothing in the President's plan that would prevent the same one-man decisions in a fifteen-man court: 8-7 is just as likely as 5-4, and if we have a fourteen-man court, which is a possibility under the plan, the decision would be 7-7. The American system is based upon majority rule. Both the House of Representatives and Senate defeat a bill if one more person votes against it than votes for it. To those who desire ⅔ decisions to invalidate an act by the Supreme Court, there is nothing in the President's plan to achieve that purpose. . . .

We, as young men, are going to live a long while in the future. This action does not involve America just today. It involves America for years to come. We want a free representative government. We want a Constitution on which we can rely. We want to have a right to change the Constitution to meet present-day needs; but we want to change it in the American way, by process of amendment, not by short cuts through interpretative process.

MARK TWAIN'S WEATHER

WORDEN, MONT.—On the index page of April 24 Liberty I noticed the statement, "Unemployment is like the weather: Everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it."

If you will notice some of the posters in the railroad depots you will see that Mark Twain's statement about the weather was true until some of the modern railroads put air conditioning in their streamlined trains.—*Dan Young.*

SO SWEET AND PRETTY

WEST BRIGHTON, N. Y.—Let me compliment your art department for the cover on May 8 Liberty. It is so sweet and pretty. Also so innocent. I think it well deserves preservation—*M. L. Banning.*

FIRST BE SURE, THEN GO AHEAD

ATHENS, GA.—If you will turn to page 10, line 22, in May 8 Liberty, you will find this: "and she lifted her head from between her paws and licked his hand as she always had done since he was little." This occurs in Hagar Wilde's story.

The dog Girlie was only fifteen years old, and surely Frank was at least fifty. How did the dog lick his hand some thirty-five years before she was born? I take it this should have read "since *she* was little."

But why do you let these small mistakes go unnoticed? Page the proofreaders.—*William Berryman.*

[We did page the proofreaders, and they point out that the author was speaking of Dan, the son of Frank, who was a young man. Hence the dog could have licked Dan's hand when he was a boy! It is a relief to find that we can be right occasionally.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THE LYRIC OF "THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER"

GLENDALE, CALIF.—I am pleased to comply with your request for a copy of the song The Villain Still Pursued Her. As published in Delaney's Song Book No. 8 (1885) the name of the author or where the music could be obtained was not given, but I can recall hearing it sung at Tony Pastor's in the early '90's, and I believe the singer was an English comic.—*James L. Feeney.*

I'll sing about a beauty, who in Irishtown does dwell,
With her father and her mother, in a boarding house hotel.
There's a villain wanted to marry her, before he ever knew her.
She left her home and run away, and the villain still pursued her.

The girl then left her home, likewise her native place.
One day while walking through the park, she met the villain face to face.
He grasped her by her lily white hands, and he popped the question to her.
She seized the tongs and smote him, and the villain still pursued her.

She traveled on for miles and miles; at last she drew a pop,
And shot him four times through the heart, and still he would not stop.
She drew a sword and cut him right and left, when he came to her.
She killed him dead and away she went, and the villain still pursued her.

IT'S EVEN STEPHEN, MISS CORNELL

EL PASO, TEX.—"I'll never make a movie," Katharine Cornell says in May 1 Liberty. I see no reason for this statement, as I am sure the moviegoing public will not feel the loss.

If she is simpleton enough to turn down a million dollars for three films, then I say let the stage keep her. We have enough celebrated stage personalities in the movies now to contend with, and the public can do without Miss Cornell's pictures as easily as Miss Cornell can do without the extra million.—*J. William Holt.*

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WHEN TWO ARE ALL ALONE

TULSA, OKLA.—C. M. Oakes ridicules the idea of two lovers going insane because of the rain (May 8 Vox Pop). May I inform him that the Royal Mounted Police of Canada never allow only two men to hold a distant post in the winter? Commander Byrd remained by himself in Little America rather than risk a deadly fight.

It is an established fact among psychologists that if two people remain shut up from the rest of the world, they will eventually turn upon each other over some trivial thing, such as the way one parts his hair.—*Richard Kneidl.*

WANTS US TO HANG OVER HOT STOVE

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—You dirty old cheat! My husband ran off in the smudge pots last winter to read your paper, and now he runs out in the grove at 5 P. M. to read it. He hides while I hunt all over for him. Supper is cold and I have to wait overtime to go out at nights because he reads your old mag from front to back.

You're no good paper for farm folks at work. You should be made to hang over a hot stove!—*Mrs. Dan Watson.*

A BLOOD DONOR ADVISES US

KINGSTON, N. Y.—Under your Twenty Questions for May 1 you ask, "A professional donor receives how much a pint for his blood?" You answer, "Thirty-five dollars is the usual price."

I am a professional donor (I have given two gallons of blood in two years) and feel your answer is very misleading to the public and professional men that have use for donors. The price you quote is not universal, and there are some cut-price hospitals that advertise for donors at $7 for 100 c. c.'s of blood. In this section we are paid $50 per pint. There is no set rate.

Does the public realize what a blood donor is? Do they know a donor must be ready to answer a call at any hour, day or night? Do they know that he must eat a certain amount of certain foods to keep his blood and body in good physical condition? Do they realize the important part played by a donor to the ailing public?—*A Steady Liberty Reader.*

LET'S HAVE MORE

TAMPA, FLA.—It Can Be Done (May 1 Liberty) is one of the most constructive things you have published. Let's hear of more of the many captains of industry who recognize the responsibility of success—and they are plenty and much more important than the gangsters and movie stars.—*Hugh.*

CLASSICS IN THE MAKING

YORK, PA.—I'm crazy about Maupassant's Baptism, Lamb's Dissertation on Roast Pig, and Bret Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp.

Is it going too far to compare with these many of Liberty's Short Shorts? I've read all of them, and when it comes to William C. Ford's The Good Are Dumb (February 20 Liberty), I start pestering my friends to go and do likewise. What's Good for You, by Eleanore Constance Mackey (April 10 Liberty) spurred me on to tell you how much wisdom, pathos, or humor I think this page of your magazine usually contains. —*Doris Smith.*

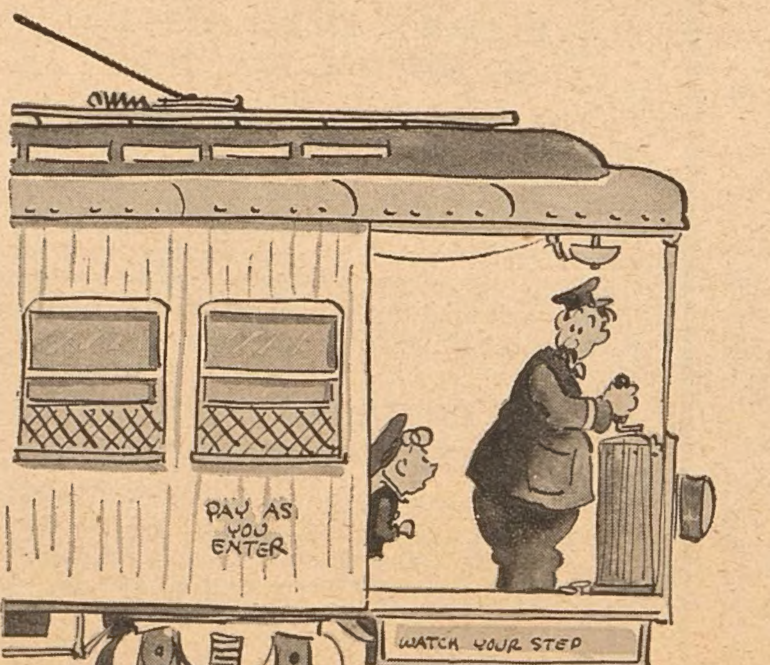
CONCERNING SOCIAL HYGIENE IN THE BRITISH ARMY

PORTLAND, ME.—Reading the article by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon concerning social hygiene (May 8 Liberty) the sentence attributed to a British officer by the author, that "there was not a single attempt during the war to educate the soldiers on duty in foreign lands against this peril [venereal disease]," is hardly a statement of fact.

Serving with the Canadian Forces during the World War (we came under the British War Office's Social Code), every man was instructed and given a prophylactic, medical inspection both before and after leaves.

On Sunday, particularly before shore leaves, all men attending divine service were reminded of the penalties of this sin, and even in the front line medical inspection was given weekly. Could the authorities do more?—*S. H. Gage.*

"HARDTACK"



"Come on, step on it—I'd like to get to the movies before they change the prices."

PICKING BONES AND BONERS

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—This boner man C. L. Corneille (May 8 Vox Pop) who is just floored with other people's mistakes is the cause of this missile, and I hope it hits him right on the coco and floors him some more.

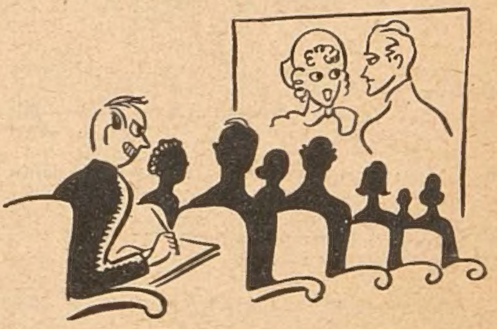
These people who go to movies with the anticipation of counting the boners pulled by moviedom rile my somewhat good disposition. I suppose this personage rushed around trying to find when Love Me and the World Is Mine was published.

Tsk, tsk! Such people! Or maybe he was so smart he knew just exactly when it was published while he was viewing the picture.

Phooey!—*Margaret Jones.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—C. L. Corneille is in error when he says in May 8 Vox Pop that Love Me and the World Is Mine was not published until 1908.

This song was published in 1906 and copyrighted by M. Witmark & Sons. Dave Reed, Jr., wrote the words and the composer was the late Ernest R. Ball.—*J. Wilson Roy.*



"ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW"

EAST TAWAS, MICH.—With all the strife of today over religion, I thought I would give my opinion of a religion which I think would suit this world perfectly. That religion is the simple, pure belief in truth and beauty. Nothing else—just that. Truth would take in honesty and beauty would include purity. Those four things, truth, honesty, beauty, and purity, should be enough religion for any one and every one.

There would be no need for a set of rules or a book by which to judge facts. Belief in them would be enough. In brief, my religion could be summed up in these two lines of poetry:

Beauty is truth; truth, beauty.
That is all you know on earth;
and all you need to know.

I should like to hear what the other Vox Pop readers think.—*A Sincere Liberty Fan.*

THIS SOUNDS LIKE GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Referring to Mr. Macfadden's editorial on lawlessness (May 1 Liberty), why not cure lawless lynching like we did booze—make it legal?—*Ralph Murphy.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

TOKYO, JAPAN—On entering his class of boys in a Tokyo school one morning, the teacher found a retired major general of the army occupying one of the seats. The general explained he had come to take the place of his son, who was ill. After a week's substitution the boy returned.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Harold Williams, Melbourne coal merchant, created a sensation at a dance here by eating fifty dollars' worth of special flowers.

"Flowers are good for the stomach," he remarked. "I eat them whenever I feel happy."

LONGMONT, COLO.—The Boulder County Welfare Department disclosed this unique letter from a woman client: "We made application for relief, but we had to wait so long that my husband was forced to go out and look for a job, and he found one."

MONTREAL, QUE.—Employees of a local insurance company almost swooned when they read a letter from a backwoods French-Canadian woman.

"I am worried about my husband's insurance," the letter read, translated. "I find difficulty in keeping up the payments. I have not had a very great income since he died two years ago."

The company investigated, paid the policy, and refunded the two years' premiums the woman had paid.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign outside a church in Nevada:

"*Sermon: 'Kissing: Is It Sane and Sanitary?'*

"*Solo: 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.'*"

Sign in the window of a Japanese shirtmaker:

"*More better Musa-shiya shirt-make because long time know how. You get shirt you see.*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

LOCAL RELIEF

I do not like local relief. I do not want charity to begin at home, I want it to stay in Wash, D. C. If Relief ever comes back local, my brother-in-law Jake would be in a fix. Jake is a well known bum all over our community, he would have to go back into private pan-handlin again. Well, that would put some other pan-handler out of a job, and where would we be at? We would be in chaos, with Jake.—Ezra Dill.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY JAMES LEWIS

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR INDUSTRY AND LABOR?

Probably no man in the whole country is closer to the problems confronting the unions and capital than Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan, the man who has acted as mediator—acted successfully—in three major automobile strikes since last November.

Next Wednesday in Liberty Governor Murphy fully and frankly reveals what he has learned from his arbitration duties in the last six months.

Will labor gain such ascendancy that capital will be driven into hiding?

Will large corporations throw down the gage of battle and force labor back into the poverty-stricken status of the Middle Ages?

Governor Murphy answers these questions—and others—next week in an article that is vitally important to every wage earner in the entire country!

Governor Frank Murphy

FLIGHT INTO HELL

by EDWIN C. PARSONS

The saga of the Lafayette Escadrille, that flaming band of young Americans who made history in the World War, told by one of the few survivors! Much has been written of these aces of the air, but now for the first time comes the full and complete history of their daring, written from the inside by one of the Yankee heroes in horizon blue. Don't miss the start of this thrilling three-part fact serial in Liberty next week.

WHY CALIFORNIA PRODUCES TENNIS CHAMPIONS

Your first guess is that it probably is the climate! But it's not; and no less authority says so than Alice Marble, woman's tennis champion. Furthermore—and here's the surprising thing about this article in Liberty next Wednesday—the conditions which have produced such an abundance of tennis stars in California *can be duplicated* in any other section of the country!

Other stories and articles by John Erskine, Steve Fisher, Fred Allhoff, Walter Brooks, Helen Welshimer, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JUNE 9

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

Modeling for Money
How to Become a Successful Mannequin
By Carol Lynn
A Small Business of Your Own
Without Capital Investment
1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas
By William Allan
Making Art Pay
Charles Hope Provost

MODELING FOR MONEY—By Carol Lynn

Modeling is one occupation which enables presentable, intelligent young women to achieve substantial success without the need of years spent in acquiring expensive higher education. Many girls are ambitious to enter this lucrative and alluring field but have no idea how to acquire the necessary technique or how to secure a position once they have it. Now for the first time all this information has been brought together into one concise, copiously illustrated volume by a successful fashion model. Modeling for Money is a practical handbook crowded with exactly the information you require. Also for the woman who wishes to improve the glamour and carriage of her clothes it is a treasure trove of valuable information. Send for it today—120 pages substantially bound, $1.25 postpaid.

MAKING ART PAY—By Charles Hope Provost

For the advanced art student, recent graduate or any artist who has not yet arrived, a practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to aid in turning their artistic ability into cash. A special section is devoted to aiding beginners in developing talent and a market for their output. Written by a man with forty years of successful experience creating and selling art work of all kinds including advertisements, magazine covers, cartoons, mail order pieces, oil paintings, etc. this outstanding book can be of great value to you. Order today. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

A SMALL BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas—By William Allan Brooks

This helpful book contains 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest, dependable business. It is intended primarily for the thousands of men and woman who do not want to trust their economic security to the whims of an employer—also for the woman who wants to add to the family income, for the middle-aged man or woman dependent upon others, the recent college graduate and the student wondering how to earn tuition, it will prove a sound and dependable guide. The 1000 plans set forth are not creations of the imagination but true reports of the various ways in which thousands of persons right now are earning money by their own initiative. Substantially bound—send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

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SECRETS OF DANCE BAND SUCCESS

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CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK—By William A. Brooks

Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

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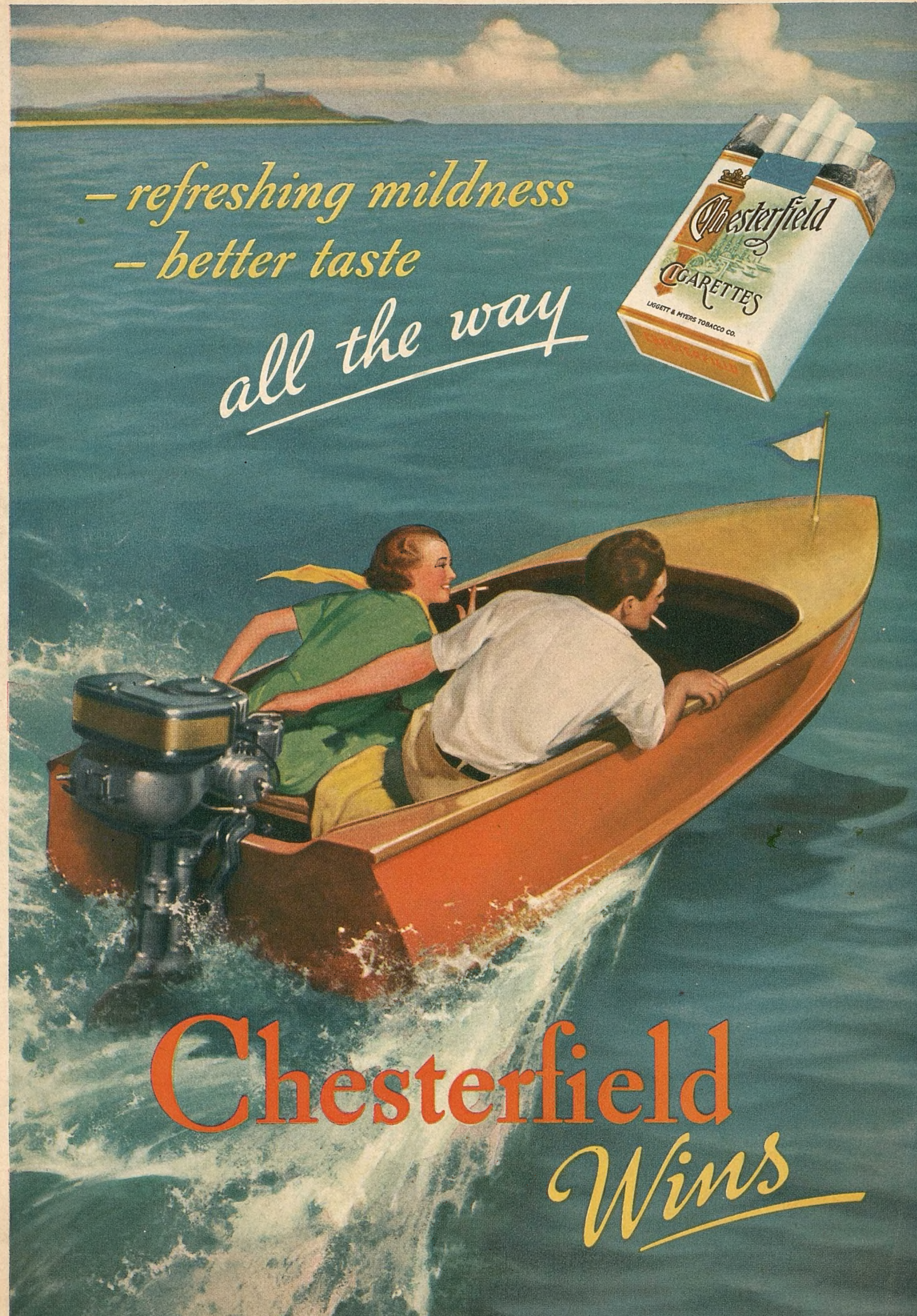
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